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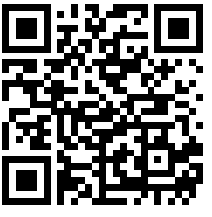

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Vol. VI. No. 1. April, 1929

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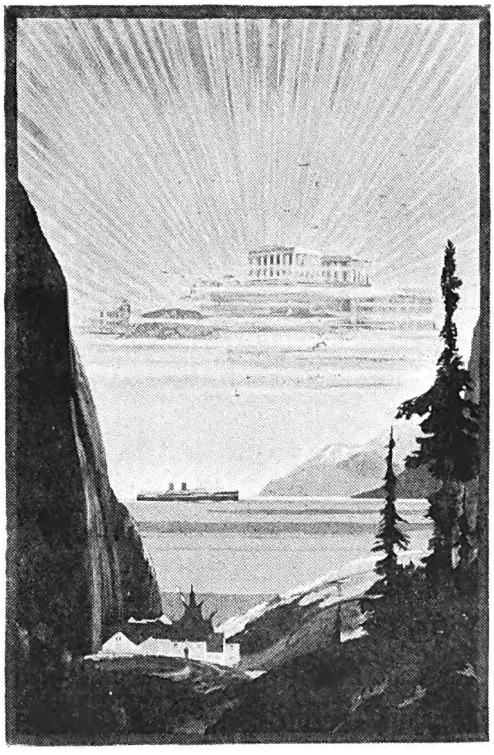

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VI APRIL, 1929 No. 1

EDITORIAL

The Channel Tunnel.

Like the poor, the question of the Channel Tunnel seems destined to be always with us, though on the present occasion signs are not wanting that the problem may be finally settled during the course of the current year, either by the commencement of the tunnel's construction or by the rejection of the scheme on economic grounds, the latter a result which would in all probability prevent the project ever being suggested again.

For our part we are content to preserve an open mind on the whole question until such time as the case both for and against the tunnel has been stated with a great deal more precision than has yet been attempted. The first thing to discover is whether it will give an adequate return upon the amount to be expended, and, as the estimates of the cost of construction alone vary by as much as fifty millions, it is clearly impossible in the present state of our knowledge to form any opinion even upon this one point. Then there are the cost of upkeep, the possibility of having to construct a new line from the coast to London, the effect upon shipping, and many other similar important aspects to be taken into consideration before the scheme can be studied in such detail as to render a final opinion upon its merits possible.

Such being the case it seems to us that the military objections do not need to be considered until it has been proved whether or not the construction of the tunnel is feasible on economic grounds. In any event, it is to be hoped

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that those who study this aspect of it will realize that the conditions of war are changing rapidly, and that if the scheme is rejected by the Committee of Imperial Defence it will be because of military objections that are valid to-day, and not on grounds of which the validity was questionable even in the eighties of last century. Above all, there is an urgent need that the public should regard the whole question upon its merits, and refuse to be stampeded either by the advocates or by the opponents of the tunnel. Prejudice is already arising to an alarming extent, and one finds but too many people supporting or opposing the scheme with sweeping assertions for which they can give no intelligible reason. Either the tunnel is or is not a business proposition from the national standpoint: in neither case do we see the least excuse for becoming heated about it.

* * *

Anglo-American Relations.

The cloud over the relations between this country and the United States, to which we referred at some length in our last number, shows no sign of dispersing, and its continued presence is, to say the least of it, unfortunate. Whatever be the result of the General Election it seems clear that before the end of the year another effort will be made to place the whole subject upon a more satisfactory footing, and in these circumstances it is not without interest to consider afresh the points at issue between the two countries.

One would have thought that the history of the past few years would have pointed out the futility of limiting discussions between Great Britain and the United States to the question of a limitation of armaments, and merely of naval armaments at that. Armaments are dependent upon policy, and unless there is agreement upon the latter there can never be agreement upon the former. In our opinion the first step to be taken is for the British and American governments to see if they cannot settle the outstanding political problems between the two countries, for if they can do this disarmament can be left to take care of itself. The procedure to be adopted is that frank exchange of views upon the points at issue which led to the conclusion of the Anglo-French Entente twenty-five years ago.

It is generally understood that Washington takes exception to the British insistence upon the right of blockade, though

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in this connection her own hands were none too clean in the Civil War, while only a few years ago she extended the three-mile limit to twelve to suit her own purposes. On the other hand, Great Britain cannot, in face of the attitude of the Argentine, accept the Monroe Doctrine as anything more than a unilateral declaration, though she is quite willing to concede to the United States the same rights in Panama as she herself claims over the Suez Canal. It is true that these differences are serious, but they are no more so than was the question of Egypt between Great Britain and France at the time of Fashoda, and that was settled amicably in the end.

The time, in short, has come to cease talking platitudes of the hands-across-the-ocean type and to seek the real basis of a lasting agreement, for to let the present situation continue is to drift into inevitable war. If, as we do not for a moment believe, the United States will be satisfied with nothing less than the hegemony of the globe, such a conference will lay her purpose bare, and we shall know how to gird ourselves for the fight; but if, as is surely the case, she is as eager for peace as we are, then full agreement upon all disputed points should soon be reached.

* * *

Vested Interests.

The numerous British officers who have watched with astonishment the recent progress of events in Spain, where an unholy alliance of discontented politicians and disaffected gunners produced a serious crisis a few weeks ago, have probably not realized that what has taken place has not been a national uprising against a tyrannical government, but rather an act of attempted vengeance on the part of certain vested interests against the reforms of King Alfonso and General Primo de Rivera.

The Spanish artillery is a *corps d'élite*, and like similar bodies in the world's history, such as the Prætorian Guards and the Janissaries, it has on more than one occasion made serious trouble for those who have attempted to curb its pretensions. A few years ago General Primo de Rivera, in the course of his modernization of the Spanish Army, instituted promotion by merit instead of by seniority, and the artillery officers promptly mutinied. They were eventually recalled to their senses by the personal intervention of the monarch himself, but the reform that caused the revolt was left in abeyance. In February they once

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more placed what they thought to be their interests before what was certainly their duty, and, joining with a few politicians who had a vested interest in the dead Parliamentary System, thus placed the whole future of their country in jeopardy.

The moral of this disgraceful episode is surely that a body of honourable men—for we have fought the Spaniard too often not to appreciate his sense of honour—should not be led by professional pride into opposing needed reforms. Even in the British Army vested interests are firmly entrenched, and it is not an overstatement to say that they are occasionally to be found working in a spirit which is as inimical to the Service as a whole as that which animated the misguided Spanish artillery officers at Ciudad Real.

* * *

Naval Estimates.

Mr. Bridgeman is always true to type and his speech on Naval Estimates followed the normal course. The saving of £1,435,000, as compared to the Estimates of last year, is certainly a matter for congratulation, though we could wish that the reduction of personnel by as much as 2,000 men had not been such a big factor in effecting such a saving. We venture to suggest that even with the personnel available before the reduction, it was scarcely possible to commission a new cruiser, without bringing an older one back to a home port, in order to provide a crew. If we are correct in this statement, and contemporary movements of the Mediterranean Cruiser Squadron certainly point that way, then this reduction of personnel, added to the recent official announcement that, for the time being, recruiting for the Naval Service is suspended, seems to be a very questionable procedure. It may be, however, that the cessation of recruiting is but a temporary measure until the nation's budget books are balanced. Though this is perhaps excusable, a frequent repetition of such " close seasons " would assuredly affect the standard of recruitment, which should at all costs be avoided.

To revert to the Estimates, the First Lord emphasized the fact that the building programme is purely one of replacement. In the coming year three new cruisers are to be laid down, two of which are to be small vessels, armed with 6-in. guns. This is a modest cruiser programme with which even the most ardent pacifist could hardly quarrel. We fully

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believe in the value of the Peace Pact, and of the gradually increasing efficacy of the League of Nations, but even if these two instruments for the elimination of war were infinitely more compelling than they are at present, we should still need our cruisers to police the seas, to look after our nationals in times of crises such as recently occurred in China, and to show the flag in the interests of our sea-borne trade, a trade whose immensities are rarely realized by the average citizen.

Maintenance charges, Mr. Bridgeman explained, have been reduced under almost every head, but it is somewhat exasperating to find that one of the three exceptions is the Fleet Air Arm which gets an additional £220,000. We are willing to wager that within two years' time there will be a radical alteration in this appallingly expensive branch of the Service, and that the greater portion of the vast sums expended on aircraft carriers will be found to have been expended in vain. This question is referred to again in our Air Force notes.

Mr. Bridgeman is relinquishing his post as First Lord of the Admiralty after five years of office. He has been a loyal, faithful friend to the Navy, but we cannot help feeling a sense of real regret that his last Naval Estimates' speech did not reflect some of the difficulties surrounding the question of the promotion of Naval officers, and give some suggestion as to how a solution might be effected.

* * *

The Lieutenant-Commanders' List.

Each time we survey a current Navy List and glance through the "Lieutenant-Commanders" pages, we are struck by the increasing congestion of names. Viewed quite dispassionately it would seem that the odds against any newly entered naval cadet ever reaching the rank of Captain, R.N., are in the neighbourhood of eight to one. This is perhaps not too devastating, but what is so alarming is the increase in the odds against even reaching the rank of Commander. The argument is sometimes advanced that retirement as a Lieutenant-Commander, with some twenty-seven years' service, on a useful pension of some £400 a year, is, for a still active man, no bad thing. We can say straight away that this specious plea makes no appeal whatsoever to the parent contemplating a naval career for his son. The idea of youth embarking upon a career with

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an eye upon a half-way *pour boire* rather than the upper and top rungs of the ladder, is repugnant. At present, admittedly, few, if any, forebodings as to the future enter into the heads of the cheery youngsters at the Royal Naval College, but the black promotion outlook will gradually have its effect.

In the more junior ranks—*i.e.*, up to the rank of Lieutenant-Commander—there is, of course, automatic promotion and in this respect naval officers are more favourably placed than their brothers-in-arms of the Army, but it is at this critical stage, not only of a naval officer's career, but also of his life in general, that the trouble begins—multiplies with each half-yearly list, and is most decidedly cumulative in its harmful effects. Ever since the war this problem has been a very real one, and although various measures have been introduced as correctives, they cannot in any way be considered to have been efficacious, as will be realized when it is stated that the Lieutenant-Commanders' list was approximately larger by 250 names at the end of last year than it was in 1925, when it was already badly congested. The number of annual promotions to Commander has already been increased by ten, and yet the list increases alarmingly.

* * *

The Royal Naval College.

This stagnation in promotion has inevitable reactions on the future of the Royal Naval College, where the situation is exceedingly anomalous. Dartmouth is a decidedly expensive institution, and is magnificently equipped. In practically every particular it can bear comparison with any public school in England, while from the point of view of character-forming and the promotion of a healthy moral outlook it is, in our opinion, decidedly superior. Its staff, both naval and educational, are selected with infinite care. In short the State, to an extent perhaps greater than in any other official enterprise, ensures that everything at the Royal Naval College shall be as nearly perfect as it is possible to be. Yet all this almost meticulous care and solicitude, this immense outlay of State finances, is lavished on boys who, as far as can be foreseen, will for the most part have to leave the service of the State at a comparatively junior rank.

The cause of all this, *i.e.*, the block in promotion, should never have been allowed to arise, but having arisen, what is the solution? There can only be one solution, one that is

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absolutely on all fours with the case of officers in the Royal Artillery, which we deal with later—*i.e.*, premature pensions to senior officers on the one hand, and curtailment of naval cadet entry on the other. The first part of the solution is extremely expensive and one that is anathema to the Treasury, but we can safely say that if a quarter of the money that has been squandered on the Fleet Air Arm had been devoted to the best interests of naval officer personnel, there would be few of these difficulties to-day. As regards curtailment of the number of naval cadets, there seems to be no reason why the Special Entry system should not go by the board. The maintenance of *Erebus* must run into a tidy figure, and we can see no reason why Dartmouth alone should not fill all naval requirements. Most of the hostile criticism with regard to the Royal Naval College is based on what happened in the *Britannia* many years ago when ultra-conservatism was admittedly rampant. It is not in any sense true of Dartmouth to-day.

* * *

Mediterranean Movements.

We should like to dwell at length upon the sojourn of the Atlantic Fleet "up The Straits," but here can only say that the shooting has been good, and the fishing, judging by all accounts, entirely up to standard. Almost by the time these lines appear the ships will be back—in Portland, where *London* has, in the interval, done her best to alleviate the utter barrenness of desolation of a fleet anchorage *sans* fleet. In the Mediterranean, however, things will go on as before—presumably with even more gusto. With *Revenge*, *Warspite* and *Malaya* refitted and on the station (neglecting *Valiant's* absence for refit) Mr. Bridgeman's scheme will have reached fulfilment and the most powerful Mediterranean Fleet strength in history will have been achieved—ten capital ships, five *Revenges* and five *Queen Elizabeths*. This considerable force, based on Gibraltar and Malta presumably, will cause the already brilliant social star to gain in seasonal magnitude, and perhaps it is the thought of this that has given rise to the unkind story—swiftly denied—that a fishery protection sloop was seen proceeding to the station.

* * *

There was an interesting discussion on the question

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of the promotion of ex-mates in the House of Commons on March 19th, during the debate on the Navy Estimates on the Report stage. Ever since Mr. Bridgeman many months ago made a statement to the effect that equality of opportunity for specializing existed between officers ex-mate and regular-entry officers, there has been considerable misgivings as to the future of officers advanced to the quarter-deck under the mate scheme. Originating during Mr. Churchill's administrative era in 1912, the scheme at the outset was a blow to conservative tradition, but the war records of the early mates proved its soundness and the feasibility of adopting Lord Fisher's dream of an open quarter-deck was clearly indicated. The scheme has become an established fact, which has stood the test of war, and under the circumstances it is naturally a matter for unfavourable comment to find that up to date only two mates have reached the rank of Commander. The explanation for this surprisingly small number, as given by the Parliamentary Secretary to the Admiralty during the above-mentioned debate, was that very few ex-mates had specialized, owing to the fact that they had not volunteered to the same extent as regular-entry officers.

The Progress of the Mate Scheme.

Our own information leads us to understand that, during the past two years, about a score of ex-mates have applied for specialist courses and that about half that number have been selected, which would seem to be adequate. However, the real trouble is that, while specialization nowadays embraces so many phases of naval life beyond the old-fashioned gunnery, torpedo and navigation branches, yet promotion still seems to dwell largely in the ranks of these chosen three. As far as we can find out, of the ten or so ex-mates who were selected for specialist courses, there was only one selected for each of the three favoured branches. However, it is a comfort to know that the whole question is being closely considered by the Admiralty, and that prospects are likely to be better in the future.

One other point may be mentioned. For a long time past the impression has existed that a Lieutenant-Commander (ex-mate) could only hope for a dead-end job, when there was no scope for him to show his ability and fitness for promotion. Since the commencement of this year, however, it would appear that at long last something is being done to improve this, since four appointments have been made to

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first-class ships " up The Straits," and doubtless more will follow.

* * *

Army Estimates.

There were only a very few members present in the House to listen to the statement of the Secretary of State for War on Army Estimates, the ensuing debate was of a more than usually colourless description, and comments in the daily Press were meagre in the extreme. Yet the story which the War Secretary had to tell was, with one very murky exception, wholly good. There was no striking innovation or addition to be recorded, but it was a story of steady progress and development, of the gradual shaping of armoured formations, and of concrete results, now in sight, born of infinite, painstaking experiment and research. The account of the Territorials was excellent hearing; over six thousand more recruits joined up than during the previous year and nearly eighty-eight per cent. of the officers and men attended camp, an astonishingly good figure.

The news that Sir George Milne is to continue in his appointment as C.I.G.S. until 1932 is a matter for sincere congratulation. This time last year we pointed out that his re-appointment, at the end of his four years' term of office, would be in the best interests of the Army and of the nation, too, for the C.I.G.S. has shown himself to be a stern economist, just as much as he is an efficient leader.

As regards the men Sir Laming Worthington Evans was able to point to substantial and highly satisfactory progress in the educational training of the Army, an asset to the nation of the greatest importance.

In short, the Army is maintaining its high standard of efficiency and at a cost which shows a constant diminution, year by year. The black spot, and it is a very black one indeed, is the shortage of candidates for commissions in the Army.

* * *

Commissions in the Army.

" He must confess, however, that they were still suffering from a serious shortage of candidates for the Army, . . . he wished to emphasize . . . that practically every officer who made himself reasonably efficient could count on rising, in the normal course, to the rank of major." Thus the Secretary of State for War. It is not good enough. To be told that after

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twenty years' service and upwards, at the age of about forty, the goal for a very large proportion of officers is retirement as a major with a pension of anything between £400 and £450 a year (less 2½ per cent.), is distinctly not good enough, and makes no appeal either to parents or to the somewhat material youth of the present day. Nor do highly coloured statements in the Press, by officers of high rank, about the attractions of the Army, cut any ice whatsoever. The parent and his progeny remain quite cold. The shortage of candidates for the Army will continue until three things happens :—

1. The intake of second-lieutenants is so regulated that, as far as possible, every officer has a reasonable chance of rising to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

2. Seeing that, with the best will in the world, a certain proportion of officers will inevitably fail to reach that rank, the War Office should forthwith institute an Appointments Board, as has recently been done by the Air Ministry, to help all officers, who have to leave the Army prematurely, to find employment in civil life. Nobody in authority, connected with the Army, either on the political or military side, has hitherto felt the slightest concern for those officers who have to leave, from one cause or another, at a comparatively early age. So long as this short-sighted policy obtains, so long will there be a shortage of candidates.

3. The appallingly turgid stream of promotion in certain branches of the Army must be made to run more freely. It speaks volumes for the splendid *esprit de corps* and keenness of the officers of the Army that the disabilities under which they labour, have not so far had the slightest effect on their work, and that the Army is to-day as efficient as it ever was. Yet how turgid that stream of promotion is can be seen by the condition of affairs as they are in the Royal Artillery to-day.

* * *

Promotion in the Royal Artillery.

During the last two years we have, on more than one occasion, called attention to the question of promotion of officers in the Royal Artillery. It is a burning question, affecting vitally the lives of hundreds of officers and the answer has not yet been given. The problem presented is two-fold—the promotion of Majors to Lieutenant-Colonels' commands, and the prospects of senior Subalterns rising to the rank of

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Major. The difficulty in the case of the former is a legacy of the Boer War and in the case of the latter of the Great War, and the cause was the granting of war-time commissions in the Regular Establishment in excess of peace requirements. The Corps of Royal Engineers were careful not to fall into this error and in consequence of their forethought are not called upon to face such a problem. It is no use crying over milk spilt in the past, the present is concerned with cleaning up the mess.

We were under the impression that the War Office had some definite scheme afoot to meet this situation, but so far no policy has been announced that would enable officers to forecast their future with some degree of certainty. It is this uncertainty which kills the spirit and yet keeps alive a faint hope that something may turn up.

True, certain steps have been taken, namely, that all Majors due for promotion have not been granted their step, that many brevets have been made and that a few selected officers have had their promotion accelerated. But these are palliatives which though they may alleviate, will not cure the pain of knowing that in five or six years' time a large number of Majors will have to go for age. The case of the senior Subalterns is similar and equally difficult to that of the Majors. If the thirteen year rule is adhered to there will shortly be a plethora of Captains R.A., many of whom will have to carry on the duties of Subaltern officers with the knowledge that they have little or no hope of ever reaching the rank of Major. Under such conditions, is it humanly possible for an officer to go on displaying the very necessary qualities of keenness and energy, until the end of the chapter?

"Heartbreaking" is not too strong a word to describe the situation. It would make all the difference if some definite official pronouncement could be made so that officers who are affected by the present block could take steps as to the future.

One may well ask is this promotion question a passing malady or a chronic disease? While the acuteness of the trouble in the Royal Artillery is, as we have said, due to a particular cause yet there are indications that the high proportion of the lower to the higher ranks of regimental officers makes promotion a chronic complaint throughout the Army. And so every young officer feels that however hard he may work, however efficient he may be, there is before

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him the gloomy possibility of being thrown out of the Army at an age when his contemporaries in civil life are beginning to reap a rich reward for their labours.

As we have said above, it would seem to be essential to reduce the establishment of Subalterns. Except that this will gravely affect the number of officers available for war it can be done without any loss of peace-time efficiency by placing more reliance on the N.C.O. By increasing the responsibility and improving the status of the N.C.O., a potential source of officers in case of war on a large scale would be formed which would in numbers more than offset the deficiency caused by the reduction in establishment of Subalterns. The British Army is justly proud of its N.C.Os. They have been called " the backbone of the Army," and the British sergeant-major is a name to conjure with. Nevertheless, our policy has been to confine the activities of N.C.Os. within very definite limits and in consequence his originality and initiative have been damped down. If the standard of the N.C.O. in the higher ranks is improved, it will increase competition in the lower ranks which will raise the whole level of the Army and attract the best material.

* * *

The System of Administration.

In another direction a change of policy will be necessary, if the establishment of junior officers is to be cut down, and that is in the system of administration. The increase of administrative work due to mechanization and to new weapons has been very great ; financial stringency has multiplied innumerable regulations and tightened up the petty screws in the bureaucratic machine ; the post-war channels of communication while no wider than those of pre-war days carry a greater volume of paper ; and all these widespread clerical activities are focussed upon the unit and the unit officers are held responsible for the pennies and the pounds. Hence the major part of a regimental officer's time is devoted to administrative duties which have no relation whatever to his duties in war. And to carry out these duties he is allotted places that are derisively termed " offices," equipped with a barrack table and a chair. His clerical staff have to be found from his " educated " soldiers and, as like as not, are whisked away overseas, or passed to the Reserve, as soon as they have begun to get a working knowledge of the regulations. It is not possible to cut down the regulations which are

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essential to the running of a highly centralized bureaucratic organization, but better offices, adequate office equipment, and a corps of trained clerks would greatly relieve administrative work and enable a reduction in officer strength to be made without loss of efficiency.

* * *

R.A. Subalterns.

In discussing the prospects of Gunner Subalterns, we have omitted to mention one of those depressing attempts to alleviate the situation, which sounds so well on paper but are so thoroughly unsatisfactory in practice. The War Office have not been entirely dead to the fact that the case of the senior Subalterns of the Royal Artillery is really desperate; they have, in fact, been at their wits' end what to do in order to remedy the situation. At last, the bright idea came. Royal Artillery Subalterns were to be allowed to transfer to the Infantry, and a portentous letter went the rounds, lauding the advantages of the scheme. The response, we understand, has not been great; it was a case of leaping from the known discomforts of the frying pan into the unknown fire. The feelings of the Infantry Subalterns, whose promotion is by no means unduly rapid, can be imagined, when this scheme was mooted.

We fear no palliative, such as the above, can help the situation. The only remedy is to offer some financial inducement to senior Artillery officers to retire. As regards money for this purpose, we are quite prepared to suggest economies which would effect savings of well over £100,000 a year, which should surely be sufficient to meet the case. One small economy could be put into operation without any trouble whatsoever. We suggest that the allowance for the hire of horses for company commanders in Territorial Battalions during annual training should be discontinued. The saving would represent quite a tidy sum, and the absence of these horses, often unsatisfactory, still more often unsightly, is not likely to evoke any great degree of protest from the officers concerned.

* * *

Sentiment.

In our last issue, in the Editorial, under a paragraph entitled "Sentiment," we stated that, as a result of the conversion of the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers into Armoured Car Regiments, relations between the Cavalry and Tank Corps were none too friendly. We referred, of course, to the

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feelings of the two Corps as a whole, and would like to make it perfectly clear that there was no suggestion that professional relations as between these two regiments and individual units of the Tank Corps, were anything but perfectly correct. On the contrary, we know that the officers of the Tank Corps who have been working with these two regiments have done their best to assist them in every possible way. That was only to be expected, just as much as that the 11th Hussars and 12th Lancers will do their very best to make a success of the job which has been thrust upon them. On the other hand, the experiment has caused an acrimonious undercurrent of feeling between the two Corps, and we feel that it is an experiment that should not be repeated, whatever the sentimental reason for its adoption may be.

After the war certain distinguished Yeomanry regiments were converted into Territorial Armoured Car Companies and allowed to retain their Yeomanry titles. What has been the result? The old Yeomanry officers who are still with these companies long, just as much as ever, to get back to their mounted status. They do their job, but their heart is not, and cannot be, in it. Sentiment may do a lot, but it cannot make a good mixture of oats and oil.

* * *

Tanks and Armour-Piercing Bullets.

It appears that there are now in existence armour-piercing bullets which, if fired under favourable conditions, from an ordinary .303 rifle, are capable of piercing the protective armour with which our medium tanks are equipped. In consequence of this the antagonists of the tanks are rubbing their hands, and think it is only a matter of months before the obsequies over the last tank take place and the remains are solemnly committed to the scrap heap. Admittedly it is a setback, but it is not by any means the last word in the tank and anti-tank encounter. In fact, an antidote is already in sight, as our most recent tank, which has not yet been issued, has turrets for the men who fire the Vickers gun, turrets which could be armoured more thickly without adding to the total weight to a disproportionate extent. There are bound to be ups and downs in this business of tank and anti-tank and Colonel Collins himself admits that the armouring question presents a prodigious problem. But he has also stated: "We are honestly and soberly trying out every link in the chain, basing our tests on what we

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know of war." For ourselves we are quite content to leave it at that. Sir George Milne is holding office for a further two years; he is supported by some remarkably capable lieutenants, and the public may rest assured that the whole development of the Armoured Force is in thoroughly capable hands. Some of the early advocates of tank construction may have made claims which, in the light of experience, have proved to be exaggerated. The pioneers of every movement of importance have committed the same, not very venal, offence. But it should not be forgotten that it was to a great extent the untiring advocacy of these same pioneers, and of Colonel Fuller in a special degree, which has developed our armoured forces into an instrument of war, far and away ahead of that possessed by any other nation, and one which is, moreover, peculiarly well adapted to this country's possible needs in the future.

* * *

The Pioneers of the Indian Army.

The reorganization of the Pioneers is now an accomplished fact. Formerly there were twelve Pioneer battalions, organized in three regiments, with one independent battalion, the Hazara Pioneers, who have a political as well as a technical value. The eleven others have now been grouped into three corps—Madras, Bombay and Sikh—each consisting of two battalions and two training companies, the latter administered by a Corps Headquarters. Each battalion consists of three independent companies. Each company commander will be responsible for his own stores and accounts. It is therefore difficult to define the status of battalion commanders. They will apparently combine the functions of a Post Office, an inspector, and an impresario. They will deal with the instructions of the Chief Engineer, the complaints of their otherwise autonomous company commanders and orders for band performances. Doubtless they, and the band, have survived on sentimental grounds. The reorganization is undoubtedly sound economy of force. The Pioneers can no longer be good infantry and good engineers, but why spoil a good scheme for sentiment, and because of the vested interests of senior officers who are considered to have a right to have a battalion command to which to succeed? Surely it would be better, and more economical, to abolish the battalion headquarters organizations, *and the band*, and

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compensate disappointed field officers with premature full pensions.

* * *

The Army Budget in India.

It is perhaps not generally known that the so-called Army Budget in India is in reality a Defence Budget and is burdened with such items as R.A.F., Customs duty, Royal Indian Marine, Indian Territorial Force, Auxiliary Force (India), Pensions and the Army Finance Department. No such items are borne by the War Office vote therefore it is difficult to make a fair comparison or to criticize army expenditure in India without allowing for these extra burdens. Moreover, out of the 50 crores (£40 million) allowed to the C.-in-C. in India about a fifth is absorbed by finance and audit establishment. It is a platitude to observe that no business firm could expect to prosper or pay dividends under the conditions which prevail in Government-run departments. One could go further and say that no firm could prosper if, having spent large sums on insurance, it spent another twenty per cent. on a private detective service to ensure that the insurance people were not embezzling the firm's money. Our British habit of over-close surveillance of the fighting forces, of voting money and then obstructing the spending of it, is based on a false premise and an obsolete custom. The false premise is that an officer is a fool with money and a potential embezzler. The obsolete custom is that, whereby the Paymaster-General and the Colonels of regiments were allotted lump sums from the Exchequer and allowed to make what personal profit they could, consistent with reasonable (for those days) efficiency. The sooner the army and other fighting forces are allowed to manage their own finance unhampered with annoying and ignorantly inflexible rules the sooner will the Empire obtain full value for the money spent in insurance against the King's enemies. Subject to reasonable supervision, *by soldiers*, there is no reason why a unit commander should not be allowed to spend his annual grant in the way best suited to the needs of his command instead of having to be guided by cast-iron regulations based on suspicion. The only serious and probably insuperable obstacle to a more reasonable system is the vested interest of the finance department who would lose their lucrative appointments. What the army in India needs is a dictator with authority and strength of mind to cut away the weeds which clog the wheels

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of efficiency, the suspicion *cum* obstruction department, the so-called financial advisers.

* * *

Officers' Chargers.

One of the many unsolved mysteries of army finance in India is the fact that while certain officers are compelled to maintain a charger, they have to purchase the animal out of their own pockets. In the British Army the officer is mounted by Government and on payment of a nominal sum is allowed to use his charger for hunting and other private purposes. It is true that the Indian Army officer is given syce allowance and free forage, but the allowance is always inadequate and it is inexplicable why an officer should be expected to sink the best part of a hundred pounds or even more on the purchase of an animal for use in his official duties. A free charger seems to be indicated as the next concession for officers in India.

* * *

Indianization.

In spite of the recommendation of the Skene Committee, that the number of Indian vacancies for Sandhurst should be increased to fifteen per annum and in spite of the opening of vacancies for Woolwich and Cranwell, the numbers have never been filled. Indeed, the number of successful candidates tends to decrease rather than increase. There were no successful candidates at the first and, so far, only examination for Woolwich and Cranwell. In this connection it seems curious that Army Headquarters, India, have not tried the experiment of a college for the training and education of promising Indian N.C.Os. as platoon commanders. This seems to be the best and only feasible solution of a vexed problem. Those who agitate for the Indianization of the commissioned ranks of the Indian Army appear to ignore the fact that nearly three-quarters of the commissions of the Indian Army are already held by Indians, men of martial race who have won their promotion by the hardest road, through the ranks and on active service. But if the Indian Army is to be kept free from politics, caste prejudice and religious strife, it must be commanded, as to the senior ranks, by Englishmen. Only an Englishman can command a regiment composed of Sikhs, Pathans, and Dogras. Not for a hundred years at least will it be possible to find an Indian with the moral courage to be strictly impartial without fear, favour, or affection. And, what is more, not

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for two hundred years at least will the Indian in general be likely to believe in the impartiality of such a one. From a properly developed Platoon Commanders' College it should be possible to provide efficient platoon and troop commanders and company and squadron officers, leaving the appointments of company and squadron commander and higher ranks to be filled by Englishmen. A certain number of the senior company officers could be granted King's commissions, the remainder holding, as at present, Viceroy's commissions. The present platoon and troop commander of the Indian Army is a man of experience whose advice his company commander is usually glad to have. But he lacks education and it is this defect which a college such as is suggested would eradicate. Possibly there is such a scheme, throttled by the finance wallahs.

* * *

Afghanistan.

The trouble in Afghanistan is naturally causing the Army authorities in India considerable anxiety. Army Headquarters, of course, must hope that it will continue to maintain its character as a domestic quarrel. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the situation is extremely delicate. The assassination of a British official would be bad enough, but the murder of a Russian official, followed by the arrival of a Russian army in Afghanistan would be fraught with far-reaching consequences. Present violence may be avoided, but, if Afghanistan remains in its present dismembered state, the group of independent Amirates are likely to fall early victims to Sovietization and consequent further encroachment of Russia towards the Indian frontier will ensue.

* * *

Mechanization in India.

The amount of civil mechanical transport in India is increasing rapidly and with this increase one of the main difficulties in the way of mechanizing the Army in India is disappearing. No modern army could afford to keep in Ordnance reserve the numbers of vehicles necessary for mobilization and it is useless mechanizing the supply trains unless there is civilian transport of a suitable type available for replacements in the early stages of a campaign.

Another and perhaps little realized difficulty in this respect is the problem of crossing unbridged rivers with heavy mechanical vehicles. The mule, camel or A.T. cart

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can be ferried over on a light boat. A lorry or armoured car will require something more substantial and trustworthy. The obvious solution seems to be to design an amphibian vehicle which can take to the water without flooding its carburettor with water. It should not be a difficult problem.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that the hauling of light guns by lorries has been successfully carried out in India without damage to the gun, provided the speed has not exceeded eight miles an hour.

Finally, just as Mr. Ford did a lot towards winning the last war with his vans, so is Sir William Morris helping to win the next with his six-wheelers.

* * *

Aerial Ropeways.

The vital problem of supply in mountain and bush warfare is, in the last analysis, the one which lies at the root of all the difficulties which are encountered in these forms of war: more especially is this the case with regard to mountain warfare. Successful strategical conceptions have for several generations been subservient to supply and in the defence of the Indian frontiers tactical movement is governed by administrative capacity. If therefore, the disasters to which expeditions on the frontier seem always to be prone are to be minimized, then the various mechanical aids to supply which have been elaborated during the past century must be fully exploited to aid the force commander. The pushing forward of rail-heads of all gauges and the construction of motor roads have done, and are still doing, much to aid the establishment of forward depots and to ensure their maintenance. But it is toward the acceleration of the formations of depots of food, stores and ammunition off the road that the energies of the administrative services should be bent. The use of other methods than those of pack and carrier transport is necessary. Where roads cannot be built with rapidity and where railways cannot be economically sited it seems that ropeways can be used with great advantage. One was in use in India for some years, but is now dismantled; various reasons have been assigned for its relapse into desuetude. The fact that this method of transport is in daily use by commercial organizations, by State Forest Departments in many countries, and was used by the Italians to a considerable extent during the Great War, warrants an examination of the possibilities of its peculiar advantages.

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Advantages.—The use of rope and cable ways as a means of British military transport is yet in its infancy, whereas the Italians had several hundred installations all of which were not working in mountainous districts; some of these were even of a portable type. In comparison with other methods of transport the ropeway is seen to possess unmistakable advantages from a military point of view; the major ones are conveniently summarized below :—

(1) It can be made portable and carried on existing types of rail, road and pack transport.
(2) It can be made of varying degrees of strength to carry varying loads.
(3) It is not so vulnerable to artillery and aerial attack as a rail track and where its exact location is not known; from medium altitudes it does not present an easily distinguishable target.
(4) It can be used in a country and over an alignment which is impossible for rail and road transport.
(5) Its use would decrease the road space of a force and thus increase its ability for rapid deployment.
(6) It is independent of atmospheric conditions with the exception possibly of high cross winds normal to its line of action.
(7) The cost of installation and maintenance is relatively small.
(8) It is of simple construction and the power required for its working is exceedingly small.

* * *

Air Estimates.

The Royal Air Force is singularly fortunate in its Secretary of State. He realizes to the full the immense importance of the human side of affairs, and his plans for the personnel of the Royal Air Force strike a note which arouses in us the keenest admiration. With the exception of Lord Haldane no Service minister within our memory, has shown such intuition for the vital interests of officers and men, as Sir Samuel Hoare. It is worth noting that the debate which followed his speech, characterized by *The Times* as " a really good debate," was as vigorous and interesting as that on Army Estimates was dull and listless.

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Sir Samuel in his speech showed that certain changes were being introduced which will help merit to rise to the top and provide a better career alike for officers and men; also that his scheme will ensure a freer stream of promotion for both officers and men. Furthermore, he showed himself to be fully alive to the defects of the short service systems, and his recent inauguration of an Appointments Board, whose business is to find employment for short-service officers who have left the Force, is a magnificent bit of work. We have in this journal criticized the short-service system very freely in the past, but the new Appointments Board meets all our objections, especially as it has been most successful during its short career, and has found employment for 90 out of the 120 short-service officers who have left the Force during the past twelve months.

Home defence is to be increased by one regular squadron, one cadre squadron and three auxiliary Air Force squadrons.

This increase in the number of A.A.F. squadrons is not unexpected, after the very efficient manner in which the existing A.A.F. squadrons acquitted themselves in the Air Exercises carried out during the past year. The satisfactory development of these squadrons was remarked upon in the Secretary of State's memorandum, in which it is shown that, broadly speaking, numbers have doubled in the last eighteen months and units, in general, have over eighty per cent. of their establishment in officers commissioned, or in process of learning to fly, and over ninety per cent. of their establishment in airmen. After what has been said in these notes regarding re-equipment it is the more satisfactory to note that the total of Vote 3 (Technical and Warlike Equipment) shows an increase of £615,000 over last year, reduced however, by an increase of £100,000 in the super-cut. Provision is made in the vote for putting in hand the re-equipment, with aircraft of the latest design, of nineteen squadrons and several training units. As there are approximately thirty squadrons still equipped with war-time aircraft or with aircraft that were brought into service more than five years ago, it can be seen that this programme of re-equipment only meets the problem half-way.

The increased reliability of engines is reflected by a decrease in the provision for aircraft and engine spares of £156,000. The policy of adopting the parachute as standard

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equipment for every machine has been further vindicated, for no fewer than six lives were saved by this means in 1928.

The important item of research and technical development is still further increased by approximately £100,000. The net estimates show a decrease of £50,000. Civil aviation again receives approximately the same small amount, small commensurate with its importance to this country and the Empire and with the amounts spent on civil aviation by the chief countries of the world.

Of the total sum expended on Service Estimates, the Navy claims fifty per cent, the Army thirty-six per cent., and the Air Force fourteen per cent. Although we do not entirely agree with Mr. J. L. Garvin, who in a leading article in the *Observer*, of Sunday, March 3rd, stated : " In view of our national circumstances and modern conditions there never was a more antiquated, ludicrous and dangerous disproportion in the world," yet we do feel strongly that the apportionment of expenditure on the three Services requires considerable overhauling by the Committee of Imperial Defence. As Mr. Benn (Aberdeen, N., Lab.) said in the House, " Were dress allowances to be made to both the ugly sisters, and was the Air always to sit among the cinders ?"

There is no doubt this question, going, as it does, hand in hand with questions of disarmament and Service economies, must be considered before the next Service Estimates are framed.

* * *

Kabul : Its Lessons.

The message telegraphed to Sir Samuel Hoare, the Secretary of State for Air, by His Majesty the King congratulating the Royal Air Force on its remarkable feat in evacuating approximately six hundred persons from Kabul to Peshawar was worthy of the event. The details are too well known to require repetition in these notes, but it should not be overlooked that these operations have almost certainly saved us from the cost of another war, for it is hard to see how war could have been avoided. In making it unnecessary to send an army to protect our nationals, the Royal Air Force has been instrumental in saving, not six hundred lives, but in all probability tens of thousands, not to mention millions of money. Furthermore, these operations have shown once more the peculiar value of the Air Arm to our Empire, and

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have demonstrated the high standard of efficiency of Royal Air Force personnel and equipment.

Lastly, what the Royal Air Force has done on service machines has given further proof of the reliability and value of air transport generally and has shown the openings which exist for commercial machines, fitted with three engines, in India. These operations will undoubtedly have the direct result of stimulating a demand for Air Transport in that country and reflect a wider appreciation of the value of the Air Arm.

* * *

It is significant that current opinion in the United States is inclining to the same view as our own regarding the question of aircraft carriers.

Aircraft Carriers.

Speaking on the Naval Estimates, which were passed by the House of Representatives recently, the Chairman of the Appropriations Sub-Committee on Naval Finances mentioned the possibility of Congress being asked to withdraw the two 33,000-ton aircraft carriers, *Lexington* and *Saratoga*. from active service. "The ships," he said, "were proving *expensive to operate*, and the Committee was seriously considering the matter." The italics are ours. The initial cost of the *Saratoga* and *Lexington* was £9,000,000, and when we consider that each vessel can operate at most seventy-two aeroplanes, the initial cost per aeroplane is really ridiculous. It would seem that the Americans are going to be the first to realize the fallacy of a large fleet of aircraft carriers and that there are less costly methods of providing the Fleet with its requirements in aircraft.

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As various inaccurate statements with regard to this most unfortunate incident have been made in this country, it will be as well to say exactly what happened. The following particulars are taken from the Army Secretary's statement in the Legislative Assembly in February last.

The Peshawar Bombing Disaster.

There is a bombing range in the neighbourhood of Jamrud which is used by the Royal Air Force stationed at Peshawar. The local Air Force authorities decided that bombing should be carried out on this range on January 21st, 22nd, 23rd and 25th, and all the usual precautionary steps were taken. The notice of the bombing practice appeared, in the ordinary course, in the local military orders of January 16th.

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Some days later it was decided, at short notice, by the local Armoured Car authorities, to repeat for the benefit of the inspecting officer, a tactical exercise which had been carried out by the Armoured Car Company previously, over a large area which included the Royal Air Force bombing area of Jamrud. Arrangements were accordingly made, by the Officer Commanding the Armoured Car Company, through the usual authorities, for a repetition of this exercise, *to take place on January 23rd*, and which involved the co-operation of a squadron of the Poona Horse.

The Royal Air Force Safety Officer came to the range soon after nine o'clock on the 23rd. He made his preparations for clearing the range and sent out sowars to remove any cattle or human beings that might be on the ground.

At that moment the " C " Squadron of the Poona Horse, which had been detailed for the tactical exercise, appeared with two British officers, neither of whom appears to have known that bombing practice was to take place that day. The party were anxious to get across to the other side of the bombing range, in order to carry out their part of the exercise. After some colloquy, the Safety Officer agreed to the squadron crossing the ground as there was ample time for it to do this before the range was cleared. The squadron accordingly moved off, led by the two British officers to cross the range. Meanwhile the Safety Officer proceeded to lay out upon the ground a signal, which would be read by any aeroplane coming over the bombing range and which means : " Await further signal. Do not bomb."

He had only just finished doing this when a bomb fell from the aeroplane on to the squadron which was now some distance away but still crossing the danger area.

The officer who was piloting the aeroplane had arrived immediately before at a height of 4,000 feet over the bombing range and had mistaken the signal to wait for the signal which means : "All clear."

This officer had, it would seem, good reason to suppose that the ground would have been cleared by the time he arrived.

The casualties amounted to :—

Killed : 2 Indian officers and 9 N.C.O.s and sowars.
Died of Wounds : 1 Indian officer and 4 N.C.Os. and sowars.
Wounded : 9 N.C.Os. and sowars.

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Such briefly are the facts of the case. As is known, a Court of Inquiry was held and certain officers are to be tried by Court-Martial, the result of which will probably be promulgated by the time this appears in print.

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"The Fighting Forces."

With the present number of THE FIGHTING FORCES starts its sixth year of existence, and the occasion may be utilized to make a short statement with regard to our future policy. As before, we shall deal with Service subjects of general interest rather than those of a highly technical nature. At the same time we feel that the inclusion of notes on the armed forces of other nations will be of especial value to Staff College students and to candidates for the Staff Colleges. Commencing with the July number, a regular series of articles on this subject will appear, written by Sir Charles Petrie, Bt., who has recently joined the staff of this journal. Sir Charles Petrie, who was formerly Assistant Editor of *The Outlook*, has a very intimate and personal knowledge of foreign Service questions, and his articles will be of very great interest to all Service readers.

Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge has also joined our staff. He has the unique distinction of having been, during his period of service in the Air Force, a student at the Naval and Army Staff Colleges, and is, in consequence, an authority on the policy of practical co-operation between all three Services, a policy which has been consistently advocated in this journal, since its inception. Apart from this, Squadron-Leader Burge must be regarded as one of our foremost authorities on Air questions, both civil and military, as he is also Editor of *The Air Annual of The British Empire*, a publication which will make its first appearance in July next, and will be compiled with the approved co-operation of service and civil aviation departments in Great Britain and the Dominions.

We shall, in future, extend the number of pages allotted to Book Reviews, and foreign publications on Service questions will also be dealt with. There will be, as heretofore, seasonal articles on yachting, shooting of all kinds, fishing, and hunting.

As regards the Editorial we shall try to live up to our character of always having something definite of interest to say, and a trenchant method of saying it !

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BEHIND THE GERMAN FRONT

SIDELIGHTS OF REALITY 1914—1918.

By B. H. LIDDELL HART.

DEEP is the gulf between history and historic truth, and perhaps never more so than in books dealing with military history. If one reason is that they are usually written by soldiers untrained as historians and another that there is frequently some personal link, whether of acquaintance or tradition, between author and subject, a deeper reason lies in a habit of mind. To the soldier, " my country," right or wrong, must be his watchword. And this essential loyalty, whether it be to a country, to a regiment, or to comrades, is so ingrained in him that when he passes from action to reflection it is difficult for him to acquire instead the historian's single-minded loyalty to truth.

Not that the most impartial historian is ever likely to attain truth in its entirety, but he is likely to approach it more closely if he has this single direction point. For the historian loyal to his calling it would be impossible to suggest, as one has seen done by distinguished officers, that certain episodes might " best be glossed over " in war histories. Yet these officers were men of indisputable honour and quite unconscious that they were sinning not only against the interests of their country's future but against truth, the essential foundation for honour.

But in military history there are extenuating circumstances. For the soldier who has had experience of war knows that the reality is so utterly different from the customary account that he may well shrink from being a pioneer in bridging the gap. He knows so well the strain on, and the frailty of, human nature, his own included, as to incline him towards charity. These influences operate most strongly on the regimental or divisional history, which is useful if regarded as a line of pegs on which to hang memories, but whose value as history is small.

There is a better chance of historical truth at the two extremes formed by the general history and the war-diary of an individual. With the general history of a campaign the defect is that, if based exclusively on a comparison of

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the documents, it will miss truth not only because such documents are often written with an eye on the subsequent historical student, but because orders and instructions are "soulless." They betray little or no hint of the discussions from which, and the personal atmosphere in which, the decisions recorded in them were produced. And they are so filled with the physical details of strengths, moves and objectives that they obscure the psychological factors, which, in Napoleon's phrase, are really "as three to one."

The best corrective comes from individual diaries or memoirs. These fall normally into two classes. One class comes from the responsible leaders who wish to explain or justify their conduct. Such personal records are usually written up or revised after war, and their defect is that the authors inevitably have too close a personal interest in the verdict to be impartial and cannot help tending to colour the picture accordingly.

The other class comes from those who served and saw the effects without being handicapped in recording them by responsibility for the causes. Unfortunately, the bulk of this class is contributed by individuals who are only concerned with their personal experience and that of their own circle, and not with the military aspect. We have had an abundance of impressions in diary or novel form, but very few which are really valuable as contributions to the military history of the war. Perhaps because few have come from men who were soldiers by training and instinct. On our side, indeed, there is nothing to equal Mercer's "Journal of the Waterloo Campaign," which shrinks neither from criticism nor realism. But on the side of our late enemies a book has recently been published which gives the day to day impressions of a German poet and novelist, Rudolf Binding, who was also a trained soldier, beginning the war in command of a cavalry troop, and subsequently filling various divisional staff posts.* The German may "gloss over" the truth in writing official histories, but, less reticent by nature than ourselves, has a passion for unburdening his soul to his diary, as our Intelligence found to its profit in the war.

In this case the author, being a poet, has been too wise to mar the literary quality of his impressions by revision. As the preface says, they "resist any effort to work them up,

* "A Fatalist at War." By Rudolf Binding. Translated from the German by Ian F. D. Morrow (Allen & Unwin, 10s. 6d.).

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to collate or elaborate them. In recognition of their documentary value and to conserve their spontaneity, they have not been altered from the form in which they were originally written during the war." Hence the military historical value of the book. But it has a threefold claim to immortality. As a picture of men at war it is one of the most vivid and realistic books yet published, even though the scene and atmosphere are drawn from the angle of a divisional headquarters close up to the front rather than from actually inside the trenches. Binding has the imagination and the insight to span this gap, and his very detachment enables him to take a larger view. The defect of most of the loudly acclaimed war novels is that they focus attention too straitly on one small group of people in one small group of circumstances. The great war novel, so long sought, will assuredly weave all grades of experience into the narrative, from the private soldier in the trenches to the supreme commander at general headquarters and the statesman in the Cabinet. One of the first books to attempt this in a measure was " The Case of Sergeant Grischa."

A second value of Binding's book lies in its critical judgments on the nature of war and the course of the war. One is struck by the parallel with C. E. Montague in its wideness and calmness of view and its acuteness of military criticism. These qualities are all the more notable because this is not a book written after the war, but consists of unaltered extracts from the author's war letters and diaries. His prophetic vision is often startling, while the dispassionate balance he preserved in those days of passion and lies is almost miraculous.

The third value of the book is the light it sheds on the history of the war. I would sacrifice a ton of self-styled histories for such a book. And so illuminating is this aspect that it compels one to forego, in a critique such as this, all ideas of dwelling on the qualities of this book as a brilliant yet profound contribution to literature.

In the move through Belgium towards the Yser and Ypres, Binding writes on October 21st, 1914 :—

" Baptism of fire for three days of all sorts. We are up against English and French troops. A very tough fight, because although we outnumber them, we are hampered by the lack of planes. So the gun positions cannot be spotted and we have to endure their fire without replying to it. . .

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Great confusion. Supplies already broken down. We are so hungry that we pinch everything we can see."

On October 25th : " There is nothing to be done with cavalry here at present. We are lying much too far up, and it is pure luck that we have not been badly knocked about." And on the 27th : " The battle which has lasted nine times twenty-four hours without effecting a decision has immobilized both fronts close to one another. Now forces will be massed for the attack. Our Army has Ypres as its objective. There is no doubt that the English and French troops would already have been beaten by trained troops. But these young fellows we have, only just trained, are too helpless, particularly when the officers have been killed. Our light infantry battalion, almost all Marburg students, the best troops we have as regards musketry, have suffered terribly from enemy shell fire. In the next division, just such young souls, the intellectual flower of Germany, went singing into an attack on Langemarck, just as vain and just as costly."

At the end of the month, when the battle strain appeared from the other side to be almost beyond endurance and the British front was held by a terribly frayed and thin line of troops, Binding writes :

" It is the thirteenth day of uninterrupted fighting at the same place. It was only on the first two days that we had something to show for our daily losses—indeed, it seems to be the case along the whole line from Belfort to the sea. I can see no strategy in this manner of conducting operations. Each of the countless divisions, like ours, is allotted a definite sector. It has to be held without consideration for the character of the ground and the inner strength of the troops, and *is* held to the point of senselessness. This, of course, ensures the continuity of the front but . . . means that all the divisions are really doing nothing besides keeping their direction."

" This manner of leaving the lie of the country out of consideration and not considering the quality of the troops both show themselves in our divisions. The country is difficult, and was not properly reconnoitred beforehand as it should have been. The troops themselves are young and are overcome by the first two powerful impression. . . ."

These are curious sidelights on that " perfect war-

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machine," the German Army. And with prophetic insight Binding sums up :

" I don't call it a success when a trench, a few hundred prisoners, are taken. They have always cost more blood than they are worth. The war has got stuck in a gigantic siege on both sides. The whole front is one endless fortified trench."

Ten days later he reflects :

" War is a strange business. No one has really known it, and its methods of teaching are cruel, rough and primitive. Human methods seem clumsy and foolish—in fact, offensively theatrical compared with them. I can see in front of me the General who commands one of our brigades. He received a report that a small garrison was holding us up and firing busily from the White Chateau—any old shed, the simplest kind of house, as long as it is not a peasant's habitation, is called a chateau here. He raised his arm with the gesture of a great commander and cried from his horse, pointing forward like a conqueror of the world, ' Lay fire to the castle !' which seemed to settle the matter as far as he was concerned. He behaved in the same sensible manner—and thought he was doing the right thing, I am sure—when he was snowed under with reports, when his troops were having the hottest time, when they were in the most dire need of calm, clear orders . . . and he cried to his Brigade Major, in a state of terrific excitement, ' The horses, my dear L. Come, let us fling ourselves into the battle !' "

In the weeks which follow, Binding recurs frequently to the subject of leadership. One weakness of the German leading, all too well attested by post-war revelations, is indicated thus :

" Unfortunately everyone does not seem possessed with patience. The Corps and Army Commanders see that others in other parts have obtained tangible successes—so they thirst for laurels too. It is a human weakness, but they think it is a virtue not to lag behind the others, and they do not realize that this virtue must be paid for in blood."

As we now know, this thirst for laurels, especially on the part of the princely commanders in Lorraine, did much to drain the original German advance in August, 1914, of its vitality.

On November 27th, writing at Passchendaele, that spot

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of later ill-omen—as if its shadow had already cast itself three years before—Binding remarks :

" For five weeks the newspapers have been saying that Ypres is to be the decision of this phase of the war, at least. This may have been right a few weeks ago—but a decision depends also on the time taken to effect it. Now, this part of the front is losing the character of a decisive sector. . . . Generals and colonels are flirting with the idea that to take the cross-roads at Broodseinde may mean something in the history of the world. . . . This bickering over cross-roads . . . is too small a job for an army ; I would say that every man sacrificed at it, on whichever side, is wasted."

He shows, however, that the losses were not all the fault of the leaders and incidentally sheds light on the effectiveness of British musketry when he complains of the men's habit of exposing themselves carelessly, not from contempt of death, but from " lack of discipline," in disregard of the most precise instructions.

His New Year reflections turn to the question of generalship. " Not one of the belligerent powers and not one of their men have as yet developed a technique of modern war—unless it is Hindenburg. To impress one's particular stamp on a war—Napoleonic, Hannibalic, Moltke-esque, or Cæsarian —that would constitute a style. . . . Every blow of Hindenburg's Army shows the impress of the same mark. One recognizes him in every one of his thrusts, as one might know a knight, close-visored, by the way he bears his lance.

" But whose style have we to show in the West ? Of course, I do not speak of the Germans alone. Neither have the French nor the English produced a man who imprints his personality on the war. One cannot deny that the hedgehog shows a certain originality in his manner of self-defence—but one cannot discover any particular sign of genius.

" The French and English lack even that elementary and convincing quality that we showed at the beginning, in default of a style ; at any rate, it was imposing.

" Our first advance had a style that could be perceived. But it seems probable that it was conceived and planned by one who is now dead, and who is not on the spot to carry on the style."

If Binding does not yet penetrate behind the mask of Hindenburg to perceive the mask of Ludendorff, which, in

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turn, on the Eastern Front bore the impress of that greater genius Colonel Hoffmann, it is interesting that so early he should know, or guess, what the original German plan owed in conception to Schlieffen, and what it lost in execution by his death and replacement by the vacillating "younger" Moltke. Moreover, he very early shatters the hollow façade of Mackensen, one of the last "leaders" whom students of war among the Allies found out.

"The colossal staging of the big synchronized attacks in the Balkans makes one aware of a very superior intellect. To natures like that of Seeckt it is a matter of indifference if Mackensen is acclaimed by the multitude."

Later Binding was transferred for a brief while to the Russian front and came in contact with Seeckt, now chief of staff to another dummy commander, the Archduke Charles. Personal experience heightens his high impression of this veiled but gifted figure who, when peace came, was to reconstruct the German Army from the Imperial ruins. There also he met a young staff officer, Captain Geyer, from whose brain were to spring many of the tactical devices which carried the Germans repeatedly through the British and French fronts in 1918.

Always Binding is searching for the good, and is delighted to recognize it, but more often he finds evil and is equally prompt to expose it, his candour unaffected by any pseudo-patriotic or pseudo-idealistic bias.

"Now does the individual think that he fights for ideals. He only thinks so in the hours when he is not fighting, but when he is attacking . . . he has an elemental urge to get the other fellow . . . he strikes out so that the other will not strike; he does not flee because he is fighting in an unrighteous cause, he does not attack because his cause is just; he flees because he is the weaker, he conquers because he is the stronger or because his leader has made him feel the stronger. . . . And then: does not the War become senseless, discordant, mendacious when peoples fight for so-called ideals? What is the sense of saying that one fights for Kultur? I do not fight for Kultur in the least, because I hold it to be nonsense to fight for Kultur with weapons in one's hands. I understand the stag who fights his rival for the right of the stronger to possess the doe. I understand the man who murders his enemy. I could even understand a fight for the joy of fighting, but it is not justifi-

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able in the eyes of a thinking man to kill Englishmen, who have otherwise done me no harm, for the sake of Kultur, for emperor or Empire (as a concept) and for national honour. Really the savage who wonders why people make war and kill each other without wishing to eat each other is quite right."

He shows how the subordinate staff in rear competed and intrigued for Iron Crosses, their clamourness in contrast to the " strangely silent folk among us. These are the men who have taken part in attacks and have lain under fire for hours and hours." Revelling in the quiet beauty of Bruges, he is disgusted at the type of German officer who displays " such a lack of understanding and reverence that I really feel happy to think that there is nothing of this kind in Halle or Bitterfeld, or wherever he may have come from." He reveals how the Prussian leaders would rather sacrifice ability than give a Jew a commission, and how the " German N.C.O. does not know the difference between the use of influence and brutality. Whether he has to deal with subordinates in his own capacity, or with the public in that of a policeman, or with a horse as its rider, does not matter : he ill-treats it."

Above all is his hatred of hypocrisy, from which spring his scathing contempt for the German middle classes and for whining appeals to the neutrals.

" How can one bear it : this German shriek for sympathy to America : ' Look how cruel it is ! England is trying to starve millions of women and children to death !' . . . as if we would not starve out all England in cold blood until the thinnest English Miss fell through her skirts !"

He is the more scornful because this cry for sympathy is incongruously accompanied by the pretence that the blockade is doing no harm. His early insight into the economic factors is remarkable.

In April, 1916, he takes the realistic view that " Our conduct must depend on consideration or decision whether we are heading for starvation or hunger. If they can starve us out any continuation of the war is criminal folly. . . . If hunger is all that we have to face . . . the momentary impossibility of effecting a decision cannot justify us throwing up the sponge."

And earlier still he had made the prophetic remark :

" Perhaps wars may be won, perhaps this one may, by letters from home ; I would rather not use the word ' lost.' "

The historian to-day appreciates more and more how

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Germany's starvation decided the war, and how " letters from home " caused the decline of German military morale in 1918. With far less incentive, the tone of letters at a bad period of bread queues in England caused G.H.Q. serious alarm over the fighting will of the troops.

In June, 1916, Binding says : " What thrills the men most in an undertaking is the prospect of loot. . . . A pot of English marmalade or a razor is more important to them than a British officer's notebook." The moral effect of this inferiority of supplies is seen growing. " We economize in material because we have to, whereas the enemy has enough and to spare."

Binding had been quick to appreciate the effect of England's intervention. How different was his insight from that of the German leaders and even some of the British, such as Sir Henry Wilson, on the value of " Kitchener's Armies."

" What the English do they do well ; they will make good soldiers. . . . I do not agree with those who ask contemptuously where they will find their officers and N.C.Os. They will all come—the rowing Blues, the leading lights of the cricket and football teams . . . Are the Berlin police to be compared with the English police, although most of them are Prussian N.C.Os. ? The English policeman knows how to deal with masses ; they handle them perfectly."

And nearly two years later he writes of the campaign of 1916 :

" I believe that its main significance for the future, and especially for our future, will be that it has brought the realization of the power of the British Empire. . . . In contrast to the old Roman and German Empires, in contrast to the Napoleonic conception, it is based on facts, not on an idea. It is so simple that it must be incomprehensible to us Germans. . . . It is questionable whether this power will last for ever, but I believe that it will decide our fate."

Because of this dispassionate realism, there is special significance in his varying view at different periods on the quality of the British forces.

In the winter of 1915-16 the morale of the British troops is pictured as being high, even though Binding is badly impressed with the physique of some of the city-bred prisoners compared with " the first regular troops that we fought

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against in 1914. . . . The officer contrasted favourably with his men."

In the first fortnight of the Somme battle, July, 1916, the quality of the British troops is considered " superior to ours." But the opinion falls six months later: " The English shells are not too dangerous. We hardly even duck to them now, so many of them are duds. All is not well either with the enemy. But it appears that they are now using against us those monsters which can crawl anywhere over the deepest shell-holes like great tortoises, and shoot at the infantry in the trenches from close to with machine guns and light cannon. These enormities approach in the dark over all obstacles and open fire in the morning on the garrison of the trenches before our guns can even find them." The tanks evidently created an uncomfortable impression !

Then the success of the March withdrawal to the Hindenburg Line brings about another change of atmosphere. " The English seem to know everything, but cannot do anything serious to stop us." " It is an eternal shame to the English that this operation cost us no losses. It was a safe calculation to assume that the immensity of the facts would leave Sir Douglas Haig entirely without inspiration." This calculation had apparently been inspired by reading " Haig's report on the Somme battle." " It is almost deliberate and studied in its mediocrity . . . a dummy filled with sawdust, without any life, without any soul, without the least creative spirit."

But the early days of the spring offensive at Arras bring renewed depression, and impression: " On the whole I should not be surprised if the English, backed by an unused American army, came out on top at last." " If the German war correspondents find our troops marvellous, I don't know whether they have any experience of the English troops. Fortunately the Americans have been selling the English bad shells in return for their good money." The Messines battle in June even brings a tribute to English leadership. But as the Passchendaele struggle wears on " Tommy over yonder has lost some of his keenness." The impression of British fighting power seems to wane thenceforward, and both then and in 1918 it is the incessant attacks from the air which seems, in Binding's record, to wear down the German spirit of resistance far more than action on the ground.

With confidence renewed, even " unbounded," the

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Germans came to deliver their great 1918 offensive. His testimony to this psychological condition of the German troops should be read in conjunction with his observations three years earlier : " We have been attacking again ; success nil ; heavy losses. . . . The men see that they are not out for a big purpose, only for a trench ; and they are no longer willing to sacrifice themselves for that."

The dominant impression after the break-through is of the treasure revealed behind the English lines.

" Our cars now run on the best English rubber tyres, we smoke none but English cigarettes, and plaster our boots with lovely English boot-polish—all unheard of things which belong to a fairyland of long ago."

Binding meets an immaculate English brigade commander whom he calls " General Dawson, an Equerry to the King." This is a mistake. The brigadier-general referred to was F. S. Dawson, commanding the South African Brigade, in the 9th Division, who was one of the many A.D.Cs. to the King.

" The sight of all this English cloth and leather made me more conscious than ever of the shortcomings of my own outfit, and I felt an inward temptation to call out to him, ' Kindly undress at once,' for a desire for an English General's equipment . . . had arisen in me shameless and patent." " By way of being polite, I said with intention, ' You have given us a lot of trouble. . . .' To which he replied, ' Trouble ! Why, we have been running for five days and five nights !' It appeared that when he could no longer get his brigade to stand he had taken charge of a machine gun himself, to set an example to his retreating men."

" Now we are already in the English back-areas, at least rest-areas, a land flowing with milk and honey. Marvellous people these, who will only equip themselves with the very best that the earth produces. Our men are hardly to be distinguished from English soldiers. Everyone wears at least a leather jerkin, a waterproof . . . English boots or some other beautiful thing. The horses are feasting on masses of oats and gorgeous food-cake . . . and there is no doubt the army is looting with some zest."

On the next day follows a highly significant extract :

" To-day the advance of our infantry suddenly stopped near Albert. Nobody could understand why. Our airmen had reported no enemy between Albert and Amiens. . . . I

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jumped into a car with orders to find out what was causing the stoppage in front. Our division was right in front of the advance and could not possibly be tired out. It was quite fresh.

" As soon as I got near the town I began to see curious sights. Strange figures, which looked very little like soldiers, and certainly showed no sign of advancing, were making their way back out of the town. There were men driving cows . . . others who carried a hen under one arm and a box of notepaper under the other. . . . Men staggering. Men who could hardly walk . . . the streets were running with wine." It proved hopeless and the officers powerless to collect the troops that day, and the sequel he records was that " the troops which moved out of Albert next day cheered with wine . . . were mown down straight away on the railway embankment by a few English machine guns. . . ."

But the intoxication due to loot was even greater and more general than that due to wine, and the fundamental cause of both was " the general sense of years of privation." A staff officer even stops a car when on an urgent mission to pick up an English waterproof from the ditch. And in this intoxication the Germans not only lose their chance of reaching Amiens, but ruin sources of supply invaluable to their own advance—wrecking waterworks for the sake of the brass taps. The cause of this senseless craving is revealed in their impression that " the English made everything either out of rubber or brass, because these were the two materials which we had not seen for the longest time."

" The madness, stupidity and indiscipline of the German troops is shown in other things as well. . . . Any useless toy or trifle they seize and load into their packs, anything useful which they cannot carry away they destroy."

Once this plunder was exhausted the reaction was all the greater and the contrast of their own paucity with the enemy's plenty the more depressing.

For a time hopes of the German offensive struggle with these fears of the enemy's economic strength :

" If we can reach the sea before the Americans reach the land we shall have struck the decisive blow. To capture Paris itself would not be sufficient. . . . Nevertheless I do not count on either England or America giving up the war ; they have no need to."

When in late July hopes of military success disappear

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and with them the hope of ever again nourishing their stomachs, and souls, on the enemy's supplies, Nemesis is swift.

In early August " one hears men say, ' Why not give them this b——y Alsace-Lorraine ?' (This from men who are by no means the worst, even from the stoutest fighting men.) Their manhood has been sapped in such a way that there is no way of stiffening it. Our division is one of the few possible exceptions. Carelessness and callousness are spreading like plagues."

No recovery could come to men whose stomachs were both empty and sick, fed on bread that was " as damp as a sponge " and on " green potatoes " dug up " out of the fields," while " for days the horses have not had a grain of oats." The story of the Confederate collapse in 1865 was being repeated.

Anyone with personal experience of war knows how the thought of food and of civilized comfort fills the horizon of the intellectual equally with the ordinary man. How far was Germany's military decline, itself the fruit of a rapid and unmistakable loss of morale in the late summer, due not only to increasing hunger and " letters from home," but to the eye-opening conviction of the enemy's greater power of economic endurance ? Propaganda and the censorship could hide the difference so long as the front remained an inviolate partition wall. But when the Germans broke through the British lines and into their back-areas the truth was revealed to the German troops. Is the historical verdict, penetrating beneath the surface of military acreage and statistics to the psychological foundation, then to be that the disaster of March, 1918, was a stroke of fortune for those who suffered it ? If so, it seems a pity we did not try the solution earlier ! Instead of conducting unwilling " frocks " round our front, we might have arranged tours for Germans round our back-areas—that " land flowing with milk and honey." Or at the least we might have released a proportion of our prisoners after they had been suitably entertained ! Such a policy would certainly have supplied the imagination which Binding, and others, found so lacking in our leadership.

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NAVAL NIGHT ACTION

By Lieut.-Commander John Irving, R.N.

(*Continued from Vol. V, page* 504, *January*, 1929.)

THE greatest difficulty which an attacked force has to face during naval night action, is the want of knowledge of the enemy's movements, position and intentions, until the very moment the blow descends. From the attacker's standpoint the consideration is very different; he knows almost to a second the moment at which he intends to discover himself; his point of attack, and the direction in which he will launch it are governed solely by his relative position to the enemy, the speed at his command and his subsequent intentions. His formation, being one for attack rather than defence, affords greater scope for imagination in disposition and mode of approach. It is a canon of modern gunnery, supported by historical precedent and actual practice, that an end-on target with a rapid change of range, such as that presented by an attacking fleet closing in line abreast at high speed, affords the defence no opportunity to develop accurate or efficient fire, or to establish and maintain "hitting." Such closing formation might well be maintained until a pre-determined range was reached when a simple manoeuvre would place the attacking force in position for a broadside engagement in the *mêlée*, or again by a continuance of the closing approach render use of the ram possible. The employment of this classical weapon is nowadays inclined to be scouted, ever since the geometrical *exposé* of its lucky use by Tegetthov at Lissa. Nevertheless, the conditions of night *mêlée*, the general confusion of the attacked due to disorganization and surprise, would seem to render its use not impracticable.

In all naval campaigns there has existed a possibility of a night attack, although in the days of the sailing navy the wind as a propulsive agent precluded any sudden surprise. To-day, with steam and its gift of complete, unfettered, tactical mobility, the opportunity for a night attack is again present, and it is necessary for a fleet commander to adopt a night cruising formation which renders regrettable mistakes due to error of identity as unlikely as is humanly possible.

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This is clearly exemplified in Admiral Jellicoe's night disposition on May 31st, 1916. He formed his Grand Fleet into columns in line ahead, leaders of columns in line abreast a mile apart; here is an example of complete concentration without mutual interference. Furthermore, apart from the necessity of extending his barrier across the line of most probable German retreat, he stationed his destroyers astern of the main fleet, thus assuring himself that they would be well clear of the capital ships thereby, and minimizing any chance of their firing into the Grand Fleet in error for the German fleet or, alternatively, of being mistaken for enemy destroyers and sunk. Yet, in spite of this careful disposition, no small amount of doubt appears to have existed in the minds of individual captains as to the relative positions of other units, chiefly due, possibly, to the uncertainty that existed as to the precise whereabouts of Admiral Beatty and his battle-cruiser force. The consequence of this uncertainty, the restraint of attack due to doubt of identity, is but the logical outcome. The Russian flotilla at Port Arthur was attacked by Japanese destroyers at the commencement of the Russo-Japanese War, and fell an easy victim for this same reason. At Jutland there are even clearer examples of the effect of this restraint: *Revenge* sighted " a large ship " at 12.30 a.m. on June 1st which had the appearance of one of our own vessels, *Marlborough* also sighted her. From a knowledge of the disposition this could not possibly have been a British ship, but ignorance of Beatty's position held out just a slender doubt; the stranger was challenged and made the wrong reply to the secret signal—but fire was not opened upon her. *Fearless*, further astern in the formation, saw what was probably the same vessel, but took no action because the ships ahead of her must have had the same view and yet had not fired; this light cruiser's report adds that the stranger was allowed to pass, knowing that there were other ships astern who still had a chance of engaging her.

This element of restraint is wholly understandable, and forms one of the most powerful weapons in the hands of an attacking force. Its absence can only exist when there is perfect knowledge, such as that possessed by the attackers, that anything sighted is an enemy or again where there is a perfect system of recognition. Failing this, the only alternative to restraint is to risk the sacrifice of friends in error. This possibility must exist, though historical illustrations are

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fortunately very rare. It is not strictly applicable to quote the instance of *Vanguard* and *Theseus* at the Nile, since their mutual salvos were due rather to the fact that they were, on opposite broadsides, each engaging the same target, the *Spartiate*. At Tsu-Shima, in the night destroyer action upon the disabled remnants of the Russian Baltic Fleet, there were stories of demoralized Russians firing into other units of their own fleet by mistake, but these have never been authenticated: the famous Dogger Bank incident shows to what an extent the strain of the fear of night attack may influence a naval commander to open fire even upon harmless trawlers. In the recent naval war there was not one single incident, and that none was afforded at Jutland in the *mêlée* of the night retreat of the Germans was due to the efficiency of their night recognition signals and the employment by them of adequate "fighting lights." That such methods of recognition must be used on either side is essential, but they must be not only instantaneous in action but also "fool-proof." At Jutland the use of the older system of secret challenge and reply illustrated a waste of essential valuable time—a gift to an enemy who was employing a high-speed night operation when every second unfired upon was of inestimable value. The need for a system of challenges is largely obviated in night action where the position of a fleet's units are known to a nicety, but as soon as an element of uncertainty crops up—as with the battle-cruisers at Jutland—their employment and consequent slight delay cannot well be avoided. Moreover, the use of a secret challenge to distinguish friend from foe is in itself liable to abuse. *Castor*, at Jutland, reports that she observed a ship (which from its position might conceivably have been one of the German 2nd Squadron), ask, by signal, one of our ships for the secret challenge and reply then in force, and, what is more, she was given the information required. In her post-battle despatch *Castor* further comments upon the fact that in several instances during the night the German reply to our challenge was partially correct. The same arguments, on this score, may be used against the permanent use of fighting lights such as were displayed by Nelson's fleet at the Nile; if used permanently they are easily recognized, and degenerate into an object for a *ruse de guerre*. Sound principles of recognition are thus none too easy to establish; it would appear best to accept as a canon of night action that all destroyers are

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vermin and to be sunk at sight. Such a procedure is in the interest of the capital ship, since the delay over a challenge affords time for the T.B.D. torpedo attack to be made; on the other hand, the high speed of a destroyer affords her an adequate opportunity to seek the cover of darkness unharmed.

A further corollary of this restraint due to doubt of identity and the employment of recognition signals exists in the question of justification of revelation. This may be defined as indecision, or lack of active measures, consequent upon the knowledge that opening fire, switching on search-lights, or signalling the secret challenge may reveal the existence and position of the challenging ship and its division. The contingency was especially noticed at Jutland: both *Agincourt* and *Thunderer*, during the night, saw a vessel passing them at high speed but took no action for fear that by doing so they would reveal the position of a section at least of the Grand Fleet.

From the moment when all doubt is at an end and the existence of an attack in force is realized, the question of adequate illumination leaps into prominence. The search-light not only reveals the target but also discloses the originating ship; some alternative means is necessary which will light up the enemy and at the same time preserve the invisibility of the firing ship. The star-shell, fired into the air and bursting above and behind the target, does this exactly and was extensively used by the German fleet: although well established in our Army, it had not been supplied to the ships of the Grand Fleet at the time of Jutland.

Once the target has been illuminated efficiently the question of the right employment of weapons of offence arises. To commence with rapid fire and gunnery at close range is essential to ensure the necessary demoralization. Until the fog of cordite smoke blots out attacker from attacked the results of the shooting are visible. Again, the particular suitability of the torpedo as a weapon combining deadliness with surprise cannot be overlooked. Its employment is sudden, swift and secret, while it strikes a blow calculated to wound in a vital spot comparable only to the stab of the assassin. Its employment by capital ships at close range should prove most effective, but hitherto there is a complete absence of data from which details of such use could be collected. Its use from light craft, destroyers, light cruisers

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and so on has, however, been exemplified on many an occasion, and the numerical results are at least amazing, and tend to give colour to the idea that the weapon has been greatly over-rated. An examination of the results of its employment by day and night since the beginning of the century does not show a very material improvement in either the certainty or accuracy of the weapon, and in no way can it compare with the strides made in naval gunnery in the same period. Compare, for example, the meagre 6.8 per cent of hits obtained by the Japanese T.B.Ds. in their night action after Tsu-Shima with the 7.1 per cent of hits made by the British flotillas in their gallant attempt to stem the tide of German retreat on the night of May 31st—June 1st, 1916. Taking a fair average, and aware that figures are prone to deceive, it would appear that there is little chance, under battle conditions, of achieving a higher percentage of hits than 5 per cent by day and 7 per cent by night—a very low estimate indeed.

The fear of night destroyer attacks being wholly effective seems largely to depend upon the moral standard of the attacked fleet. The repeated success of Japanese T.B.Ds. against Russians could not possibly be taken as a measure of such attacks when made by British upon German ships, or *vice versa*. Moreover, one of the outstanding revelations of Jutland was that although the right employment of a flotilla in a day action may enable one admiral to impose his tactical will upon another, at night it cannot bar the passage and retreat of a skilful and determined enemy. The Germans appear to have been quite well able to overwhelm our flotilla attacks at night by massed gun-fire and, in spite of exceptional gallantry and leadership, to spoil the fruits of determined and repeated attacks. An overwhelming fire from secondary capital ship armament, and shrapnel from turret guns, seems to be a perfectly logical way to lay the bogey of night T.B.D. attack ; it may not drive them off, but it will at least spoil the concerted effort so essential to the weapon they employ—the torpedo.

In examining these various component parts of the night action itself, the intention has been to establish the argument that each and every factor is largely calculable, at least as it affects the attacker both as to cause and effect. There still remains, however, the question of chance which exists in any form of naval combat.

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Out of the mass of evidence emerges untramelled the preponderance of the value of surprise, the golden weapon in the hands of the fleet taking the initiative. In the hands of the commander who is taking this initiative and attacking already lie half the fruits of victory, since his is the guerdon of surprise ; he alone knows where, when, and how he will strike. His is the Imagination of Conception and the Audacity of Execution. Audacity and Imagination beget Surprise—which is the key to success.

Initiative is an essential : without this trait no engagement can take place, and, like the other elements of night battle, this factor also is capable of analysis. To be in a position to indulge in night attack a fleet must first attain the initiative to make that attack, and this is only acquired by the possession of certain implied conditions.

It must possess the necessary *animus pugnandi* in flowing measure (this, of course, is largely a matter of national temperament, and also involves considerations of the motives underlying a campaign) ; it must have a knowledge that the enemy is weaker in matériel ; it must have the definite urge of an exact and important purpose such as the destruction or harassing of a demoralized or disabled enemy, or the realization that vast political and national issues hang upon the successful and complete defeat of the enemy ; it must realize that its own immolation upon the altar of self-sacrifice may be what is termed " useful defeat," in that the damage done to the enemy is the more valuable in the long run than the present disaster to the attacking force ; lastly, there is the case where safety from annihilation alone lies in a desperate attempt to " break through " the enemy fleet. To these elements of initiative must be added the supreme factor of the possession of the key to surprise—the property of the attacking force alone.

Against this the argument may be raised that the weaker fleet, the inferior fleet, has always the opportunity of accepting as much, or as little, of battle and war as it will, whereas, to the same limiting extent, the superior force can only engage by surprise tactics, or if the inferior force is desirous of action.

With the exception of surprise, however, night action superiority is measured by different standards from those usually prevailing in naval warfare. Superiority for night action may be deemed to exist when any or more of the follow-

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ing implied conditions are present :—An armament peculiarly suited to surprise tactics, *e.g.*, rapid-fire guns and torpedoes in profusion ; superiority in night fighting equipment ; numerical superiority in attendant destroyer flotillas ; greater constructional ability to resist the onslaught of night action weapons ; lastly, the key of surprise with its inherent conditions that the attacker with the initiative knows how, where and when he is going to strike, and, what is more, knows what are his subsequent intentions, *i.e.*, to complete the attacked fleet's destruction, to demoralize them and then disappear once more into the darkness, or to break through their guard in a determined attempt to escape their clutches.

In all the adjuncts of night fighting, scarcely a single element exists which cannot be computed with fair accuracy by the attacker.

There remains the question of justifiable risk, even this is measurable. The question as to what extent risk in war is justifiable is naturally vexed, since abstract factors of policy, national strategy, and future commitments must exercise considerable influence over a naval commander's decisions. The risk, such as it is, may be deemed justifiable when a sudden swift stroke, whose inception is the very essence of surprise, will cut short an otherwise protracted campaign—such as the despatch of Sturdee with his battle-cruisers to destroy von Spee ; or, again, the " breaking loose " of a fleet by night as an alternative to certain defeat and annihilation, as in the case of Scheer's escape at Jutland. Again, it is justifiable where the superiority of one side is so pronounced as to ensure the enemy's destruction, as in the case of von Spee at Coronel. Lastly, where the possible issue is " useful defeat," as was, no doubt, the case with Cradock at Coronel or should have been in Vigethov's mind on the night of his sortie in the Russo-Japanese War. By useful defeat is implied a Pyrrhic victory for the other side in which it suffers losses sufficient to cripple its present activities or, at least, to produce a definite bearing on its future conduct. The doctrines thus expressed are better demonstrated by actual examples. When Cradock encountered von Spee's vastly superior force off Coronel, with darkness close at hand, two courses lay open to him—either to utilize that darkness as a dubious cloak for escape, or else when darkness supervened fight an action, the result of which—his own overwhelming defeat—could not have been in doubt for an instant, and yet, in the course of

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which, he might reasonably hope to inflict such damage upon Spee's baseless ships as to cripple their future activities. An even better example of the neglect of this doctrine is seen upon examination of the circumstances surrounding the Russian sortie of June 23rd, 1904. Vigethov, with darkness close at hand, sighted a superior Japanese force—superior in numbers at any rate—under Togo ; he promptly declined action. This particular instance was a case in which, had the Russian admiral elected to engage and offer up his force to " useful defeat," he might well have exercised a material effect upon the subsequent course of the war. When Vigethov left the security of his harbour that morning, he was comparatively unaware of the strength of Togo's fleet, but he most certainly was aware that the Russian Baltic Fleet (Rodzvensky) was even then on its way out to the Japan Sea to reinforce Russian arms. His own particular outlook was far from bright as it embodied, owing to the vigorous naval policy of the Japanese, but three alternatives—the surrender of his fleet to Togo ; complete defeat at sea under conditions of day battle, when the general naval superiority of the Japanese would have full rein ; or, at best, to be bottled up and immobilized at Port Arthur or Vladivostok. Moreover, he must have realized, as did everyone else, that Rodzvensky's fleet was physically incapable of making much impression upon the efficient Japanese force under Togo. On the night of his sortie there was one thing Vigethov could do, however, and that was, instead of declining action, to seek Togo in night battle—if the risk of so doing was justifiable. That is to say, he might have elected, at least, to seek useful defeat in preference to surrender, annihilation or immobilization at some future date. Of still more importance, however, was the chance that in the course of sustaining " useful defeat " he might inflict upon Togo such damage that the coming inevitable battle between the latter and Rodzvensky might be fought upon terms of equality, or even of advantage to the Russian Baltic Fleet. If we add to these suggestions that in any case Vigethov was attacked that night by Japanese destroyers, and that the Japanese fleet was undoubtedly afraid of suffering any material loss on account of the impending big battle with the Baltic Fleet, there is quite enough data to work upon. Firstly, by applying the conditions of night superiority to both fleets we find that, if anything, Vigethov, aided by the gift of surprise, was superior (at night), and that if the rules

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governing initiative are applied there can be little doubt that not only was the Russian commander in a sound position to exercise his prerogative of initiative, but also that, without doubt, he should have done so. Had he but turned back at dark that night and attacked with his whole force he had the key to success in his hands, and might well have stood a chance of routing Togo, or at least of inflicting such damage upon him as would materially have affected Rodzvensky's chance at Tsu-Shima later on.

In Jutland once again is seen the influence of darkness upon naval combat. In this case it put an end to the fighting between the main fleets. It has been suggested that Admiral Jellicoe should have rushed in at nightfall with his whole fleet for a night action. What had he to gain by adopting such a plan ?

By dusk the Grand Fleet was already ensconced astride the focus of the German roads to home and safety, and, in such circumstances, Admiral Jellicoe's obvious plan was to keep the High Seas Fleet to seaward of him in order to be able to re-engage at daylight under conditions of advantage which would permit him to finish off the work so well begun the day before. From this strategical position, which he had attained by consummate skill, his only move towards a night action must have been a chase which would have involved the thinning and moving aside of his barrier, thus leaving open the guarded door to the German road home. If the facts of the case are analysed critically and scientifically, it will appear that from his position and from the peculiar circumstances of the case, Admiral Jellicoe had little choice in the matter, for the German commander, Scheer, possessed not only considerable night superiority, but also the undoubted right of the initiative. His desperate plight demanded prompt action, and was sufficient to justify any risk, however great ; to this must be added that he was a determined leader, as his turns away under fire showed ; his " *Ran an dem Feind* " signal to his battle-cruisers pointed to the fact that he would not hesitate to hurl individual units into a *mêlée* if by so doing he could achieve success for his main plan of action. The need for escape for his High Seas Fleet was imperative ; its only alternative was swift and complete annihilation on the morrow. Accordingly, he decided to drive on through the night, passing either ahead or astern—or through the line, if need be—past the barrier of

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the Grand Fleet. Chance, the uncertain and incalculable element, aided him, for by a transcript of the British night disposition signal Scheer was able to shape a course to pass astern of the Grand Fleet squadrons and reach home in comparative safety. Nevertheless, it was in his interests to resume night action deliberately if necessary to his purpose of breaking through, when, with the exception of considerable damage and losses on either side, there is little reason to doubt that he would still have been able to make good his escape by reason of his night superiority.

Thus, by the employment of these concrete examples it may be seen that this last element of justifiable risk or hazard is, in all its ramifications, largely measurable, and that in night action problems the differential factor is chance alone. Chance, the effect of a lucky shot or salvo, a burst steam-pipe or an intercepted enemy signal which is ever present in naval combat whether by day or night.

If it is thus easy to lay, theoretically, the ghost of risk at night action by demonstrating to what degree of accuracy this risk is calculable, and how to an enormous degree this risk redounds upon the head of the attacked, might not the possibilities thus opened up attract a naval commander in future campaigns? For centuries the possibilities of fleet action after dark has never seriously been considered. In the sail era the impossibility was laid at the door of the contemporary means of propulsion, but with steam and its gift of independence of action the bald statement that night action is not possible under modern conditions of warfare takes its place. The danger of modern weapons at night is as nothing to the menace of surprise. If the naval commander of the future exhibits sufficient imagination to conceive and plan a night action, granted of course that by all the canons of night action his procedure is logically sound, and, furthermore, if he displays sufficient audacity to carry the attack through, then the resultant surprise of the attacked, that such an unusual and unaccustomed performance should take place, should multiply tenfold the normal assets of the surprise value of the attack and should render success and victory doubly sure.

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"BASIC PRINCIPLES OF AIR WARFARE"

By "Squadron Leader." London: Gale & Polden, Ltd., 1927.

Reviewed by Lieut.-Commander G. R. Fairlamb, Jr., U.S. Navy.*

EVERY student of warfare should read this book. The author is an officer of the Royal Air Force. To Naval officers and especially to Naval aviators the subject is of prime interest. The writer handles the subject so well—has so many thought-provoking ideas—that a close study of the book will be time well spent.

The viewpoint is, of course, that of a third service—the Air Force, but it is the most sane and logical presentation of this viewpoint that the reviewer has ever seen expressed. In view of the recent efforts to absorb the Navy's aviation into an independent air force, the idea of "Squadron Leader" that "necessity for the control of certain air units by the Fleet and the Army for specialized work . . . has been shown to be vital if they may rely on a strong and efficient air arm to enable them to carry out their functions effectively," will prove readily acceptable ammunition for the Navy, if ever again the attempt is made to remove its aviation to other jurisdiction.

The viewpoint is also essentially British and the author makes particular reference to the needs and problems of the Empire. Further, it is apparent that the author's experience has been confined to the Army and the Air Force, or perhaps to service in the latter alone; and despite the very deep study which he has quite evidently given to Naval warfare, this does not compensate for lack of Naval experience. Hence, his Naval readers will not agree with all of his conclusions. However, a résumé of the book will best suffice to indicate wherein "Squadron Leader's" ideas clash with current American Naval conception of air warfare at sea.

There is a keynote accompanied by a strong overtone, which faithfully sounds throughout the 133 pages. "Directly or indirectly, the object of air warfare must in the first instance always be the security of air superiority. My purpose is to

* This review appeared in the "U.S. Naval Institute Proceedings," February, 1929.

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show that this will only be achieved and can only be achieved by (air) fighting." This is the overtone. Co-operation between the three Services—this is the keynote, forcefully exploited by the following points :—

(*a*) The primary object of war remains as formerly—destruction of the enemy's armed forces. Many pages are devoted to refuting the modern idea of enthusiasts that the next war can be won by loosing an aerial offensive against the civil population.

(*b*) Neither the Army nor the Navy can perform their war functions (which, since the Air Force is conceded to be unable alone to gain a decision against civilized nations, are considered to be as important as they ever have been in the past) without first obtaining air superiority.

(*c*) This being so, the Air Force should provide air superiority for the Army and Navy by (1) providing them with the necessary ancillary aircraft to perform their functions ; and (2) defeating the enemy air force.

(*d*) Therefore the strategical employment of the three Services should be interlocked so that each contributes to the attainment of the common objective.

In stressing the necessity for co-operation and mutual understanding between the three Services, the author decries the use of the term " independent," in relation to the Air Force, and declares that none of the Services should be employed or even thought of independently of the others.

Employment of the Air Force is ably handled in a separate chapter. Here, as in other parts of the book, is given the conception of aircraft constituting a single combatant force and acting as such in co-ordination with the Army and Navy—the picture so frequently painted, so ardently applauded by some, condemned by others, and only dimly visualized and understood by most, because of the confused details presented when viewed from its many different angles. But those who are convinced that the demerits outweigh the merits can at least appreciate the merits, and the honesty and sincerity of the viewpoint which expresses them. Especially it is noted that the recognized principles of land and sea strategy and tactics apply to the air ; that air effort to be effective must first secure superiority and thereafter be sustained. The employment itself will be dictated by the enemy air strength, relative geographic positions, the nature of the terrain, etc. all of which, together

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with the general strategic situation and conditions obtaining at the moment, will influence the selection of the objective as well as the tactics. It is emphasized that in all cases the enemy air force must be knocked out by a vigorous and sustained air offensive—that victory through demoralization of civil populations, even if this type of warfare be countenanced, is a chimera.

Interesting points are made as to the power of the offensive, the advantage of the initiative and surprise which accompanies the attacker, etc. Most interesting is the discussion of anti-aircraft defence. The success of the defence at London and Paris is cited. "It can be said that raiding and defence grew up together and when the latter had been adequately equipped and organized it proved successful. . . . During the few months of night attacks on our island, the barrage searchlights, guns, and fast scouting craft prevented the majority of enemy machines from reaching their objective. Out of a total of 118 enemy machines that were sent over during the months of September—December, 1917, only thirty-one are reported as having penetrated the defences of London." Referring to the anti-aircraft defence at Paris the success was "even greater." "Within a short period no fewer than twenty-six enemy machines were brought down at night, which had the effect of putting an end to enemy activity in that area." The sound conclusion reached is that assumption of the defensive role will be disastrous—that no such thing as absolute denial to enemy aircraft exists, but that nevertheless it appears essential that a well-organized defence consisting of fighter aircraft, anti-aircraft guns, and searchlights be available for the defence of vital points and that such defence may be expected to prove efficient in the light of past experience.

Another chapter is devoted to the influence of air power on sea warfare. The Naval aviator agrees heartily with "Squadron Leader" that "aircraft have added to the complexity of Naval warfare and may well change the application of the principles of Naval strategy," but there is only one sentence in the whole book that indicates thought of the employment of aircraft in a fleet battle. "A fleet air arm may be essential to the fighting efficiency of a fleet so long as the aircraft carrier survives . . . and no one will deny that the control of such forces in operations with a fleet at sea must be vested in the Commander-in-Chief." But

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this implies only a temporary control during operations, and furthermore the statement comes after the author has relegated the " stop-gap " aircraft carrier to the role of a depot ship for flying boats and seaplanes, and replaced it with a whole fleet of flying boats (not less than 150 for the equivalent cost of one carrier and its planes), which will enhance the fighting value of the Navy and simplify the control of sea communications. This partiality for flying boats is because, " aircraft . . . must be able to carry out their functions independently of their base, using the sea as their natural base from which to operate. This alone will enable them to make full use of their mobility and in addition increase their reliability for operating at sea and give them greater freedom of action." It appears to the reviewer that if ever the flying boat as a weapon of war reaches such a state of perfection, we will have arrived at the point where the Navy may be dispensed with entirely.

The author says that the carrier renders aircraft immobile, whereas what he means is that compared to a land aerodrome the carrier is inefficient in launching and receiving its brood. From the Naval viewpoint, the carrier gives to aircraft mobility plus. Further, after replacing carriers with flying-boat squadrons, the author foresees " fighting aircraft alone being carried on all larger type ships." This is the typical landsman viewpoint which only takes into account fleets in action offshore within range of shore-based aircraft, and fails to visualize the air action which will develop in a fleet battle. Of what value in a fleet action against an enemy similarly equipped are fighters ? Though employing offensive tactics, the fighter is a strategically defensive weapon —it is wholly offensive-defensive in nature. It would have been nearer correct for " Squadron Leader " to substitute light bombers, because the picture of combat planes chasing tails and shooting each other out of the sky for no other reason than that no other air targets in a fleet battle would be offered, is absurd. The reviewer diverges widely from the author on several items in this chapter.

Possibly an army or a marine officer may find fault with " Squadron Leader " here and there in the chapter devoted to the influence of air power on land warfare, but this chapter rings perfectly true to one who lacks first-hand experience in the Army. It is noted, however, that no mention is made of the Army Commander having control of the ancillary aircraft

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needed for the Army. We wonder if the omission is intentional. It may not be, and the reviewer is inclined to think that it is not, for in the first place it is not consistent with conceding command to the Naval Commander, and in the second place the author has too thorough an understanding of the value of unity of command to believe that he would deny this to an army commander. An interesting conclusion of this chapter is that armies must develop cross-country traction to increase their mobility, and must break away from present dependence on fixed lines of communications, such as railways and highways.

In conclusion, it appears that the reviewer has disagreed with the author more often than otherwise, but such is not the case. It seemed advisable in reviewing for Naval readers to stress the few points of disagreement, which are confined almost entirely to certain of the author's ideas of Naval air warfare. Finally, it is not clear whether the author would have the ancillary aircraft for the specialized functions of the Army and Navy merely provided by the Air Force or to be part and parcel of those two services. If the former, we disagree again; if the latter, it is one more point of agreement which makes it almost unanimous. In recommending this book to every officer who can get hold of it (through the Bureau of Navigation) the following quotation speaks for itself: "The importance of aircraft only accentuates the necessity of thinking in terms of air warfare to solve or elucidate a future Naval problem."

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This review of "The Basic Principles of Air Warfare" is published in this number of THE FIGHTING FORCES as a forerunner to the articles on Air Warfare which will appear in subsequent numbers of this magazine. It is not without interest to observe that one more nation (France) has followed the example of this country and Italy and has set up an Independent Air Ministry. Judging from recent statements in the Press it seems not improbable that within a few years the United States will have followed suit.]

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". . . TWO THREE—HA—AUL"

By MARINER.

THE peaceful inhabitant of any locality liable to be frequented by the Royal Navy should be extremely careful about fire.

Long ago in the days of the wooden walls of old England fire on board ship was a very real peril, and promptitude in its extinction a corresponding virtue. The Navy is a conservative body, and has never forgotten the lessons learned in those days. The cry of " Fire !" will still produce in it an outburst of dynamic energy wonderful to behold, and woe betide anyone who in any way hinders the sailor-man's approach to anything that happens to be burning.

Once upon a time, it is related, an amateur chemist conducted some experiments in an upper room of a house overlooking a harbour in which lay the Fleet.

What exactly he was trying to do is not recorded, but eventually, in a tin basin, he succeeded in producing a small pyrotechnic effect of red light, accompanied by a good deal of smoke and an abominable smell.

Raising the blind and opening the window to release the latter, his apparently glowing apartment drew the attention of a keen-eyed signalman in the Flagship, who reported with all promptitude " Fire on shore."

Within thirteen and a half minutes ninety-seven persons subject to the Naval Discipline Act, equipped with all manner of apparatus, had reached the house ; and within another seven and three-quarter minutes every article of furniture within it, including a grand piano and a cockatoo, had been removed and was neatly stacked in the roadway under an armed guard.

Operations for the forcible extraction of all woodwork in the shape of doors, staircases, window-frames and so on were just about to be commenced, when it was notified officially that the fire was out ; whereupon the ninety-seven persons fell in smartly, formed fours, and disappeared at the double, leaving the amateur chemist and his landlady—for he was

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but a lodger—to settle affairs between them, if possible, to their mutual satisfaction !

In fact, the British Bluejacket has a kind of hereditary instinct for practising as a fireman, and few things give him more real joy than to discover an opportunity for doing so.

* * * * *

It was getting on for dinner-time in the temporary camp established on shore at Nayala for her ship's company's musketry course by H.M.S. *Salamis*, and cooks of messes were flitting about between the huts, which had once contained prisoners of war, making various preparations for the meal.

The range parties not having returned as yet, there were perhaps no more than five and twenty men all told in camp, of which about half were Royal Marines. There was but one officer, the Sub-Lieutenant, who had just come in from the firing-point, and was divesting himself of his clothes as rapidly as possible for the purpose of having a bath before lunch.

The camp was situated upon a small and rather rocky plateau surrounded by higher slopes, upon which a few native homesteads were dotted here and there ; whilst below was a small cantonment accommodating a company of British infantry and some oddments of sappers and other troops.

In a shallow valley a mile or so away the pop, pop-ing of rifle shots at intervals indicated the situation of the butts, and was the almost only audible sound in the shimmering heat of tropical noon-day.

The Sub-Lieutenant seated himself in his bath and poured tepid and slightly beige-coloured water over his head from an old cigarette tin until the heat engendered by this form of muscular exertion appeared to counteract what little coolness the ablution might be expected to produce.

Wrapping himself in a towel, he lit a cigarette and peered out of the bath-hut window to see if any servant was handy to whom he might call for a gin and bitters.

No one was near, but the entire population of the camp appeared to be gathered round the cook-house (" galley," of course, in a naval establishment), where a gesticulating native was pointing excitedly up the hill. The small crowd having gazed in that direction for a few moments, suddenly perceived, as did the Sub-Lieutenant, that a column of smoke

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was rising heavily from a good-sized house, half bungalow, half farmstead, which stood by itself in a small compound about half a mile off.

It was a matter of seconds before the word " Fire !" was uttered by a dozen voices in unison.

A question of another couple of seconds and the Navy or such small proportion of it as was present, with its hereditary instinct fully aroused, hurled itself upon the task set before it.

That the camp itself, as a matter of ordinary naval routine, had prescribed " Fire Stations " for everyone goes without saying.

But the greater part of its complement was still at the rifle range, and this was a fire elsewhere ; so that, obviously, improvisation, prompt and immediate, became necessary. Improvisation, or the manufacture of bricks without straw, is a traditional naval accomplishment ; occasionally a rather expensive one, as some events in a certain war may have demonstrated.

The Sub-Lieutenant improvised clothing in accordance with the dictates of decency and hygiene by adding a topee and a pair of gum-boots to his bath towel, in which costume he sallied forth to take command.

But even this sartorial arrangement took some fractions of a minute, and the sergeant of Marines and a petty officer doing duty as Camp Master-at-Arms had been beforehand with him. Seemingly they had had no need to issue any definite orders. It was a case of " Come on, sons ; here's a fire—we'll put it out !" Almost instantaneously the impromptu fire brigade had equipped itself with such appliances as lay ready to hand, though of these there was no great store of anything exactly designed for the work of *pompiers*.

Some buckets, half a dozen mess kettles, the gunnery Lieutenant's bath, a couple of empty kerosene tins, and a nondescript vessel—something between a spit-kid and a tomato-can from which the ship's goat was accustomed to consume his curious meals, of which a principal ingredient was usually an assortment of emery-paper impregnated with oil—were all the utensils that could contain water ; whilst the cook's meat-chopper, a shipwright's adze and a blacksmith's sledge-hammer were borne as weapons of demolition, together with a coil of rope having a small grapnel attached (destined to become a decisive factor in the prospective

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operations) and—Heaven knows for what purpose !—a sort of glorified garden-rake, relic of the camp's former occupation, recognized officially as " Implements, gravel, one in number."

The soldiers down the hill being known to have a small fire-engine of sorts in their keeping, a messenger had been dispatched for it, but the ordained military ritual for its release from its shed appeared to be complicated, particularly as someone had mislaid the key ! Consequently it never appeared upon the scene, and subsequent investigation was to demonstrate that it would not have been very useful if it had done so, for it had not been used for over twenty years, and white ants had completely devoured the suction hose !

By way of encouraging any inhabitants that there might be in the burning house, the advancing firemen, though a trifle winded by the steep ascent, cheered hoarsely as they ran. The said inhabitants, who had escaped at the back of the building and were peacefully watching the flames, perceiving the assorted weapons and drawing the conclusion that slaughter was to be added to fire, fled incontinently to the jungle !

On arrival at the scene of conflagration (surely no fire was ever reported without these time-honoured words ?), the Sub-Lieutenant, his bath towel reduced to a moiety by contact with a cactus-bush, took counsel with the sergeant and petty officer as to what was practicable to be done.

A very brief inspection revealed that there was no water whatever at hand. The house was quite a good-sized one, apparently pretty solidly constructed of mud-brick and having a tiled roof. Along its whole front ran a veranda enclosed by trellis-work, and roofed with thatch. So far the flames had not reached this.

Some out-buildings adjoined one end of the veranda, and it seemed to be possible that if the thatch-roof could be removed these at least might be saved, as the wind was blowing the flames away from them and there would be a chance of the fire burning itself out before it reached them ; there being, as usual, not a great deal of furniture or material of any kind within the house itself. But of course the thatched roof, once alight, would be like a fuse.

Yes, undoubtedly the veranda roof had better be demolished.

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" Aye, aye, sir. Come on, our side, 'ook rope along. Down this 'ere thatch. One 'and nip up and pass the 'ook over that beam under the heaves there. That's it, Curly me lad ; take a couple o' turns. Now, all 'ands on the rope. 'Aul taut an' take the strain 'andsomely, an' stan' by to 'eave when I give the word !"

Grinning and perspiring, the men picked up the rope, which was led out at right-angles to the veranda. Feet were planted and hands anointed in correct tug-of-war fashion.

The invariable facetious query, " What say, down 'ouse ?" where any sort of pulling job is on hand was uttered by the inevitable humorist.

Absit omen !

A burst of smoke and flame following a clatter of falling tiles gave warning that the roof of the main building was falling. Evidently there was not much time to be lost.

" *All* together. . . . Two, three, ha—aul !"

Crash !

* * * * *

The Fire Brigade, raising itself from the prone position into which it had fallen as one man, desisted from rubbing its hinder parts in order to rub its eyes.

For the house was no longer there !

A heavy pall of smoke, stabbed here and there with flickering tongues of flame, hung over a heap of bricks and tiles.

That was all !

The veranda, practically whole, lay in the foreground where it had fallen, but evidently the front wall of the house had come with it, and the other three walls had joined it in collapse.

The sergeant of Marines fingered his moustache a trifle nervously.

" Reckon we saved them out-buildings, sir."

The Sub-Lieutenant, all but hysterical, assented that their future seemed to be satisfactorily safeguarded.

The petty officer hazarded the opinion that possibly the premises were insured, which, as it happened, they were—very heavily in proportion to their value ; their owner being fast in the clutches of the local money-lender and having resorted to arson in a last desperate attempt to escape from them.

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There being nothing left to burn—or extinguish—the party gathered up its accumulation of vessels and retraced its steps to camp, fulfilled with that righteous glow engendered by duty done which provokes an excellent appetite for dinner.

There had been a fire. The Navy had seen it, and the Navy had put it out!

What could be more satisfactory? Particularly to the pecuniarily embarrassed owner of the house!

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THE COMING OF WAR

By Flight-Lieutenant F. H. Reeve, R.A.F.

WHEN, on November 11th, 1918, the Armistice brought a sudden release from the tension and tragedy of war, on all sides, especially among the victorious powers arose the cry " No more war." The horrors of those four black years seemed deeply embedded in the minds of men, and the statesmen of the Allied nations met at Versailles to re-organize the world for permanent peace. Ever since the very opening of hostilities the war had been proclaimed by Allied statesmen as " the War to end War." For this ideal, as much as or more than for any other, men had fought, and men had died—in hundreds of thousands.

And yet, ten years after the end of " the War to end War," who, from a careful study of the world to-day, can feel that the war of 1914-18 has succeeded in this object? For war has been going on, almost without a break, ever since—and mainly between the so-called civilized nations. Military adventures against Soviet Russia, the Russian-Polish war of 1919-21, the Turko-Greek war of 1919-22, the Italian seizure of Corfu in 1923, the French wars in Syria, the Franco-Spanish Morocco campaign, the semi-permanent war in China (a member of the League of Nations) with European, American and Japanese forces intervening—these are cases when the ever-present subterranean fires have broken to the surface. In pre-1914 days most of these operations would have been regarded as first-class wars. In even more numerous instances threatened outbreaks have been prevented by the narrowest of margins. To quote but one case, the Anglo-Turk dispute of 1922 had all the makings of a first-class world war in preparation, but the world was not yet ready for war. The memories and weariness of 1914-18 were still fresh and overpowering.

Yet it cannot be doubted that the vast majority of men of all nations desire peace. Why, then, are they collectively drifting, apparently, towards a repetition of the horrors of the last World War, if not towards horrors even worse?

Modern war is not quickly generated, at the whim of any one man, or of any one section of men. Its roots go deep

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down into the life of the human race, and the Great War, and the peace that terminated it, left those roots untouched.

The main causes of the World War, the real, far-reaching, deep-set origins, may be roughly classified under five headings. They are :—

(1) Population and expansion.
(2) The importance of and desire for sea power.
(3) Need for free access to ocean routes.
(4) Violations of the principle of " Nationality."
(5) Armaments.

For twenty years at least before 1914 all these causes had been visibly active. Their actual activity of course dates back far longer. The World War altered many aspects of these causes, but the causes themselves still remain, and in many cases gather strength with age. The list is by no means exhaustive. Numerous lesser roots of trouble, both pre-1914 and post-1918 could be added, but consideration of the main roots only will suffice at present.

(1) Population and Expansion.

The industrialization of the Older World, and the opening up of the huge food-producing areas of the Newer World have been accompanied by vast increases in population. These very increases have called for still wider areas of food-producing lands ; and not only for food-producing lands, but also for territories from which can be obtained the vast stocks of raw materials on which modern industrial centres depend ; on which ultimately millions of industrial workers in hundreds of crowded cities depend for their very lives.

Moreover, industry is useless without a market for its products. More and more customers, ever-increasing markets, must be sought, and found, or the standard of life in industrial countries must sink. Then this increasing population soon fills its narrow spaces, and room for expansion must be found—peaceably, if possible ; by force, apparently, if necessary.

Here, then, in the unending striving for control of food-producing areas, of raw material and mineral-producing territories, of markets for the products of industry, is to be found a fruitful cause of international strife, and one which the most skilful diplomacy, open or secret, has so far been powerless to eradicate. Add to this the ever-growing demand

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for more breathing space for the increasing populations, and the task of the diplomats in banishing war for ever from this small restricted world of ours seems well-nigh impossible.

Germany is now weak and without colonies. But Germany must expand. Sixty odd million people, soon perhaps eighty million, cannot remain confined for ever. Japan in parts has a population density of over 1,000 to the square mile, and that density is rapidly increasing. Like England, it cannot be self-supporting in food or raw materials. It must expand. But to where? America will not offer without restrictions a home to Japan's surplus people. Australia firmly declines to share its thinly-populated territories. Both countries will sell food and raw materials to the Japanese, in times of peace. China can offer Japan space for expansion, food and raw materials, along lines of supply easily defended in war. But will the other nations of the world sit quietly by and watch Japan secure a firm hold over the spaces, the wealth and the enormous markets of China, even supposing that China itself is not able to object?

Other examples exist in plenty.

(2) The Importance of and Desire for Sea Power.

In the industrial world of to-day, it may truly be said that no great nation is completely independent of the ocean routes. All the great powers depend to a greater or less degree on the use of these sea routes for obtaining their food and supplies, or for sending their wares to market, or for moving their forces to defend threatened points of their overseas possessions.

The control of the route to the East, through the Mediterranean, the Suez Canal, the Red Sea, the Gulf of Aden, across the Indian Ocean, through the Straits and thence to the Pacific is essential to the life of the British Empire. Hence the British forces at Gibraltar, at Malta, at Cyprus, in Egypt, at Aden and the establishment of a naval base at Singapore. But in time of war, France relies on sixty million black subjects of Northern Africa to provide whole armies, and these must travel to France across the Mediterranean, with Gibraltar flanking the route to the West and Malta to the East. Both these stations are fully equipped fleet bases, and with the German menace removed the main power of the British Navy is based on Gibraltar and Malta. France,

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nervous of a possible war of revenge, cannot be disinterested in the command of the Mediterranean.

Italian ambitions grow stronger every day, and the possession of Malta, with its Italian-speaking population, would strengthen Italy's position enormously. At present, Malta is a potentially hostile base on the route to Tripoli, Italy's one colony of consequence.

Japan, the dominant naval power in the Far East, now sees Singapore being transmuted into a first-class naval base, and the sight gives Japan no pleasure. With no potentially hostile fortified battleship base in the Western Pacific nearer than Pearl Harbour, Japan is indeed in a strong position to do as she pleases in China, or even in Australia. But the nation whose superior battle fleet can be based at Singapore must be left in peace in Australia and treated with respect even in China, as long as that nation's battle fleet really is superior. The Washington Conference limited battleships, so Japan is building submarines.

Truly the German naval menace to peace of those far-off pre-1914 days is not without its heirs and successors.

(3) Need of Free Access to the Ocean Routes.

Since the use of sea routes is so essential to the life of most nations in this world, then it follows that access to the sea, at an all-the-year-round ice-free port is also necessary. Also it is very desirable that that access to the sea shall be completely controlled by the nation using it. If access to the sea is obtained through foreign territories, at best it is uncertain and unsatisfactory. That foreign nation has the power to close the door to the sea, or the door may be closed by blockade by a third power, if the nation holding the door goes to war. Even in time of peace, friction arises ; foreign customs restrictions, in spite of " through " shipments, can be made irksome, and delays cause loss of trade. Moreover, if the nation holding the door is a trade competitor, as is often the case, suspicions of unfairness, whether well or ill-founded, are not helpful towards friendliness.

Before 1914 Serbia had no access to the sea under her own flag ; Russia's ice-free ports were insufficient, and in small land-locked seas, to which Russia did not control the entrances (her attempts to use the Pacific helped to bring on the Russo-Japanese War) ; Rumanian and Bulgarian shores

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were washed only by the land-locked Black Sea, whose exit the often hostile Turkey guarded. Even Germany's ocean coast was small, and, therefore, easily blockaded. The continuous unrest of these countries was by no means wholly disconnected with these facts.

To-day Poland reaches the sea via the Polish Corridor, at the free port of Danzig, but even that solution to Poland's troubles forms a perpetual sore point for Germany, whose territories are thereby cut in two; while Austria, Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary must be added to the old list of countries suffering from lack of free access to the ocean routes; with much consequent friction and ill feeling.

Probably such grievances do not form one of the strongest roots of war, but a root is there, nevertheless.

(4) Violations of the Principle of "Nationality."

When the Versailles Peace Conference set the seal of its approval on the principle of "Nationality," it is to be presumed that it hoped to settle once and for all such problems as before 1914 had vexed France, with her "lost provinces" of Alsace and Lorraine; had vexed the Poles, with their country long-suffering under foreign rule; had vexed Italy with her "Italia Irridenta" of Trentino and Trieste; had vexed most of the Balkan States, with their real or imaginary "Irridenta" for which they sighed and plotted so continuously.

The ever-recurring Balkan crises and wars of the latter part of the nineteenth century and of the early part of this century sprang very largely from the violation of this principle of nationality, combined with religious repression. The flames of unrest and hatred were fed by the sufferings and bitterness of minorities under foreign rule. War was always likely to flare up at any moment, and often did. When it did, Russia and Austria, as well as Turkey, were vitally concerned, and with them all the great powers of Europe. England could not allow Russia to take Constantinople and the Dardanelles and thus threaten the Mediterranean. Russia would not allow Austria, her enemy, to spread her influence in the Balkans, and Russia was allied to France, as Austria was to Germany. War in the Balkans was, therefore, always liable to drag in the rest of Europe, as it eventually did.

But have the peace treaties of the Great War to end War righted these wrongs? Alsace-Lorraine has returned to the

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French flag, to the lasting bitterness of a considerable part of the population of those two provinces, and of the rest of Germany. Moreover, this is not now the only " Irridenta " that Germany mourns. Poland is re-united at last, and Germany accepts with forced grace the loss of the wealthy industrial districts of Upper Silesia. In fact, Poland is built up of territories which Germany, Russia and Austria have by no means lost hope of regaining.

Italy now casts longing eyes on Savoy and Nice, once Italian, and on Malta. Russia, it may be predicted, will one day attempt to win back many lost territories, where, undoubtedly, Russians still dwell. No solution has been found to the problem of dividing up the Balkans in accordance with this principle of nationality ; nor is any solution probable, or even possible, so long as the Greek, Serb, Rumanian, Bulgarian and Hungarian populations of that unhappy area remain inextricably intermingled, as they are to-day.

The Balkans, on account of this very problem of " Nationality " have dragged the world into the abyss of war once. The problem still remains. The bitterness is, if anything, more intense. Balkan States have faced each other in war since the finish of " the War to end War," and will surely do so again and again. Will the diplomats, or the peoples of Europe, always be able to keep clear of the abyss in the future ? And if Europe is drawn in, the rest of the civilized world must soon follow.

(5) Armaments.

Nothing undermines a nation's reluctance to go to war so much as confidence in its ability to win, and that confidence is based on armaments. Of all the causes that rendered the war of 1914-1918 inevitable, the piling up of armaments by the nations of Europe was the greatest. And yet the people who supported and paid for that armaments race were not lovers of war. Peace was to their interest, was their dearest wish. Even the governments, in most cases, were not following policies of aggression. But between those peoples and between those governments there was no trust, no faith.

When England offered a naval holiday to Germany, Germany imagined a sinister motive, and declined to accept. When Japan obtained a base on the Asiatic Mainland, the remaining naval powers must do likewise, more effectively

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to watch her. When France, in genuine, if groundless, fear of further attack from Germany made a move to strengthen her powers of defence, Germany, suspecting preparations for a war of revenge, replied by an increase of armaments. France, further perturbed, replied with still more armaments, and so the mad race went on, on all sides, until the inevitable day of reckoning came. For nothing is more certain in the confused politics of this world of ours than that a huge fighting machine will eventually be forced to attempt to justify its existence by a victorious war.

And to-day, what change has "the Great War to end War," or the Peace brought about? The Washington Agreement has limited battleships, but not cruisers or submarines, and submarines render the value of battleships at least debatable. Further attempts at limitation, right up to this very day, have merely shown up the ever-present lack of trust, the all-permeating suspicion, and have resulted only in bickering and bitterness. Land forces show little signs of decrease, except in England and under temporary compulsion in Germany. In aircraft, as in submarines, the mad race goes on. All nations have forsworn the use of gas, but all nations are busy experimenting with this and other forms of chemical warfare, for self-defence against a probably unscrupulous enemy of the future who may use them.

Every country is arming, it claims, and probably seriously believes, in self-defence. But the result will be the same, if the race continues unchecked. The result will be war, more horrible than ever, with science's latest means of human torture and destruction.

These, then, are the main roots of war, now as in the years before 1914. Almost unchanged, probably in some cases unchangeable, they drag the nations of the world daily nearer and nearer to the awful cataclysm of the next world war.

Just as in the years before 1914, omens of the coming struggle were plentiful, so in these post-war years signs may be seen by those who seek them. The armaments race is visible to all, even if not quite so obvious as the pre-1914 naval competition. The international struggles and crises of 1904 (Russo-Japanese War), 1905 (Tangier), 1908 (Bosnia-Herzegovina), 1911 (Agadir), 1913 (Balkan War) brought all Europe to the brink of war, and eventually actually to war in 1914. Are not the quarrels and dissensions of 1919, 1920, 1922, 1923 and 1926-27, already referred to, at least com-

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parable? Add to them the ever-present threat to peace, both in Europe and in Asia, of Soviet Russia; add also the ever-fiercer struggle for oil supplies, now of paramount importance to the world's navies as well as for more peaceful uses. Moreover, war weariness, physical and financial, is gradually wearing off; war memories are becoming dim; a new generation is arising to whom "the War to end War" will be a thing of history, not of reality. The drift to war goes on, at ever-increasing pace. Governments and the League of Nations, with their Locarno treaties and their Kellogg Pacts must hurry if they are to stop this drift before it becomes a torrent beyond human control, carrying on its troubled surface the nations of the civilized world towards perilous rocks, and probably to final destruction.

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A SEA CAREER IN NELSON'S DAY—A MEMOIR

ARRANGED BY COMMANDER C. F. JEPSON, R.N.

BUT for the Napoleonic Wars, Charles Tilly, the subject of the memoir that follows, would almost certainly have made a lucrative career for himself in the Post Office Packets, the Government mail service, which allowed commanders of packets to carry private freight, to their great personal advantage. Instead, he volunteered for the fighting service, first using, as did Nelson and many another young gentleman, the mercantile marine as a training school.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Navy offered but a precarious career to an ambitious young man without interest to back him. If it was true that " a fellow has now no chance of promotion unless he jumps into the muzzle of a gun and crawls out at the touch-hole," it was not less true that influence gave a very necessary flying start. Charles Tilly suffered from a lack of it, and the memoir is of interest not merely for the brave deeds it records but as an example of the ups and downs to which the average young officer in search of promotion was subject, however deserving he might be.

A word of explanation may be acceptable as to the various titles borne by the " young gentlemen " entered on the books of a man-of-war with a view to obtaining a lieutenant's commission in due course. They first appeared on the books either as " servant " to the captain or some other officer, or, if they had had some training, as " able seaman " ; in the former capacity they did as much or as little training as their superiors might think fit, in the latter they shared in much of the work aloft. After 1794 the term " volunteer " was substituted for " servant." A promising boy was soon advanced to the rating of midshipman, or petty officer on the quarterdeck. Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, was first entered as an A.B., being permitted to skip the usual period spent as servant. Nelson entered as servant to his uncle. Little boys of ten were sometimes entered on the books a year or so before actually joining, with the convenient result that they had qualified in point of time, that

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is, had " served " six years at sea, long before they were out of their teens. The older midshipmen were employed as mates ; for instance, mate of the main deck, mate of the hold, or Master's mate.

The admiral commanding a fleet had power to promote a midshipman to fill any vacancy for lieutenant occurring in the fleet, provided it were not due to punishment by court-martial. This system allowed for the rapid advancement of deserving officers, and was necessary in times when it might take weeks or even months to communicate with the Admiralty. But it is easy to see what an opening there was for favouritism ; the senior midshipman of a line-of-battle ship frequently saw vacancy after vacancy in his own ship filled by juniors through no demerit of his. As a partial remedy for such abuses the Admiralty instituted in 1802, after the Peace of Amiens, a list of midshipmen who had served their time for promotion and passed their examinations. In future vacancies were to be filled from this list during peace time. War broke out again in 1803, and the Admiralty List passed into abeyance until 1815 ; thereafter many contrivances appear to have been used to defeat its purpose and gain the ends of favouritism. That, however, does not concern our story, and is only mentioned to explain the term " Admiralty Midshipman," which appears in the memoir.

It was unfortunate for Tilly that the only operations on a grand scale in which he took part were the decidedly unsuccessful expeditions to the Texel in 1799 and to Egypt in 1807. There was usually a general promotion of lieutenants after any big affair that ended successfully, but if it were a failure individual officers gained scant recognition no matter how much they might have distinguished themselves.

Voluminous as were the naval records published during Tilly's life and soon after his death, none of them pretend to include all the minor actions that the period embraces, and as far as is known his name does not appear in print, save in the Navy Lists and in W. R. O'Byrne's " Naval Biographical Dictionary " (1845-1849), which has been used to check the accuracy of the memoir. In 1844 the notion of issuing medals to all officers and men, instead of to captains only, for certain actions since 1793 was under consideration at the Admiralty. Officers were accordingly required to send in a return of their services, and these returns passed through the hands of O'Byrne, an Admiralty clerk, who compiled the

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Biography from them, gaining great credit for energy amongst people unaware of the facilities he enjoyed.

The memoir was written by Major-General Gwavas S. Tilly, Royal Engineers, son of Charles Tilly, in 1883. Unfortunately, Charles Tilly's own papers have disappeared. General Tilly's manuscript came to light in 1925; it is an uncorrected draft, and is reproduced in its entirety, save for a few paragraphs of no general interest. One or two obvious clerical errors have been corrected and a few notes within square brackets have been inserted.

* * * * *

It was in the year 1844 that our dear Father was requested by a Naval Biographer [*probably O'Byrne*] to furnish him with a summary of his services in the Navy, which were intended to be published with those of other Naval Officers. Whether our Father's narrative ever saw the light, is not known, but as his manuscripts have remained in my hands, since his death, it seemed a pity that the family, and the collateral branches, should not be made acquainted with the arduous, brave, and even in some respects heroic actions, which filled up his early life, during the great French war, waged against the ambition of Napoleon Buonaparte. His plain unvarnished tale is told in the rugged, honest phrase of a sailor, and if he had been supported by interest, and the Victoria Cross had been instituted in those times (the early part of the century) his name would have taken a rank in the published annals of his country, and his breast would have borne the glittering distinction of his Sovereign's approbation.

Charles Tilly was the 2nd son among six stalwart lads who with two daughters lived with their widowed mother at Perran, in the County of Cornwall, removing subsequently to the neighbouring town of Penryn, near Falmouth. Their father, Tobias Tilly, was the only son of Hugh Tilly of Penzance by his wife, Joanna Gwavas, who held the estate of Trevurrow.

All the sons of this family successively took to the sea, as they became of an age to help themselves; John, the eldest, held a commission in the Royal Navy [*Captain John Tilly appears also to have served in H.M. Packet Service*], as also did George, the 5th son and Thomas, the youngest, but Harry, the 3rd, and James, the 4th, went into the Mercantile service; Harry perished at sea at the age of 28, whilst James

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died 77 years old. Thus of six sons, four served their country at a period of her history when all Europe, at intervals, was in arms against her.

[*James was presented with a sword engraved, "From the Passengers of H.M. Packet 'Francis Freeling,' Stephen Bell Esq., Commander, to Mr. James Tilly, Master, for his Truly Exemplary and Gallant Conduct on 2nd May, 1814, when the 'Francis Freeling' was repeatedly Attacked by an American Privateer of much superior Force and beaten off. The 'Freeling' had 10 Nines and 32 men, the 'Herald,' American Privateer, had 14 Nines, one 32, Four howitzers and 145 Men." An incident of the little-noticed American War of 1812. Such gallant behaviour on the part of the Packets was by no means uncommon in their history.*]

But to return to the subject of this Memoir. He was born in November, 1776, and went to sea in a merchantman at 14 years of age. His first voyage, a most trying one for a youngster, was in the Arctic ocean, round the North Cape to Archangel. Although undertaken in the summer months the cold was intense. Icebergs floated past the ship, and added to the intensity of the temperature; this, with the accommodation on board and the treatment of a boy who had entered to learn navigation, before the mast, must in those days have been very rough indeed. Yet the impression made on his youthful mind was not altogether wanting in enjoyment, for he describes with pleasure, mingled with awe, the lofty magnificent icebergs, in varied and fantastic shapes sailing grandly and silently onward, yet fast dissolving away; then the sportive whales, released from their icy prison, frolicked around the ship and spurted their jets of water as high as the masthead. But the most impressive sight to him was to witness the sweeping of the clear, bright sun on a low arc after night hours along the horizon and only dipping below at midnight. He naively says, "this grand phenomenon is one of the wonders of the great deep!" After sailing northwards to 73° of latitude they steered through the White Sea to Archangel on the River Dwina. Here they made all necessary repairs, discharged and took in cargo, before the return of the winter season. The ships of almost all nations were assembled in this port, but chiefly flying Dutch and English colours; the inhabitants were uncivilized, the country presented an aspect of interminable wood and forest. How

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glad were all on board to round again the North Cape, and return to a more genial climate and to their native port.

The next voyage was made to the Mediterranean, visiting the ports of Genoa, Naples and Venice ; also in passing, the ship put into Cadiz. This must have proved a preferable tour to the former one, and have reconciled him to his Father's dictum, who replied when his son complained of the intense cold and rigour of his first voyage, and requested leave to change his calling—" you went to sea at first at your own will, you shall now go for mine." However, when he had returned, he found himself fatherless, and his widowed mother with eight children, friendless and unprotected. He did not remain long inactive for he entered H.M. Packet Service on the Falmouth Station as 2nd Officer shortly after his return from the Meditn., and in that capacity qualified in navigation, so that at the end of three years he passed out of it as 1st Officer, into the Royal Navy, to hold the rank of Acting Master in H.M.S. the *Marie Antoinette*, of 10 guns, the date of his commission being the 3rd March, 1796. Thus nearly five years of his life had been spent in what he considered the best school for learning all the practical points of his profession. This is proved by his stepping on to the deck of a man-of-war, without any preliminary service in the Navy, as the Navigating Officer, being then 19 years of age. [*But according to O'Byrne he had served in the ship as A.B. since January*, 1796. *As will be seen, Tilly was too ambitious to rest content with the subordinate rank he could soon have obtained as a Master. He aspired, and through his gallantry and efficiency attained, to the rank of Lieutenant.*]

Let us now glance at the state of Europe, in order to ascertain the international position of England, the wars in which she was engaged, and consequently the theatre of action of the Schooner of 10 guns which carried the humble fortunes of our near relation. France had now fully developed her vile revolutionary principles, had stormed the Bastille, imprisoned her king and queen, and finally brought them to the guillotine in the year 1793. Upon the receipt of the tragic news, Great Britain declared war against France and sent out her fleets to sweep the seas of the French Marine. In the West Indies these naval conflicts were perpetual, and it was there that the *Marie Antoinette*, in February 1796 was cruising under the orders of the Admiral, off Cape François, on the North coast of St. Domingo (Hayti). A French armed

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vessel [*a privateer*] was discovered lying under the shelter of the shore batteries, and the Schooner was ordered to lay alongside and bring her out. The depth of water did not however admit of this being done, so two small boats were manned and put under the command of Mr. Tilly, with orders to cut her out. The force employed was much too small for the object in view, the enemy's ship was quite prepared for the assault, so that after severe firing for some time, the boats were obliged to retire. It happened that the only man wounded was the commander, who as he was loading a musket half turning from the enemy, received a ball near the spine, which finally lodged in the right side near the ribs. Fainting from loss of blood, he was carried on board his ship, but there was no surgeon on board. He had to be taken to the hospital at Cape Nicholas, and lay bleeding for 30 hours before surgical aid could be obtained. Life had almost ebbed away, and it was further imperilled by the coarse blundering of the butcher-surgeon of the period, who cut into his side recklessly in order to extract the ball, and having got hold of it gave it to his patient with an unfeeling remark. It was a jagged piece of lead and caused a very lacerated wound. Such was the character of the warfare in that region. The extreme loss of blood however had saved him from locked jaw (the common result of gun-shot wounds in that climate) and had lessened fever and inflammation, so that he owed his preservation at the hands of God by this merciful act of his Providence. After six weeks of hospital treatment, he was quite healed, and he rejoined his ship.

The *Antoinette* was now cruising under the command of the Senior Officer in H.M. Sloop *Rattler*, endeavouring to check the predatory attacks on British trade of the natives of St. Domingo, under French auspices, who, in that tropical climate, proved a formidable enemy. They moved rapidly in large row boats, during a calm, manned with 20 or five and twenty powerful men, and burst suddenly upon their prey under cover of the heavy rain. The boats were armed with swivel guns and heavy blunderbusses, the men themselves with muskets and swords. It was in March, 1797, that five of these armed boats were chased by the two ships, but they took refuge under the Platform near Cape Nicholas and the Master of the *Antoinette* was again ordered to command the boats of both ships to cut them out. The enemy

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had hauled their heavy boats half way up on the beach, securing them with thick ropes or painters to the rocks above, behind which they fired on the advancing force of British seamen. It was soon perceived by Mr. Tilly that considerable loss of life would ensue if an open attack were persisted in, so he ordered the boats to retire beyond range, then calling for volunteers with tomahawks, he jumped overboard and swam towards the enemy's position. Diving when under fire, coming up again to breathe, and diving again, in this manner the small party at last reached the cover of the large boats of the enemy, and, struggling forward to the bows, began to hack at the painters with the tomahawks. Having severed them, they backed astern, and thus, without losing a man or even receiving a wound, four boats out of the five were cut out under the close fire of musketry.

A few days after this event, the boats of the two men of war, were sent under the command of a Lieutenant to attack a French privateer, becalmed in the offing, but they were beaten off. Upon a breeze springing up, the *Antoinette* closed with her, and she struck her colours ; there was however no boat to carry a crew to take possession, the enemy's ship was also within distant range of his batteries ashore, and in 11 feet of water. The moment was critical, the prize might escape, what was to be done ? Springing upon the taffrail of his ship, our Father called out to the crew, " Who'll follow me ?"—then sword in hand jumped overboard and swam towards the prize followed by a few blue jackets. The captain of the enemy's ship, a huge man of colour, honourably threw him the bight of a rope to put under his arms and so hauled him on board. He found a craft carrying 2 carriage guns and manned with 56 half-naked blacks.

This daring deed however cost him a very serious illness ; done under the direct rays of the tropical sun, he was soon laid low with yellow fever, and sent again to the hospital ashore. It appears that he visited this dreaded place three times during the short term of 18 months, and at the conclusion, was transferred [*still as Acting Master*] to the frigate *Proselyte* of 32 guns in June, 1797. [*He thus missed the experience of a mutiny. The crew of the " Antoinette " mutinied in the autumn and carried her into a French West Indian port, where she was taken by the French. The great mutinies at the Nore and Spithead had been quelled several months previously.*]

For the many dashing and gallant acts performed in his

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first ship, though they were recorded at the Admiralty, he received no marks of distinction or promotion. The pension of £5 per annum was allowed for the severe gunshot wound he received, which ceased when he obtained the [*acting*] rank of Lieutt. 5 years afterwards. The Commander of the *Antoinette* gave him a strong testimonial for the last two mentioned services.

The *Proselyte*, a 2nd class frigate, was sent to England in October, 1798, to protect a large convoy, and in 1799 formed one of the fleet that served in the expedition to Holland, when the Duke of York commanded the army that landed at the Texel, with Sir Ralph Abercromby in immediate command. It was accomplished under a severe fire from the French, and through a heavy surf, every man holding up his musket and ammunition above the water, until the regiments gained the land and charged up the hill, when they secured their position. The *Proselyte* was made the Admiral's flagship for the time, drawing but little water, and took part in all the activities of the operations, until the close of the unfortunate expedition, upon the evacuation of the Texel.

Soon after this, our father, feeling his time for qualifying as a Lieutenant drawing on, [*he had been four out of the required six years at sea*] resigned his appointment in order to serve in the *Melampus* under Captn., afterwards Sir Graham, Moore, whereby he would secure the object in view. But on arriving at Plymth. he found the *Melampus* had sailed 3 days before for the Jamaica Station. Deeply disappointed, he was leaving the Admiral's Office, when he met Captn. Pater, commanding H.M.S. *Shannon*, a frigate of 32 guns, who greeted him in a friendly manner and offered him a similar berth in his own ship, for he had noticed his zeal and services at the Helder. This ship he therefore gratefully joined as Master's Mate in Feb., 1800. And now followed the severest trial and the greatest hardship to which he was ever exposed in the Naval service.

It was in the year 1801 that the Czar of Russia, Paul, united the Northern powers of Europe against England, and in favour of Buonaparte, consequently our cruisers were ordered to capture the trading ships of those nations. The *Shannon* took a Norwegian vessel, about 20 miles from the Naze of Norway on the 26th January, 1801, and our Father was ordered to board the prize and navigate her to England. This is his simple narrative of the dreadful shipwreck. "The

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frigate was laying to at the time, under close reefed main-topsail and foresail, a tremendous sea running, for she lurched her main deck guns under water. One boat had been stove in hoisting her out, and some doubts existed in the mind of the Captain, as to the risk in taking possession, if commensurate with the value of the prize. He turned and put a question to me ; my answer was that I was ready, and in a short time I found myself with 7 men and 10 days' provisions, in the jolly boat hanging at the stern tackles, ready to be lowered ; the smooth of the sea was watched and down we went, and then we rowed to the Enemy's ship. It has struck me since how merciful is God to us sailors, and how appropriate are those verses in sacred writ, which speak of going 'down into the depths, they mount up again into the heavens——,' so it was with us in that boat of only 18 feet keel. At times, when we went down, the masthead of the frigate was hidden from view, then we would go up to the top of a mountainous wave, and be plunged down again. We found our prize to be a timber laden ship of about 300 tons burthen, but she was even then making water fast, and almost foundering. When I saw the frigate fill her sails on the opposite tack and soon after disappear, I seemed to take a last farewell of all that was in the world, I can scarcely describe what followed.

" The bitter north wind had now set in with all its winter severity, the gale increased at night, the leak gained on us, and about midnight the ship became waterlogged and quite unmanageable : one of my poor fellows was frozen to death at the pumps, and another, a Norwegian, met with a similar fate. The water now rose up to the cabin deck, which drove us all above, to expose us the more to the fury of the gale ; the pumps were abandoned and my men began to despair. Even the issue of a small allowance of ardent spirits with biscuit from time to time, though attended with good effect on the moment, could not sustain life much longer. Daylight broke upon the scene, and it only increased the sense of our forlorn condition. The ship being timber laden, could not sink, but the snow had frozen aloft upon the masts and yards, and was making every hour the top hamper more heavy, so that eventually she must fall on her beam ends, or capsize altogether. The weather main rigging was therefore cut away, and the mast fell with a crash alongside, and the ship was greatly relieved. However human

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nature could not stand so much suffering any longer : there was nothing to await us but the fate of the two poor frozen fellows on the deck, when about midday, a strange sail was discovered, bearing down upon us. Our joy was unspeakable ; hope revived and with it our energy ; it was astonishing to witness the effect of this sight upon the men. The kind Providence that sent the ship for our deliverance also secured the only boat we had from the fury of the gale on the previous night. With much caution, we had to launch her clear of the masts and yards alongside ; this was done, we left the wreck to its fate, and gladly mounted the side of our Deliverer.

" We found her to be a Norwegian, so we had to become prisoners of war ; no matter, life was saved, and I was very grateful to the kind captain. Many of my men were frost bitten and it had taken a great hold on me ; I was much exhausted, the extremities being quite lifeless. The good Samaritan put me into his cabin and into his own bed ; placed the feather bed over, instead of under me, and gave me the stiffest glass of hot spirits I have ever had in my life. I slept for nearly 24 hours, in a deep sleep, and awoke with the circulation returned. The good Captain with his crew were then at their devotions. What a change was this from the dreadful scene of the frozen wreck."

This is the narrative of our sailor-father, and his children have witnessed frequently his retirement from the family upon a certain day in the year, the anniversary of his deliverance from shipwreck.

After 5 or 6 days the kind Norwegian Captain landed the shipwrecked party on the shores of Norway, and they had to proceed under escort, as prisoners of war, to Christiansund, a distance of 50 or 60 miles. This was done on foot in the midst of a severe winter over the rugged mountainous country ; their only clothing was what they stood in, and that had been saturated with salt water, and frozen upon their bodies so that there was no warmth to be obtained. They were received by the simple country folk in every cottage or village with kindness and respect for the national position of Englishmen, but their hosts could not understand how their old friends the English could make war with them. At Christiansund, the former Consul for England, Christian Hager Esqre., treated them with much kindness, to whom our father always acknowledged a deep debt of gratitude.

(*To be concluded.*)

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A MALTESE CROSS

By Sergeant C. P. Gibson, R.A.S.C.*

" Theirs not to reason why."—Tennyson.
You wouldn't think so !—Author's Note.

IT wasn't so much that he had lost his week's pay in ten minutes ; it wasn't so much that he had lost it in an optimistic attempt to find the lady ; it wasn't so much that he had lost it to " Malts," that seared the soul of No. 12345 Pte. Arnold Murgatroyd, Royal Army Service Corps, of Floriana Barracks, Malta. It was the fact that the dusty Maltese gentlemen of leisure, who had taken his money, had not played the game, inasmuch as, regardless of the ancient laws of the English three-card school, whereby the victim is lured to his doom by being allowed to win his first bet, they had even taken his primary plunge into their all-too-safe keeping.

Arnold's idea had been to put down ten shillings, win another ten shillings, and then pass on to Sliema and the smiles of the Commodore's nursemaid. That had been *his* idea. . . .

But now, some quarter of an hour later, he was wearily climbing the barrack stairs and not a halfpenny in his pockets, his lately white belt swinging listlessly from his hand, his helmet tilted despondently over his eyes. He entered his room.

" Ho, 'as the bird at the ' Blackbird ' given yer the push ?" indelicately inquired Private Harry Masters.

Mr. Murgatroyd gave terse and immoral instructions regarding the procedure to be followed in respect of the " bird at the ' Blackbird ',' and flung his sun helmet at the face of his other pal, Driver George Hughes, who was asleep. He awoke, full of righteous wrath. " 'Ere, wot's the big idea ?" he asked violently.

" Murgy's got the 'ump over 'is girl ! " explained the amorous Masters.

* Winner of the £5 5s. Prize for the best short story submitted, in accordance with the conditions as given in the October, 1928 and January, 1929 numbers. The stories submitted showed very considerable merit, and in consequence it has been decided to offer a further prize of £5 5s. Conditions are shown on the page opposite.

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£5-5-0 PRIZE

A Prize of £5-5-0 will be offered for the best Short Story, with a Service flavour or setting, submitted to the Editor not later than August 31st, 1929.

CONDITIONS

(1) The author of the Short Story must be a member of a Sergeants' or Corporals' Mess, or equivalent Mess in the Navy or Air Force.

(2) A "Fighting Forces" Coupon must accompany the story.

(3) The story must not be longer than 2,500 words.

(4) It will be preferable if the story is typewritten, though this is not essential, but must be written on one side of the paper.

(5) The Editor's decision to be final.

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"Oh, chuck it!" retorted Murgatroyd warmly. "'Ere's a bloke goes an' loses a week's blasted pay to two——" here followed a complete but all-too-biased a description of the Maltese gentlemen, beginning with oblique references to their parents and grandparents and their apparent unconventionality in matters matrimonial, continuing with their personal appearances and habits, and concluding with a fervent desire for their final and heated disposal at an early date and a general comprehensive review of Malta and its natives.

"I'll bet it's Alice," insisted the non-Platonic Masters. "Ever since you saw 'er talking to that flatfoot from the 'Caractacus,' you've been acting puggled."

"Tha'll 'a to share wi' ahr brass, then," said the practical Hughes, and there the matter was left.

II.

Sunday afternoon, sacred [*sic*] to games of chance in the barrack room, was no friend to the trio. The remaining money was pooled, and Hughes and Murgatroyd endeavoured to recuperate their finances at solo whist. Unfortunately, they elected to play with Privates Brightcombe and Golightly, two gentlemen whose methods of play were fixed and profitable. Did Mr. Brightcombe call misere, and hold his cards spread well out with his cigarette on the left side of his mouth, Mr. Golightly would lead a large heart as soon as possible, whereupon Mr. Brightcombe would rid himself of a bare eight of hearts with all the pleasure in the world, when the rest of his misere was of the type known to the critic as a "working man's."

On the other hand, did one of our heroes, in the comfortable knowledge of Brightcombe's success in getting rid of a high singleton, say "I'll try a weak misere," then the latter worthy, being in possession of a bare trey of spades, would hold his cards close-packed, and lay his cigarette on the table. The obliging Golightly would thereupon lead his lowest spade—say the four, our hero would play his seven (the only spade he had) with the satisfied air of one who also holds the six, five, trey and deuce. Mr. Brightcombe would lay his trey on the table, whereupon the remaining player, conscious of the inevitable drop in his fortune, would despairingly produce the five.

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And so, by the position of their cigarettes indicating the suit, and the "fanning" of their cards to show high or low lead, Messrs. B. & C. (Inc.) upheld the cardinal principle that it is co-operation that wins battles.

Through all their play, so acrimonious and recriminatory was their conversation, that it would be a very suspicious gentleman indeed who would suspect collusion. "You jammy blighter!" would hiss Mr. Golightly. "Jammy!" would retort the pained Mr. Brightcombe, "if I 'ad your jam I'd walk to Monte Carlo bare-footed."

Thus, slowly but inevitably, passed the remainder of the capital of Murgatroyd, Hughes and Masters.

III.

On Monday afternoon the trio were mournfully sitting on their beds, when in walked Private Lionel Hamlet Hopkins.

Hopkins had been born in Kettering. He was christened Lionel after an aged uncle who had worked up a very respectable connection in the watercress trade. His mother insisted upon the "Hamlet"—it was the name by which she best remembered the touring tragedian who had been Lionel's sire.

A lad of fertile imagination and plausible tongue, his conduct sheets were empty of any entry.

"D'yer want to buy the barracks, 'Oppy?" asked Masters dolefully.

"Why, what's the matter?"

"We're as broken as the ten commandments, that's what's the matter."

"If whales were a penny apiece, we couldn't buy a sardine between us," amplified Murgatroyd.

"Hah, my lads" (thus Hopkins), "then you've just come to the right merchant for the filling of the old oak chest. I'm the kid that on his daughter's wedding day a thousand pounds did give away."

"Aye, ah allus thowt ther' wer' a touch o' t'old squire abaht thee," said Hughes.

"There's a touch of the good red gold for you guys," retorted Lionel Hamlet, who occasionally rested his brain by reading American fiction. "Just come over here, somebody lend me a fag, keep it all to yourselves, and there's five quid each *easy*, if you'll just take the advice of your Uncle Leo!"

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Half an hour later, Murgatroyd was on his way to the dispensary, there to win six test tubes and stoppers, Hopkins departed for his office at Command Headquarters to type out, on paper embossed with the Royal Arms, some strange documents, secure some sealing wax, and " borrow " two dark blue peaked caps from the messengers' room, whilst Hughes and Masters, smiling broadly, proceeded with much vigour and snatches of song to clean their equipment.

IV.

The " El Dorado " was one of the many drinking and dancing saloons that flourish in Malta. It consisted of a long, low room, with tables, forms and chairs along the two longer sides of the tiled floor, which, at intervals, was covered with couples, whose slow and diverse movements, accompanied by a persevering orchestra of one pianist and one violinist, lent a certain air of dismal abandon to the place. At one end was the bar, at the other a " stage." Between the dances, the stage would creak beneath the footfalls of certain artistes, who, with a strange unanimity, would sing of a paradoxical desire to return to some Southern State of America from whence they had never come. There is little doubt but that such a journey would have met with the unqualified approval of the habitués of the place, but as they never listened to the songs, no definite steps were ever taken.

Behind the painted canvas which formed the proscenium, were dressing-rooms, mere hutches, whose dimensions were of little shelter to the fair and florid daughters of song and dance for whose convenience they ostensibly existed. However, they were only used when the red electric lamp, heralding the appearance of the local police, flashed out, when the aforesaid fair and florid ones, accompanied by a covey of obese, thin, light-skinned, dark-skinned, young, old and frankly old Maltese dance partners, fled hastily from the tables where they had been consuming (at the expense of the blue and khaki-clad defenders of Empire with whom they had been talking or dancing) stout, in the case of the ladies over forty with an ample figure to maintain, and coloured water, in the case of the bacchantes who thought more of their revenue than their figure. For, in the case of the latter damsels, although it was coloured water they sipped, it cost the victim who paid the full price of the gin, port, creme-de-

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menthe, or whatever it purported to be, while the lady, whose coy choice it had been, shared the huge profit on a basis of fifty-fifty with the owner of the saloon.

The owner, one Guiseppe Zachone Samut, was beaming. His tables were well-filled, his waiters were busy, and his cash register sang a happy little song whose chief merit (in the mind of Guiseppe) was its consistency. He looked upon his world, and found it good.

So pleased was he, in fact, that Private Masters had no difficulty in obtaining a bottle of beer on his promise to pay on Friday, and was now leaning against the bar, sipping it slowly, with unusually (for him) long intervals between the sips.

" I s'pose yer 'aven't 'ad those Excise blokes as caught the ' Bull an' Blossom ' for fifty quid round 'ere ?" he asked Samut.

" 'Ow you mean, catch for fifty quid ?" queried Samut.

" Well, it seems they went an' bought some of the whisky at the ' Bull,' tested it, found it was more water than whisky, an' the boss 'ad fifty of the best to dib up at the court."

" I no hear of them. If they come 'ere, it is all the same to me. My spirits, they is all very good, straight from the bottle, all right," stated Guiseppe virtuously. " Yes, sir, what is for you ? " he asked the two mufti-clad men wearing blue-peaked official caps, who had just walked up to the bar.

" One Johnnie Walker and one gin, please."

Bottles were tilted, and " One and six, sir, if you plis," said Samut, passing over the glasses.

But what was the customer doing ? Instead of drinking one and passing the other to his companion, he proceeded to take two test-tubes from his pocket, one numbered four and the other five. Into the one marked " five " he poured a portion of gin, stoppered it, and handed it to the other man to seal with a huge quantity of red sealing wax. The process was repeated with the whisky and the second test tube. A note was made in a book, and two documents, headed with the Royal Arms, and stating that the liquid in the test tubes had been purchased at the " El Dorado " under the descriptions of gin and " Johnnie Walker " whisky, were handed across the counter.

" Just sign there," said the stranger. " It's just to say that you sold these (tapping the test tubes) as gin and whisky.

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It prevents a lot of trouble in front of the judge if we have the signature of the landlord."

"Judge? Trouble?" said the bewildered Samut. "But I no understand?"

"It's like this. We've had numerous complaints that the spirits sold in saloons around here are being watered down. We're testing them. If your stuff's pure, you're all right. There'll be no judge and no trouble. If not——"

"I'll bet you're the blokes that caught the 'Bull an' Blossom' for fifty quid!" broke in Masters.

"Be quiet, you!" commanded the civilian. "Now, Samut, hurry up and sign."

"But I 'af no pen with me."

"Use this, then."

"No. Lissen, I tell you what I do. My pen is upstairs in mine own room. Come up upstairs an' I will sign. I no can write with any other pen, mistare."

"We haven't much time, Samut. There are four more places to visit to-night."

"Just fife minutes, sir. Round here, sir. Up these stairs, and so."

Eleven minutes later all returned. Guiseppe Zachone Samut was himself again. The smile was back on his face, and his step was light. Light-heartedly tossing off a double brandy (from his very own special bottle) he gazed upon his domain, and not even the tripping of one of his waiters, carrying three ports, four Guinnesses and two bottles of beer, all of which were lost for ever, could banish the satisfaction from his heart or the song from his lips.

The two gentlemen of the test tubes and certificates walked slowly to the door, and when the "El Dorado" was behind them.

"Blimey, but you're the limit!" vowed Murgatroyd. "Five quid from that old twister, five blinking quid!"

Master Lionel Hamlet Hopkins smiled broadly.

"And now for the 'Thistle and Haggis,'" quoth he, and cautiously avoiding the gentlemen with the red-topped caps, they went their way.

V.

The morning sun, peeping through the barrack-room windows the next morning, looked upon a scene of disordered repose, except for the bed of Private Masters, which straight

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and uncrumpled, had not been slept in. The beds of Hughes and Murgatroyd were strewn about with boots, braces and clothing, the owners of which were snoring loudly. Two bottles of beer at the side of each bed awaited their *raison d'être*.

An early-rising mosquito hovered near them, but passed on to Hopkins, and judging him an attractive appetizer, knelt down on his nose and drank his blood. Rudely awakened, Hopkins looked around dreamily, reflected, smiled, lifted his waistcoat from the bed and took thereform a test tube, sealed with red, and filled with a straw-coloured liquid, knocked off the stopper and seal, drained it, beamed gratefully, felt at a small roll of treasury notes in his trousers pocket, turned on his side, and sank back into sleep.

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THE MAINTENANCE OF MOBILITY IN THE INFANTRY BATTALION

By Lieutenant R. L. K. Allen.
The Norfolk Regiment.

THE organization of combatant military forces at the present time presents a situation in which there exists a variety of armaments and rates of movement. There are the extremes of powerful and rapid mechanical vehicles on the one side, and the slow, heavily-laden " foot-slogger " on the other. The infantryman's rate and power of movement is being gradually but surely retarded, owing to the employment of aeroplanes, armoured fighting vehicles, and long-range guns against him.

The air menace necessitates marches and strategic moves being made at night, which handicaps mobility by fifty per cent. If a march has to take place in daylight, frequent halts must be made by at least part of the formation or unit in order to engage the hostile aircraft which attack the column. These naturally check the whole of the column concerned.

Threats of attack by armoured fighting vehicles necessitate elaborate measures for all round protection on the march. Touch must be maintained between the main body and the force which is protecting it. This is comparatively easy in connection with advanced and rearguards by means of motor cycles and ordinary bicycles, as the road is a suitable channel for communication. It is a flank detachment that causes loss of mobility to the whole column. An infantry brigade signal section is not in possession of wireless sets on lorries which it can send out with flanking battalions, or loan to battalions for the use of flank companies. Lateral roads are usually winding and long, and the brigade signal sections have not sufficient motor cycles to provide for a constant stream of direct route traffic. Visual centres have to be set up both by main body and flank detachment. Signallers, who rely on their feet for their mobility, have to be dropped, and, when they have cleared any messages on hand, have again to catch up with their unit. If no halts were made, a unit would very soon lose all the signallers it possessed.

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It frequently occurs that during tactical movements officers and men get detached from their units, and have no means of rejoining them other than the unaided efforts of their own legs. The unit is consequently deprived of the services of these individuals for a longer period than would be absolutely necessary were some quicker and simple means of transport made available.

It is recognized that owing to financial stringency and to the difficulties in adequate petrol and oil supply, motor vehicles and motor bicycles cannot be issued to infantry battalions. But why is more use not made of the humble "push" bicycle? Here, it is suggested, lies a solution to many of the difficulties with which an infantry unit has to contend. It is proposed, therefore, to consider in detail the various circumstances in which the ordinary bicycle can be of use to a battalion.

1. Anti-Aircraft Defence.

Under present conditions, the method of engaging aircraft employed by a battalion on the move is unsatisfactory. Portions of the unit have to halt and fire at the aeroplane with rifles. Anti-aircraft Lewis guns cannot be effectively mounted on their transport vehicles in such a way as to enable them to deal with the situation at a moment's notice. In a battalion there exist five potential anti-aircraft Lewis guns, there being one such available in each rifle company and two in the headquarter wing. If the personnel to fire these guns were mounted on bicycles, a series of positions, each about 600 yards apart, could be taken up. The men should be lightly equipped, and their packs placed in the limber from which the Lewis guns have been taken. Thus, for movement on bicycles, No. 1 of each team would carry the gun slung and two magazines of ammunition, No. 2 the holdall and four magazines, No. 3 the tripod and four magazines. In addition, of course, Nos. 1 and 2 would retain their revolvers and ammunition, and No. 3 his rifle and ammunition. The teams would work, as far as possible, in pairs, all under the orders of a selected officer. Before the battalion commenced its march, the anti-aircraft Lewis gun detachment would move out, the first pair taking up a position when it had reached a position 600 yards ahead, the second party 1,200 yards ahead, and the third (a single gun) 1,800 yards ahead. Now as the battalion moves it will have two pairs of guns and a single

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gun established by " bounds " in readiness to deal with any attacking aircraft. As the march continues the anti-aircraft Lewis guns would move up in the following manner :— When the tail of the battalion reaches the line of the guns of the middle party, the rearmost teams would pack up, mount their bicycles and re-establish themselves 600 yards in front of the most forward team. Very frequently the rear team or teams will not be able to see when the tail of the battalion has reached the guns in front, but if they allow six minutes from the time that the last man of the column passed them before they pack up and move, this will ensure the correct adjustment of bounds ; allowance must, of course, be made for the hourly ten minutes' halt. This system gives three guns at all times, and for the greater part of the march five guns, ready for immediate action, and able to fire in any direction from the most advantageous positions on the route. The battalion itself need take no additional action, as the Lewis guns will be far more effective than a few riflemen halting abruptly and taking a hurried and probably unaimed pot-shot at the enemy aircraft. When the unit halts, there is no need to take hurried air defence measures, the Lewis guns are already in position prepared to deal with any hostile attack. During the march, ammunition can be replenished when necessary as the cyclists pass their respective limbers on their way to take up a new position.

The system is equally applicable to a battalion moving by itself or in a column with other units. In the latter case, each unit could act independently, or all their anti-aircraft Lewis guns could be placed under one commander, and utilized for the protection of the whole force instead of merely guarding their respective units. The column organization would have the advantage of leaving the guns longer in position and diminishing the number of moves necessary for each team.

2. Inter-Communication.

As a means of assisting inter-communication between various portions of a small force, the bicycle is of inestimable value ; yet a battalion has only thirteen available for this purpose.* In order to establish communication quickly and

* Of the twenty-one bicycles in an infantry battalion, eight are for the Intelligence Section, and are therefore not available for inter-communication.

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reliably, and to maintain it when once established, many more signallers and orderlies should be supplied with bicycles.

Consider, for instance, the communication within a battalion acting as an advanced guard to an infantry brigade in the vicinity of the enemy. The battalion, might, in certain circumstances, be disposed in the following manner: One company as vanguard, and one company less two platoons as a flank-guard on an exposed flank, the road on which the latter is moving being about one mile from that used by the main guard. As the enemy may be met at any moment, constant touch between all parts of the advanced guard is essential. Communication between the vanguard and main-guard is effected easily enough by the use of cyclist orderlies, who would use the main road. The orderlies of No. 1 Group, Headquarter Wing, and a certain number of signallers are available for this duty. The vanguard will need one bicycle orderly for work between it and the " point."

For maintaining communication between the van and main-guards, the minimum number that can be allotted without undue exhaustion to personnel is two cyclists to the vanguard, and two to the main-guard for working forward. If signallers are used for this, it takes four out of the signallers' total of eight bicycles. There still remain eight bicycles for inter-communication. Of these the majority could be used for keeping touch between the flank-guard and the battalion. But, with the situation as suggested, communication, in this latter case, by orderly is not a practicable proposition. It is the exception to find frequent lateral roads which join two parallel roads directly together. When lateral roads exist they are on an average two or three miles apart, and almost invariably run in anything but a straight line. Consequently no reliability can be placed on the speedy delivery of a message, especially when it is remembered that the cyclist conveying the message will always have to use the nearest lateral road in rear of the flank-guard or main-guard. He can never go forward.

To maintain communication in the circumstances outlined above, a series of visual telegraphy stations must be established at suitable points; one pair of visual terminals keeping in communication until the next pair ahead on the route have established touch with one another. This necessitates two parties of signallers working with the flank-guard and another two with the main-guard.

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When two terminals are in visual touch with one another, they must remain in communication ready to deal with any message for transmission which may be handed in, only closing down when they receive word that the next pair of terminals are in touch with one another. This information must of course be conveyed to them by a cyclist working between the two parties of signallers. In addition, a means must be provided for conveying messages from the stationary signal terminal and the moving body for which that terminal exists and *vice versa*. The compliance with these latter necessities will absorb all but two of the remaining bicycles. The spare two must be with the main-guard for purposes of carrying messages within the column, and are also available to assist in solving the communication problem, should any portion of the main-guard be detached for a specific task.

But now as the force advances, either unopposed or brushing aside minor opposition, the signal terminal that has been dropped is every minute separated further from the troops to which it belongs. When the time comes for it to close down, the men have to pack up, regain the body for which they are working, and be prepared to establish another terminal at the next suitable position. It is manifestly impossible to carry this out if no means of transport exists for the men. Signallers thus employed must therefore each be provided with a bicycle. It has been shown that the present establishment of bicycles in a battalion has been used up, and unless motor cycle despatch riders are allotted from the divisional signals, communication in the circumstances considered above cannot be satisfactorily maintained.

Other tactical situations demand a large establishment of cycles for the signallers if touch is to be kept between the various parts of a battalion in mobile warfare. In such instances as a rear-guard action, or a rapidly developing attack, extra bicycles would be of incalculable value in ensuring that touch is not lost.

Orderlies.

Orderlies are a most essential and, practically always, a dependable means of communication during an action. Signalling cannot always function owing to the nature of the country, the atmosphere or the speed of the operations. Nor are there sufficient signal personnel to keep touch between the various parts of a company.

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Although—provided that he knows where to go, and how to get there, and escapes becoming a casualty—the orderly is a reliable means of transmitting information and orders, he is comparatively slow, having usually nothing but his two feet as a means of conveyance. His uniform and equipment do not improve his rate of progress, and as the day wears on physical fatigue makes him slower. But were he provided with a light-weight bicycle, the rate of transmitting messages by an orderly would be increased many times. A light bicycle can be ridden across most types of country without difficulty, and should it be necessary to dismount owing to steep gradients of soft soil, it does not require a vast amount of energy to push the machine by hand. The suggestion is not put forward that a bicycle could be used in every conceivable circumstance, as, for instance, its employment as a means of communication between the most forward troops. It would often render the orderly far too vulnerable, and prevent him making full use of cover; but, in general, it would lighten his task and ensure a quicker rate in the conveyance of messages.

3. Scouts.

An infantry battalion requires mobility from its intelligence section and from any scouts that it may be necessary to employ. Although the personnel of the battalion intelligence section are for use " inside " their unit, and " will not as a rule be used as patrols ahead of their unit,"* their duties in collecting and transmitting information will necessitate a high degree of mobility. Therefore a bicycle is allotted to every member of the section. But these bicycles must never be used for any other than their special purpose. To borrow them for " odd jobs " would be far too dangerous.

Battalions, however, will frequently require scouting or patrolling parties to carry out work which necessitates the use of bicycles. As no special establishment of scouts is allowed in war establishments, except twenty-four for the machine-gun company, rifle companies must train a few selected men who could be used as patrols in front of their unit. But neither the improvised scouts nor those with the machine-gun company have bicycles, and therefore the signallers are looked to to provide the requirements in this direction. The loss of cycles to the signallers may jeopardize the means of keeping

* Infantry Training, Vol. I, Sec. 9A.

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touch within a battalion ; or, when the scouts call for cycles, the latter may be already fully employed for inter-communication duties. Consequently the unit may suffer from lack of information or security, owing to the immobility of the scouts, or the machine-gun company may lose valuable time due to the slowness of its scouts. Scouts, if they are to carry out the work required of them in sufficient time to be of value, must be provided with bicycles. They will then be able to move rapidly to any point, or to carry out a thorough search and examination of suspected areas.

4. Reconnaissance.

A man on horseback is many times more vulnerable than a man on the ground. Consequently, it is frequently necessary for a mounted officer, who has gone forward to reconnoitre, to dismount on approaching close to the enemy. When he dismounts, he requires somebody to hold his horse, and often there is no one at hand. A led horse interferes not a little with the powers of reconnaissance. An officer's groom should therefore be readily available to take over the discarded horse. In an infantry battalion all grooms, with the exception of the Commanding Officer's, are dismounted. It is thus impossible for a groom to follow his mounted officer, or to get to a rendezvous quickly. Occasions also occur where an officer has to remain behind with his horse, so that, when the duty is completed, the officer can mount and rejoin his unit. But if his groom remains with him he has no means of catching up with the troops ; and so may not be available when he is again required to take over the horse.

The provision of bicycles for grooms would go a long way to dispel their lack of mobility. The question naturally arises : What is the groom going to do with his bicycle when he takes over the horse ? He may be able to dump it in a convenient place, where he can pick it up later, after he has handed over the horse ; or, if near to troops of his own unit, it might be arranged that he should hand it over to a nearby soldier. The bicycle itself may be exceedingly useful to the officer in enabling him to carry on with his reconnaissance, while for some duties a bicycle is a more satisfactory means of locomotion than a horse. The officer then has his groom's bicycle ready for use, whilst leaving his horse in charge of the groom.

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5. The Machine.

The Government bicycle at present in use is far too heavy, and often proves more of a handicap than anything else. A pattern similar to the normal civilian machine is required, and the addition of a three-speed gear would greatly increase its value. The extra strengthening in a G.S. " bog-wheel " is in no way proportionate to the loss of mobility involved, and the physical energy employed in propelling it. The ordinary bicycle is quite a simple machine on which to traverse most types of country, even when no tracks exist, provided that the rider is not overburdened with equipment. A cyclist carrying his pack on a carrier and with his rifle slung across his back, would be comparatively light and have freedom of movement.

Moreover, the bicycle is subject to practically no mechanical defects, and can be ridden in spite of punctures should occasion arise. Its maintenance is simple and cheap, and the initial outlay is not excessive. It is an easy machine to replace or requisition.*

The cyclist requires no mechanical or special knowledge in order to ride and maintain his machine. With the exception of a very small quantity of oil, no lubricant or motive fuel is needed. Broken parts are readily replaced from a very small store of spares.

A moving bicycle is not a vulnerable target, and should it attract notice the rider can very swiftly go to ground—and the bicycle with him for that matter. It is extraordinarily simple to mount and dismount, and there is no difficulty in starting and stopping (unless the brakes refuse to act when descending a hill). A bicycle can be left anywhere unattended, or if there is a fear of pilfering one or two men can guard any number of them.

6. Establishments.

It may be argued that bicycles will often get in the way when men are required to act without them. A light type of bicycle can, however, be packed in a limber without difficulty. The inclusion of a special cycle limber in a battalion's transport would be well worth the expense in view of the increased all-round mobility gained.

* A.A. Sect. 115, Note 1 : " Bicycles may be impressed under this section."

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The addition of a large number of bicycles to a battalion's establishment would of course mean more work in inspection and overhaul of them than the two attached armourers (R.A.O.C.) could cope with, without neglect to their normal duties. They should be relieved from all responsibility for bicycles, by the attachment to the unit of a lance-corporal of the R.A.O.C. His sole duties would be the inspection, maintenance, and overhaul of bicycles. A certain number of the cyclist personnel could also be sent periodically to the special courses at Woolwich.

The suggested number of bicycles required, and their allotment, is given in the Appendix.

7. Territorial Army.

No reorganization is now efficient unless it also provides for the Territorial Army. The addition of more bicycles to units of the Territorial Army would give rise to no difficulty and very little expense. For training purposes, men who possess their own private cycles could be employed on those duties which require the use of a bicycle, and could use their own machines, compensation for wear and tear being given by means of an annual " bicycle allowance," or the amount payable being calculated according to the number of times a bicycle has been employed throughout the year. On mobilization, the men would bring their own bicycles with them, receiving a purchase fee, the machines then becoming the property of the public.

8. Conclusion.

All round mechanization of the Army is, under present conditions, impossible, even if it were desirable. But for that reason we cannot afford to decrease the already declining mobility of the infantry, when a few more bicycles would help to maintain it. This addition requires practically no change in organization, training, or supply, and is perfectly simple to effect. A slight increase in the monetary expenditure on a battalion, no doubt, but surely the advantages accruing make this worth while.

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APPENDIX.

SUGGESTED ALLOTMENT OF BICYCLES IN AN INFANTRY BATTALION.

Nature of Employment.		Bicycles.	Remarks.
A.A. Lewis Gunners	H.Q. Wing ...	7	—
	Rifle Coys. (3 each)	9	—
Signallers	—	16	Eight in present war establishment.
Intelligence Section	—	8	As in present war establishment.
Orderlies ...	H.Q., No. 1 Group	5	As in present war establishment.
	M.G. Coy. (1 per sec.)	4	
	Rifle Coys. (2 each)	6	Batman and clerk.
	Platoon (1 each)	12	May be employed by Company Commander as orderlies, scouts or patrols.
Scouts ...	M.G. Coy. (2 per sec.)	8	—
Grooms ...	... ...	12	Grooms to Second-in-Command, Adjutant, Signalling Officer, Anti-Tank Section Subaltern, 3 Company Commanders, M.G. Company Commander, and 4 M.G. Section Commanders. Not required by grooms to C.O. (2 horses), Transport Officer, and Quartermaster.
Lance-Corporal, R.A.O.C. (attached for bicycle duty)	...	1	—
Total in battalion	... ...	88	—

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COMMEMORATIVE METHODS OF WAR SERVICE

By Major T. J. Edwards.

ONE result of the Great War is the birth of a general interest in the methods by which war service is commemorated. This is not difficult to understand when one remembers the vast numbers of men and women throughout the Empire who participated in, or felt the effects of, the war. Although millions of people have received war medals, the interest of the majority does not end there. The medal is a " personal " and individual means of commemorating war service, and the majority of people are familiar with this method. But owing to the organization of our armies into " families " or regiments, men generally have been led to think in terms of " our corps " or " our regiment," a mental attitude which is kept alive by the Annual Regimental Dinners or " Reunions " and the memorial services of various kinds. These occasions naturally arouse " regimental " interest in the method by which the war services of the regiment have been commemorated, or in other terms, leads to a discussion on the regiment's " Battle Honours "—the " collective " award to a regiment, just as the medal is the " individual " award to each man of the regiment.

Before describing the various kinds of " Battle Honours," mention must be made of perhaps the most powerful incentive to an interest in regimental history on the part of the general public—*i.e.*, the Territorial Army.

Ever since the inauguration of the Territorial Army in 1908 (previous to this it was the " Volunteer Force ") its units have borne the same Battle Honours on its Colours as its " parent units " of the Regular Army. By this means the interests of the whole regiment, both Regular and Territorial units, become unified ; and as the Territorials spend most of their time in civil life, the " regimental " spirit and traditions become more diffused among the public.

Some Regular battalions now bear on their Colours Battle Honours for the Great War which were earned by their Territorial battalions. This applies particularly to honours commemorating service in the East and Near East.

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After finishing their service in the Regular Army, soldiers are permitted to enlist into the Territorial Army, provided they fulfil certain conditions. By this means the Territorial Army gains considerably by being reinforced with seasoned troops. A short time ago a certain Territorial London Regiment furnished a guard of honour seventy strong, the average number of medals worn being four-and-a-half per man. The Regulars, further, take with them the traditions of their late units and propagate them among their new comrades.

Hence the birth of this new interest in Battle Honours—the collective or regimental commemorative award for war service.

Honorary Distinctions.

Battle Honours take various forms, as shown below, and the generic official term for them all is " Honorary Distinctions." By the process of time the expression " Battle Honour " has become curtailed in its meaning, and now only refers to the names of battles, etc., which are placed on Standards or Colours.

As medals form an epitome of the war service of the individuals to whom they are awarded, so honorary distinctions epitomize the whole war history of regiments. By this method the history of some of our most famous regiments, having war service covering over two hundred years and in almost every part of the globe, can be concentrated within about three square feet of silk or damask.

The various kinds of Honorary Distinctions will now be enumerated.

(1) Battle Honours.

The expression " Battle Honour " means the embroidering on regimental Standards or Colours, or inscribing, embroidering or placing on appointments (*i.e.*, clothing, equipment, drums, drum banners, etc.) the actual name of a campaign (such as " Peninsula," " South Africa, 1899-1902 " or " France and Flanders, 1914-1918 ") or of an individual action fought during a campaign (such as " Talavera," " Modder River," or " Mons ")*

This is the commonest method of collective commemoration of war service.

* A distinction possessed solely by the Northamptonshire Regiment is the bearing of the word " Talavera " on their clothing badges.

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The practice of placing the names of battles on Colours originated in 1768, in which year the 15th Light Dragoons (later the 15th Hussars, now 15th/19th Hussars) were permitted to place the word "Emsdorff" on their Standards in commemoration of the Battle of Emsdorff, fought in 1760.

Emsdorff, however, is not the earliest battle or campaign to be commemorated by a Battle Honour. This distinction belongs to the campaign against the Moors in the latter part of the seventeenth century. Part of the dowry of Catherine of Portugal, Consort of Charles II, was Tangier, on the north-west corner of Africa. The Moors resented the English occupation of the place, and waged an incessant war against us from 1662 to 1680. For the occupation of Tangier the Earl of Peterborough was commissioned to raise a foot regiment and a troop of horse. The regiment was known as "The Tangier Regiment," later the "2nd, or Queen's Regiment," and now "The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey)." The troop of horse is still in existence as the "1st The Royal Dragoons." Both of these regiments now bear on their Colour and Standard respectively the Battle Honour "Tangier, 1662-80," the first campaign, chronologically, to be so commemorated.

The last campaign to be commemorated is that in Afghanistan, 1919. This campaign was quite distinct from the Great War, and several regiments bear the honour "Afghanistan, 1919."*

Between the first and last honours several well-known names are to be found on Colours—*e.g.*, those of Marlborough's campaigns, Blenheim, etc.; Peninsula, and the several battles of that campaign; Waterloo; battles of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny; New Zealand; China; various campaigns on the North-West Frontier of India; South African campaigns; and now battles of the Great War. There are also to be found names of battles of which many people have never heard, yet all of which have played their part in the expansion of the British Empire—*e.g.*, those of Clive's campaigns in India: "Arcot" (1751), "Plassey" (1757), "Condore" (1758), "Masulipatam" (1759), "Badara" (1759), "Wandiwash" (1760), "Pondicherry"

* The list includes two units of the Territorial Army, viz., the 25th Battalion The London Regiment (since converted into a Signals unit) and the 1st Kent Cyclist Battalion (since converted into a Medium Brigade R.A. (T.A.)).

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(1761), and "Buxar" (1764). What does the average Britisher know of the following battles, whose names are also to be found on our Regimental Colours :—"Sholinghur" (First Mysore War, 1781); "Nundy Droog" (Second Mysore War, 1791); "Seedaseer" (1799); "Havannah" and "Moro" (1762); "Egmont-op-Zee" (1799); "Amboyna" "Ternate," "Banda," "Bourbon" (1810); "Seetabuldee," "Maheidpoor," "Corygaum" (Third Mahratta War, 1817-1818); "Detroit," "Niagara," "Bladensburg," (1812-14); "Kemmendine" (First Burmese War, 1824-26); "Ally Ghur," "Beni-boo-Alli" and a host of other strange names? Yet all these names on Colours represent British blood spilt in some distant land for the honour and glory and expansion of the British Empire. To come nearer home, take such honours as "Jersey, 1781" and "Fishguard." What does the man in the street know about the circumstances which gave rise to their being dignified as Battle Honours? They represent in each case the defeat of considerable raiding parties of French forces which descended on those places during the French Revolution.

The Honour "Jersey, 1781" is borne by the Jersey Light Infantry, and "Fishguard" is borne by the Pembroke Yeomanry—converted into 102nd (Pembroke and Cardigan) Brigade, Royal Artillery.

To know even the merest outline of the Battle Honours of the British Army and their geographical situation is to know a considerable portion of modern British history and world geography.

Generally speaking, regiments have two Colours—the King's Colour, *i.e.*, the Great Union, and the Regimental Colour, which is usually the colour of the facings of the regiment. (There are exceptions to these rules.) Before the Great War, Battle Honours were placed on Regimental Colours only (except in the Foot Guards and Honourable Artillery Company); now the ten selected Battle Honours for the Great War are placed upon the King's Colour. The Foot Guards place their honours on both Colours, and the Honourable Artillery Company place theirs on the King's Colour only.

With regard to Battle Honours granted for service during the Great War, one must not be guided entirely by the honours on the King's Colour. The full list of these honours is found in the Monthly Army List, under each regimental

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heading. Those shown in thick type (up to a total of ten in each case) are those which appear on the Colour, and are known as "Colour Honours." The remainder are known as "Army List Honours." It will be appreciated that it would be difficult to embroider the whole of the honours awarded to a regiment on its Colour. To overcome the difficulty each regiment selected its own ten honours for the Colour.

(2) Distinctive Badges.

These badges are placed upon the Regimental Colour, usually in one of the corners. Their design is always appropriate to the services which they commemorate.

The first service to be commemorated by the grant of a badge on Colours is the Siege of Namur, in 1695, for which King William conferred upon the ancestor of the Royal Irish Regiment the badge of The Lion of Nassau.

One of Napoleon's dreams was the conquest of Egypt as a stepping-stone to the ousting of British influence from India. By 1801 French influence was practically supreme in Egypt, so in that year a British force under General Sir Ralph Abercromby was sent to drive the French out and restore the country to the Turks, the rightful owners. The expedition was successful, and to commemorate the campaign George III conferred upon all the regiments which took part a badge—a Sphinx* within a wreath of laurel, with the word "Egypt" over—to be worn on the Colours "as a distinguishing mark of His Majesty's Royal approbation, and as a lasting memorial of the glory acquired to His Majesty's arms by the zeal, discipline and intrepidity of his troops in that arduous campaign."

Certain regiments which have served with distinction in India bear on their Colours a badge, such as an elephant or a tiger. Cases in point are The York and Lancaster Regiment and The Hampshire Regiment. Some of those which have similarly served in the campaigns in China bear a dragon as a badge.

Regiments which have captured French Eagles (*i.e.*, standards) are permitted to bear the eagle as a badge on their Colours. The 1st Royal Dragoons, The Royal Scots Greys,

* In the case of The Dorsetshire Regiment although they have the Sphinx superscribed "Egypt" in their Colours, they have the Sphinx with "Marabout" underneath on their clothing badges.

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Royal Irish Fusiliers and The Essex Regiment bear such an eagle on their Standards or Colours.

The badges which a regiment is permitted to bear on its Standards or Colours are shown in the Monthly Army List immediately following the regiment's title and before the list of Battle Honours. Together with these commemorative badges are shown other badges which are borne on the Colours. These latter badges are usually connected with royalty, and are the crests of members of the Royal Family who are or have been Colonels or Colonels-in-Chief of those regiments. The Royal Arms are borne on the Standards of the Household Cavalry; several regiments bear the Plume of the Prince of Wales—*e.g.*, 12th Lancers and The Prince of Wales's Volunteers (South Lancashire).

A less common distinctive badge carried on Colours is the Naval Crown. This has been granted to three regiments only.

After a running engagement with the French fleet on April 9th, 1782, Admiral Rodney secured a decisive victory over them off the island of Dominica on April 12th, capturing de Grasse, the French Admiral, with his flagship, the *Ville de Paris*, and 120 guns. On board Rodney's ships, serving as Marines, were some of the 69th Regiment (now 2nd Battalion The Welch Regiment), and in commemoration of the action they have been authorized to carry on their Colours " a Naval Crown " superscribed " 12th April, 1782."

Lord Howe's victory on the " Glorious 1st of June, 1794," is perhaps better known. It was one of the incidents during the French Revolution. Howe decisively defeated a French fleet off Ushant (Brest). Serving on his ships were men of the 2nd and 29th Regiments, now respectively The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) and The Worcestershire Regiment, and in commemoration of the action these two regiments now bear on their colours " a Naval Crown " superscribed " 1st June, 1794."

(3) Regimental Titles.

Before regiments were given County titles they were (with few exceptions) known by numbers,* and some of the

* Previous to numbers, regiments were known by the name of their Colonel—*i.e.*, " Colonel Dering's Regiment " (now South Wales Borderers).

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exceptions owe their distinction to war service which is commemorated in the title.

The earliest instance of this kind is connected with the siege of Namur in 1695. Here the ancestor of the 18th (Royal Irish) distinguished itself, and in consideration of its conduct was designated the " Royal Regiment of Ireland." Strangely enough, this regiment came face to face with the " Royal Regiment of Ireland " in the French Army at the Battle of Malplaquet, 1709, which it severely handled.

The present title of the Grenadier Guards is also of the commemorative type, *vide* the following extract from the London Gazette of July 29th, 1815 :—

> " His Royal Highness has been pleased to approve of the First Regiment of Foot Guards being made a Regiment of Grenadiers and styled ' The 1st or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards,' in commemoration of their having defeated the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guards upon this memorable occasion " (*i.e.*, the Battle of Waterloo).

Another notable instance is the 32nd Regiment. This regiment greatly distinguished itself during the Indian Mutiny, and in consideration of its services was made a " Light Infantry " regiment and became the " 32nd Light Infantry Regiment " (now The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry). In the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries picked men formed the Light Infantry Companies, therefore it was an honour to be made a Light Infantry Regiment.

During the Afghan War of 1839-42 the 13th Light Infantry, now The Somerset Light Infantry (Prince Albert's), distinguished itself, particularly at Jellalabad, and " as a memorial of the fortitude, perseverance and enterprise evinced by that regiment " Her Majesty Queen Victoria was graciously pleased to approve of that regiment assuming the title of the " 13th, or Prince Albert's Regiment of Light Infantry," and of its facings being changed from yellow to blue (the royal colour).

Similar distinctions were conferred upon some units in the Indian Army, as the following extract from a General Order by the Governor-General, of October 4th, 1842, indicates :—" In perpetual commemoration of their distinguished services, the 2nd and 16th Regiments of Bengal Native Infantry shall hereafter be regiments of Grenadiers,

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and the 38th, 42nd and 43rd Regiments of Bengal Native Infantry shall be regiments of Light Infantry."

More recent instances occurred as a result of the Egyptian Campaign of 1882-84, when " in recognition of the distinguished services " of the 19th Hussars in Egypt and the Soudan, Her Majesty the Queen was graciously pleased to approve of their being designated in future the " 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars." During the Nile campaign The Berkshire Regiment distinguished itself at Tofrek, in consideration of which the word " Royal " was added to its title. Cases of this category arising out of the Great War are well-known—*e.g.*, R.A.S.C., R.A.O.C., etc.

(4) Regimental Mottoes.

A few instances exist where war service is commemorated in regimental mottoes. When Clive was sowing the seeds of our Indian Empire, the 39th Foot (now the Dorsetshire Regiment) was sent out to assist him in 1754. This was the first English Regular Regiment to serve in India. The 39th fought at the Battle of Plassey, 1757, where Clive defeated Surajah Dowlah. To commemorate this early service in India, besides bearing the honour " Plassey," the 39th have the motto " Primus in Indis."

Another instance is in regard to the King's Royal Rifle Corps. To commemorate their services under Wolfe in North America, the regiment has been granted the motto " Celer et Audax " (Swift and Bold), which characterizes their conduct during campaigns.

(5) Clothing Badges.

To The Gloucestershire Regiment (the old 28th Foot) belongs the distinction of being the only regiment to wear a badge at the back of their head-dress. This distinction was granted to the regiment in 1802 in memory of their gallant conduct in fighting back-to-back in the operations before Alexandria on March 21st, 1801, during the Egyptian Campaign previously referred to above.

During the darkness, very early in the morning of March 21st, 1801, the French attacked our forces and, under cover of the smoke, Napoleon's " Invincible Legion " broke through. The 28th were holding an important redoubt which was strongly attacked from the front, and now the Invincible Legion attacked it also from the rear. The Commanding

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Officer, Colonel Paget, was, however, quite undismayed, for he simply ordered the rear rank of the 28th to turn about. The men obeyed with a calmness which is solely the product of discipline and the British character, and gave the French volley after volley, which put them in great confusion. The French prisoners who had previously fought in Italy said they did not know what fighting was until they met the British in Egypt.

For their gallant defence of the redoubt, and in commemoration of their fighting back-to-back, the 28th Regiment was granted the unique distinction of being permitted to wear their regimental badge at the back of their head-dress as well as on the front or side (whichever was the general prevailing custom). Previous to the Great War this " back badge " was about half the size of the front badge, but, strangely enough, during the late war The Gloucestershire Regiment were involved in a situation similar to that at Alexandria over a hundred years ago. It occurred at Festubert in 1918, when they were attacked in front, flank and rear by four German regiments, but history repeated itself, and the Gloucesters held their own under the most difficult circumstances. In commemoration of this fine piece of work the regiment now wears a " back badge " much larger than that formerly worn.

The laurel wreath in the badge of The Border Regiment is said to commemorate the fine behaviour of this regiment whilst covering the retreat of the British Army at Fontenoy. The laurel wreath in the badge of the Royal Marines commemorates the service of a battalion which fought on shore at the famous siege of Belle Isle in 1761.

(6) Battle Axe.

Another unique method of commemorating war service is the grant of a battle axe. This distinction was bestowed upon the " Battle Axe Company " of the Royal Artillery in 1809. This company is now in existence, after undergoing many changes in its title, as the " 25th Medium Battery, Royal Artillery," at present stationed at Portsmouth.

The circumstances which led to this grant are connected with the capture of the island of Martinique, in the West Indies, in 1809. In 1808 this company was stationed in Nova Scotia and joined the expedition to Martinique under General Sir George Prevost. On February 3rd, 1809, the

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French were driven inland with considerable loss. In one day this company prepared and armed a battery of six 24-pounders and four 10-inch mortars, and opened fire the following day. On February 24th the French capitulated, for the British artillery was so well served that most of the French guns in the fort were dismounted. The officers of the company were assembled by the General to consult as to what should be bestowed on the company as a reward of bravery and good conduct. It was first contemplated to give a 1-pounder French gun, beautifully mounted, but the officers, knowing that the company was about to return to Halifax, and a war with America likely to take place (when they would be unable to take the gun with them), chose an axe and a brass drum. A brass eagle was affixed to the axe, which was always carried by the tallest man in the company, who, in virtue of his office, was permitted to wear a moustache. The battle axe is now in the Officers' Mess of the 25th Medium Battery, Royal Artillery.

(7) Wreath on Colours.

There is one instance where a wreath is carried on the Colours of a regiment in commemoration of war service. I refer to the immortal episodes of the Isandhlwana disaster, in which Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill, of the 1st Battalion the 24th Regiment (now the South Wales Borderers) saved the Queen's Colour from the Zulus on January 22nd, 1879, and the defence of Rorke's Drift by " B " Company of the 2nd Battalion the 24th Regiment on January 22nd and 23rd, 1879.

The story is briefly this : A campaign against Cetewayo, the leader of the Zulus, had been decided upon, and a small British force, augmented by a few locally-raised units, the whole under Lord Chelmsford, advanced into his country in four columns. During the operations two companies of the 1st Battalion, 24th Regiment, were left at Helpmakaar and had with them the Regimental Colour of that battalion. The remainder of the battalion (except one company) was at Isandhlwana and had the Queen's Colour. The Zulus had been engaged with No. 3 Column of the British force, which Lord Chelmsford accompanied, about thirteen miles away, but one of their impis (armies), some thousands strong, had worked round the flank apparently unseen and overwhelmed the small force at Isandhlwana, from which few

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men escaped alive, General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien being one of them.

On the fatal day, when it was evident that all was lost, Colonel Pulleine is reported to have said to Melvill, " You, as senior subaltern, will take the Colour, and make your way from here."* Melvill was later joined by Coghill, who was suffering from a severe injury to the knee. Both officers were mounted, but owing to the bad state of the track, which was strewn with large boulders, the Zulus were able to keep up and continued to throw spears at them. On reaching the Buffalo River, they found it in flood, but plunged in. Coghill reached the Natal side safely, but on looking back saw Melvill in difficulties—he had become separated from his horse, and was washed against a rock in mid-stream, and the Zulus were now firing at him. Coghill at once rode back into the river, but his horse was instantly killed. A torrent was raging at the time, and the Colour was torn from Melvill, who had made a great effort to retain it. Eventually both officers, in a very exhausted state, gained the Natal side, but were overtaken by the Zulus and done to death. On February 4th, 1879, their bodies were found by a search party, and later the Colour case, then the crest from the head of the staff, and lastly the blood-stained Colour itself was lifted from the water where it had become wedged between the stones.

When General Sir Reginald Hart, V.C., etc., unveiled the memorial at Isandhlwana in March, 1914, he said: " The terrible disaster that overwhelmed the old 24th Regiment will always be remembered, not so much as a disaster, but as an example of heroism like that of Leonidas and the 300 Spartans who fell at the Pass of Thermopylae."

From Isandhlwana the Zulus passed on to Rorke's Drift, which was only held by one company of the 2nd Battalion, 24th Regiment, commanded by Lieutenant Gonville Bromhead, a few Volunteers and Departmental officers—the whole under the command of Lieutenant J. M. Chard of the Royal Engineers. In his official despatch Chard gives a vivid account of the heroic defence. It appears that at about 3.15 p.m. on January 22nd two men came riding from Zulu-

* There is considerable doubt as to what really took place at this period.

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land into the camp with news of the disaster at Isandhlwana. Chard and Bromhead got to work at once and all possible measures were taken to defend the camp. At 4.15 p.m. the enemy were reported being close upon the camp, and a quarter of an hour later about 600 Zulus advanced at a run against the south wall. They were soon followed by the main body. A portion of the Zulus moved round to the north side, and the camp was soon completely surrounded. The Zulus were, according to Chard, about 3,000 strong. "A series of desperate assaults were made, extending from the hospital along the wall as far as the bush reached, but each was most splendidly met and repulsed by our men with the bayonet. . . . The garrison of the hospital defended it room by room, bringing out all the sick that could be moved before they retired. Gradually the Zulus pressed the little force back on to the middle of their camp, but," writes Chard, "our men, firing with the greatest coolness, did not waste a single shot, the light afforded by the burning hospital being of great help to us." This situation was maintained until 4 a.m. on January 23rd. At daybreak no Zulus were to be seen, for they had retired, leaving 350 dead behind them. The news of this heroic stand by a handful of British soldiers against enormous odds thrilled readers in the homeland and did much to allay the anguish of Isandhlwana.

As soon as the Battalion returned home during the summer of 1880, Her Majesty Queen Victoria expressed a wish to see the rescued Colour. It was taken to Osborne House, Isle of Wight, for her inspection, and to the pole of which she attached a wreath of immortelles. Later, Her Majesty commanded that "As a lasting token of her act in placing a wreath on the Queen's Colour, 1st Battalion, 24th Regiment, to commemorate the devotion displayed by Lieutenants Melvill and Coghill, in their heroic endeavour to save the Colour on January 22nd, 1879, and of the noble defence of Rorke's Drift, Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command that a silver wreath shall in future be borne round the staff of the Queen's Colour of the 24th Regiment."

These silver wreaths are now borne on the King's Colour of both battalions of the South Wales Borderers, and the original wreath with which Queen Victoria decorated the Queen's Colour of the 1st Battalion, 24th Regiment, is kept in the Officers' Mess of that battalion.

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(8) Commemorative Regiments.

There is one regiment which owes its existence as a permanent unit to the idea of commemoration. During the Afghan War of 1839-42, an irregular regiment was raised for the campaign, but its conduct was so meritorious that the Indian Government decided to bring it on to the permanent establishment of the Army. The circumstances leading to this decision are concisely stated in the following extract from a General Order by the Governor-General dated October 4th, 1842 :—

" The regiment of Bengal Irregular Infantry in the service of Shah Shooja, shall, in consideration of the valour, discipline and fortitude manifested by that regiment on many occasions, and especially in the defence of Kelat-i-Ghilzie, continue embodied under its present Commandant, Captain J. H. Craigie, and be brought on the strength of the Bengal Army as an extra regiment, and be denominated the ' Regiment of Kelat-i-Ghilzie.' "

This regiment is still in existence as the 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Bombay Pioneers.

The Irish Guards also owe their existence to the bravery of their comrades in the Irish Line Regiments whose service they commemorate, as shown by Army Order 77, of 1900, which reads as follows : " Her Majesty the Queen, having deemed it desirable to commemorate the bravery shown by Irish regiments in the recent operations in South Africa, has been graciously pleased to command that an Irish Regiment of Foot Guards be formed. The regiment will be designated the ' Irish Guards.' "

(9) Commemorative Truncheon.

Another unique method commemorating war service is that of awarding a regiment a truncheon.

During the Indian Mutiny the Sirmoor Battalion of the Bengal Native Army distinguished itself at the relief of Delhi in September, 1857. In commemoration of this service, Queen Victoria awarded the battalion a truncheon, which was presented, on her behalf, by General Sir Hugh Rose, the Commander-in-Chief in India, on November 30th, 1863.

The Sirmoor Battalion is now the 2nd King Edward's

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Own Gurkha Rifles, and a note in the Indian Monthly Army List makes reference to the grant of the truncheon.*

(10) Distinctions in Head-Dress.

There are a few instances where war service is commemorated by the wearing of some distinction in the head-dress. A case in point is the wearing of shamrock referred to in the following Army Order (No. 76 of 1900) :—" Her Majesty the Queen is pleased to order that in future, upon St. Patrick's Day, all ranks in Her Majesty's Irish Regiments shall wear, as a distinction, a sprig of Shamrock in their head-dress to commemorate the gallantry of Her Irish soldiers during the recent battles in South Africa."

The wearing of feathers is also another form of commemoration. The white hackle at one time worn by The Northumberland Fusiliers is the descendant of the white feather worn in commemoration of their tremendous struggle on the heights of La Vigie in St. Lucie in 1778, where they took the white feathers from the caps of their opponents, the French Grenadiers. The tall white Roussillon feather worn by the Royal Sussex Regiment commemorates the overthrow of the famous French regiment of Royal Roussillon by the old 35th Foot at Quebec under Wolfe. The red feathers of the old 46th (now 2nd Battalion The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry), now only worn in the helmet plate, is a reminder of an incident of the American War of Independence when the Americans were beaten and promised no quarter to the 46th, who replied that they were " quite ready," and coloured their feathers red so that the Americans could not mistake them.

The Colour of the tuft worn in the old shako had a distinctive meaning in at least one instance. At Arroyo-dos-Molinos, on October 28th, 1811, during the Peninsular Campaign, the 34th Foot captured the French 34th Regiment. As a distinction it was permitted to wear a red and white tuft in its shako, the remainder of the infantry wearing a white tuft. In 1845, however, a red and white tuft became universal for the infantry, except grenadier and light companies, thereby the 34th lost their distinction. To compensate them they were granted the Battle Honour " Arroyo-dos-Molinos," now borne by The Border Regiment.

* In appearance the truncheon resembles a glorified drum-major's staff.

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It is a common practice in some foreign armies to decorate the regimental Standards and Colours with medals, or place on the Colour pole a " Fourragere." This custom, however, has not been adopted in the British Service. The nearest we get to it is the wearing in the head-dress, on certain specified occasions, of a cockade of the colours of the French Croix de Guerre ribbon, by all ranks of those units which have been " cited " in French Army Orders for some exceptional exploit when operating in conjunction with French troops. This distinction is rare, and has only been granted to the following units :—

2nd Bn. The Devonshire Regiment.—In commemoration of their exploits on the Aisne in 1918.

1st/4th Bn. The King's Shropshire Light Infantry.—In commemoration of their exploit on June 6th, 1918.

8th Bn. The West Yorkshire Regiment.—In commemoration of their exploits at La Montagne de Bligny in July, 1918.

(11) Dress Distinctions.

The Army regulation is that the sash shall be worn over the right shoulder, but the warrant officers and sergeants of the Somerset Light Infantry enjoy the unique distinction of being permitted to wear their red sashes over the same shoulder as was previously the custom with officers—*i.e.*, over the left. This distinction was granted by the Duke of Cumberland in commemoration of the splendid work done by the non-commissioned officers of the regiment at the Battle of Culloden in 1746. The regiment was then known as " Pulteney's Regiment," later it became the 13th Foot.

The bearskin cap worn by The Royal Scots Greys commemorates their rout of the French grenadiers at Ramillies, while the fusilier caps of The Northumberland Fusiliers really hides the fact that they were permitted to wear such caps seventy years before they became a Fusilier regiment. At Wilhelmstahl in 1762 they took prisoners twice as many French grenadiers as their own strength, and were permitted to wear the French grenadiers' hats in commemoration of

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the action. They were not created a Fusilier regiment until 1832.*

The Inspector of Regimental Colours.

Before 1806 there did not exist any proper system for regulating and recording the various devices, badges and other distinctions borne on the Colours of regiments. The consequence was that great inconvenience and delay was experienced in the furnishing of regiments with Standards and Colours. In that year, however, the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief of the Army, suggested to the Secretary at War that a properly qualified person of the Heralds' Office should be appointed "Inspector of Regimental Colours," whose duty it would be to control all such matters. The suggestion was adopted, and George Naylor, Esq., York Herald, of the College of Heralds, was appointed. The present holder of the appointment, being the fourth in succession, is Sir Henry Farnham Burke, K.C.V.O., C.B., Garter King of Arms.

The Inspector of Regimental Colours sees that the Colours and distinctions thereon do not conflict with the laws and practice of Heraldry.

* The most recent grant of a distinction in this category is that mentioned in Army Order 178 of 1928, under which His Majesty has sanctioned Officers and Warrant Officers Class I of English Light Infantry regiments wearing green whistle cords (instead of khaki) and black sword knots (instead of brown) to commemorate the distinguished services of light infantry.

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OUT OF THE BLUE

By Flight-Lieutenant G. R. O'Sullivan, R.A.F.

I.

THE figure seated upon a boulder in front of the fire shivered slightly in the cold night air, and with a movement of his feet kicked the dying embers into a blaze. Around him, reclining at ease in various attitudes, lay other figures, their cruel, hawk-like faces in keeping with the wild land that had bred them. None spoke, and only the cry of a child from a village in the valley far below broke the stillness of the Kurdish night. Some minutes passed, then a man, more aged, venerable and, if possible, more dirty-looking than those around him, turned suddenly and, addressing him whose feet had stirred the fire to new life, said: "Decide now, Asaf Farag, being sure that what thou sayest we will do." But Asaf Farag gave no sign. Chin on hand, his keen eyes sought to find in the fire the answer his lips would not give. Never before had he been so reluctant to start on a raid. In the old days of the Turkish regime it was easy—too easy, and Asaf smiled in his beard as he thought of the loot in cattle and young girls, and of the feeble efforts of his "Excellency the Mudir," great Pasha though he was, to stop him, Asaf Farag, when once the raid fever was upon him. Down on the plains the word of His Excellency might be law, but here in these wild hills, and particularly in this valley, he was immune from all laws but his own. Alas! now things were different, the Turk was gone and in his place were the British. Asaf scowled, instead of the fat, easy-going old Pasha, one had come whose word, whether in the hills or on the plains, was indeed law—who controlled all, whether they be townsmen or hill men, and looked upon such as he, Asaf, with eyes that boded no good for the future. His thoughts wandered to his last and only raid since the coming of the British; then, instead of loot, his reward had been twelve long months' stone-breaking in the prison whither they had sent him as a convict. He shivered once again and drew his sheep-skin clothing tighter round his body. To raid, or not to raid? The winter had been a hard one, and

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his people were now looking to him to lead them on what they considered was the only remedy to their present impoverished state. Was he a dog, or a child to be held back from doing what he and his fathers had done down through the years all because the British and not the Turk now sat in authority on the plains below. Besides, was the news received from his spies not good? An open town, loot in abundance, and the nearest soldiers seventy long miles away, and across that seventy miles of road there flowed at intervals three rivers with never a bridge over one fit to be crossed. Truly the floods had done their work well. Why, the raid would be over and all his people safely back in the hills again before the Government would have time to move a finger. Asaf Farag rose abruptly to his feet and, scanning the eager faces around him, said: "Inshalla! At the dawn of the second day from now we raid Kurk."

For the next two days all was activity in the village. Forgotten was the thought of the empty grain store, or the fact that on the last raid the party had returned minus several of their numbers, as the presence of more women than men in the population of the village testified. What matter! Was not Asaf Farag, the cunning and cautious one, still their leader? Under his guidance the loot would be great and the hills around resound to the bleat of sheep and the lowing of stolen cattle as they nibbled the meagre pasture of the valley. But what of the treasures from the bazaars? For Kurk, as the town which guards one of the main passes from Kurdistan into Iraq was renowned for its riches in merchandise. Shawls and bundles of cloth for the women; daggers beautifully embroidered, saddlery for the men. Was not Allah good? Men shouted and laughed and sang the old tribal songs, by which, instead of books, the legendary history of the tribes is handed down, as rifles were cleaned and sandle tongs renewed in preparation for the long night march across the hills. Perhaps loudest laughter and talk came from the young men about to depart on their first raid. No longer, after the coming night, would they be excluded from the company of the elders as they sat in counsel around the fires, nor maiden ever again cast disdainful eye upon them. Even the women entered into the spirit of the game, the only game that really appeals to any true son of the hills, and clouds of smoke arose from numerous fires to show that the fighting man would not lack whatever provisions the village

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could supply. It would be meagre enough fare, but sufficient, for a small bag containing some chuppati and a piece of dried meat would be all that was either expected or required.

As the moon rose over the village, Asaf Farag gathered his men for the swift march to the foothills around Kurk. Once there, the plan of action was simple. At a given signal from him, as dawn broke, and the light sufficed to distinguish friend from foe, the raid would commence. Messengers had been despatched during the day to inform neighbouring villages on the route, so that watchmen should not be alarmed and give the party free passage. Tribal territory is well defined, and to encrouch without permission is considered sufficient insult to start a blood feud, and Asaf Farag had already a number of these on his hands. Swiftly, and by paths known only to themselves, the raiders set out in single file across hills bright as day so brilliant was the moon, and before dawn there remained only one more ridge of foothills between them and their destination. Here a welcome halt was called, as Asaf went forward alone to the crest that overlooked the town, to spy out the land. A long silence followed, each man busy with his own thoughts, and then, instead of the joyful news that all was well, Asaf returned among them, his face black as thunder and making sufficient noise to rouse the country-side. The waiting men jumped to their feet in alarm and crowded around him ; one, more eager for news than the others, bent forward with a question on his lips, and received for answer a cruel blow across the mouth. His hand flew to the knife in his belt, but it was never drawn, for Asaf held him covered by his most treasured possession, a service Webley revolver, spoil of a former raid. Then he spoke, and his voice was bitter : " We return at once," he said, " for there will be no raid on Kurk this dawn." But why ? Fierce faces glowed in the feeble light. Was the loot to be snatched from their grasp at the last moment ? Were they to return and be laughed at by the women ? Never ! but Asaf paid no attention to their anger and protestations, " Go forward to the brow of the hill and see for yourselves what I have seen," he said. " I, Asaf Farag, have spoken. There shall be no raid." With taunts on their lips, to which he paid no heed, they left him. He sat for a little while with beard on chest, deep in thought. Then with a groan he raised his head and looked out across his native land, where, by now, range upon range of snow-tipped mountains could be seen,

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their sides all marked with the shadows made by the rising sun. " Mine eyes are open," he said aloud ; " never more in this land will there be the joy of the raid for me." Abruptly he turned on his heel and with set face started back towards the village he had left so full of hope a few short hours ago.

II.

The Political Officer rose from his camp bed as the travel-stained figure moved across the sun-baked earth of the little courtyard towards him. " Hullo, you old rogue ! " he said, as the man in front of him made a deep salaam. " What bringest thou here, and in daylight, too ? "

" Trouble, Sahib, much trouble." Ismet jerked his head in the direction of the distant hills.

The Political Officer glanced at the hills and frowned. Assuredly the trouble must be great since Ismet, his most trusted agent, had come direct to his house to impart it in the broad light of day, knowing full well the risks incurred should the slightest breath of suspicion as to his real occupation get abroad. " Well," he snapped impatiently, for the afternoon was hot, and he had got little sleep the previous night.

But Ismet was not to be hurried. Tucking his sandle-shod feet under him, he squatted down in a corner of the cool veranda and stroked for a moment or two his yellow beard. " Two nights ago, Sahib," he said at length, " while in camp at the foot of the Baz pass, there came to me a man of the hills, to whom now and again I pass a little of the gold the Sahib gives me."

The Political Officer frowned again, for the buying of information went against the grain, and Ismet had touched him on a raw spot.

" To that man, Sahib," said Ismet, apparently unruffled, " I said, ' Whither blows the wind ?' and he replied, ' Towards Kurk town.' "

The Political Officer leant forward, anxiety now plainly written on his face. " And he who would create this storm ?" he asked.

Ismet glanced to his right and left nervously before answering ; then, in a voice scarcely above a whisper, replied, " Asaf Farag."

The Political Officer took one or two turns up and down

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the veranda before he spoke again. " Art thou sure ?" he queried.

" Have I ever lied to the Sahib before ?"

Ismet gave him a piercing look, as the Political Officer shook his head slowly. There followed a long silence, broken only by the braying of an ass from a nearby compound. " I give you leave to go," said the Political Officer at length, as he reached for his topee and started off under the blazing afternoon sun in the direction of the telegraph office. His mind was in a quandary, and he swore softly under his breath. So what he had striven so hard to avoid for over a year now was at last about to take place—a raid, and, worst still, a raid in two days' time, with the nearest troops seventy miles away and bridges over the flooded rivers conspicuous only by their absence. Bitterly he thought of his colleagues " the other side of the hills," for in such manner did he always refer to the North-West Frontier of India, across the hills, it was true, but a good many hundred miles away. Recently received copies of *The Times* had told him about the making of roads, bridges and railways, so that the unruly elements of that wild frontier could be the more easily controlled. What would he not give now for such bridges and decent roads in this turbulent Kurdish land. " Ah well ! it will come here, too, in time," he mused. Perhaps the message he had just received was false ; one got so many scares ; but then Ismet had never lied before, and his sources of information could generally be relied upon. Having reached the telegraph office and roused the sleeping native clerk on duty to some semblance of activity, he despatched a lengthy message in cypher. The facts fully reported upon would now have to be dealt with by his superiors, though how they would act, knowing the conditions as well as he did, left him at a loss to understand. How anyone could avert the threatened raid with a subsequent massacre seemed to him at that moment impossible in the short time available.

After sundown that evening, when returning from a stroll, whither he had gone to try to ease his troubled mind, a figure rose out of a nearby shadow and came towards him. Recognizing Ismet, he stopped. " Well ? " he questioned.

" Sahib," said Ismet in a low voice, " one who knows has said to me that the tribes may rise if this raid is a success, for the loot is great and there are other towns as rich as Kurk."

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" Stop it ! " said the Political Officer angrily. " The tribes ! why, the tribes will do as they have always done—wait and see who gets the best of it, and then go in on the winning side."

" And the winning side this time, Sahib ?"

Eagerly Ismet leant forward and his voice rose in excitement. The Political Officer hesitated, but only for an instance. So Ismet, too, knew of those flooded rivers and broken bridges which lay between Kurk and the necessary troops. " Come what may, Ismet," he said, " the Government always wins in the end."

III.

" Sorry to drag you all from your beds at 2.30 ack emma, the more so as I suppose you are not long back from the club " the Flight Commander smiled at the crowd of sleepy figures, clad in pyjamas and greatcoats, standing round his office table—" but as we get off at daylight," he continued, " I thought it better to have you out now and explain things. Some old frontier tale of raids and rumours of raids, so we make for Rani at crack of dawn. That shouldn't take us more than an hour. (Sleepy eyes scanned the map hung on the office wall.) We will receive further orders on our arrival there. Usual flight formation. The men have been called, and the hangar lights are on. Please go and see to your machines, then you can turn in again, after reporting to me. That's all, I think."

Dawn had not long broken over the surrounding desert before the silence of the cantonment at Bag was shattered by the roar of engines as twelve aeroplanes rose in formation and shaped course towards the north-east. An hour's flying and Rani, their destination, was in sight ; but not the usual sight of a small sight of a small sleepy Arab village with an empty expanse of landing-ground outside its environments. This morning, on the landing-ground anyway, all was bustle and activity, which increased as each aeroplane landed and taxied into line. Even the usual stolid faces of the Sikhs, of which a whole company was assembled, were wreathed in smiles.

" My fellows think it's a great joke, and all are eager to be off. We have it pretty well worked out, fourteen to each machine, complete with two days' rations." The Colonel of the Sikhs turned to his adjutant, " Give out those lists,

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Sinclair." Then to the Flight Commander: "Pretty useful things those of yours. First time ever used for this sort of work, I suppose? Well! they'll get us out of a pretty awkward situation this time." He nodded towards the direction of the aeroplanes, where by now the pilots with lists in their hands were busy supervising the loading.

* * * * *

All day long, until the last vestige of daylight had faded, the weary pilots kept at it. Back and forward they flew from Kurk to Rani, and from Rani to Kurk; on the former journey the aeroplanes were empty, on the latter they carried fourteen fully equipped soldiers, who paid little attention to the flooded rivers and broken bridges they passed over so quickly, nor realized that they were taking part in an experiment which was to have far-reaching effects in lands where the policy was "Control without Occupation."

* * * * *

"Well, good-night, old man," says the Political Officer. "Thanks for delivering the goods, and in such fine condition too."

He glanced towards the outskirts of Kurk, where for the second night the camp fires of the Sikhs glowed merrily in the distance. The Flight Commander's eyes followed him.

"Good-night," he murmured dreamily: then to himself, "I wonder what old Asaf is thinking now."

* * * * *

Humming happily, the Political Officer moved off towards the town and bed. As he reached the gates a figure whom he recognized, came forward to meet him. "Come, listen carefully, Ismet," he said. "Go to one we both know, Tell him of what you have seen." The Political Officer pointed in the direction of the camp fires. "Then give him this message for me: 'Asaf Farag, the days of the sleepy Pasha are over; a new power has arisen in this land.'"

Ismet smiled in the moonlight. "There is no need to tell Asaf Farag of what I have seen, Sahib," he said, "for he already knows. He saw the camp fires of the soldiers as he reached the crest of the hill above Kurk when dawn was breaking yesterday morning."

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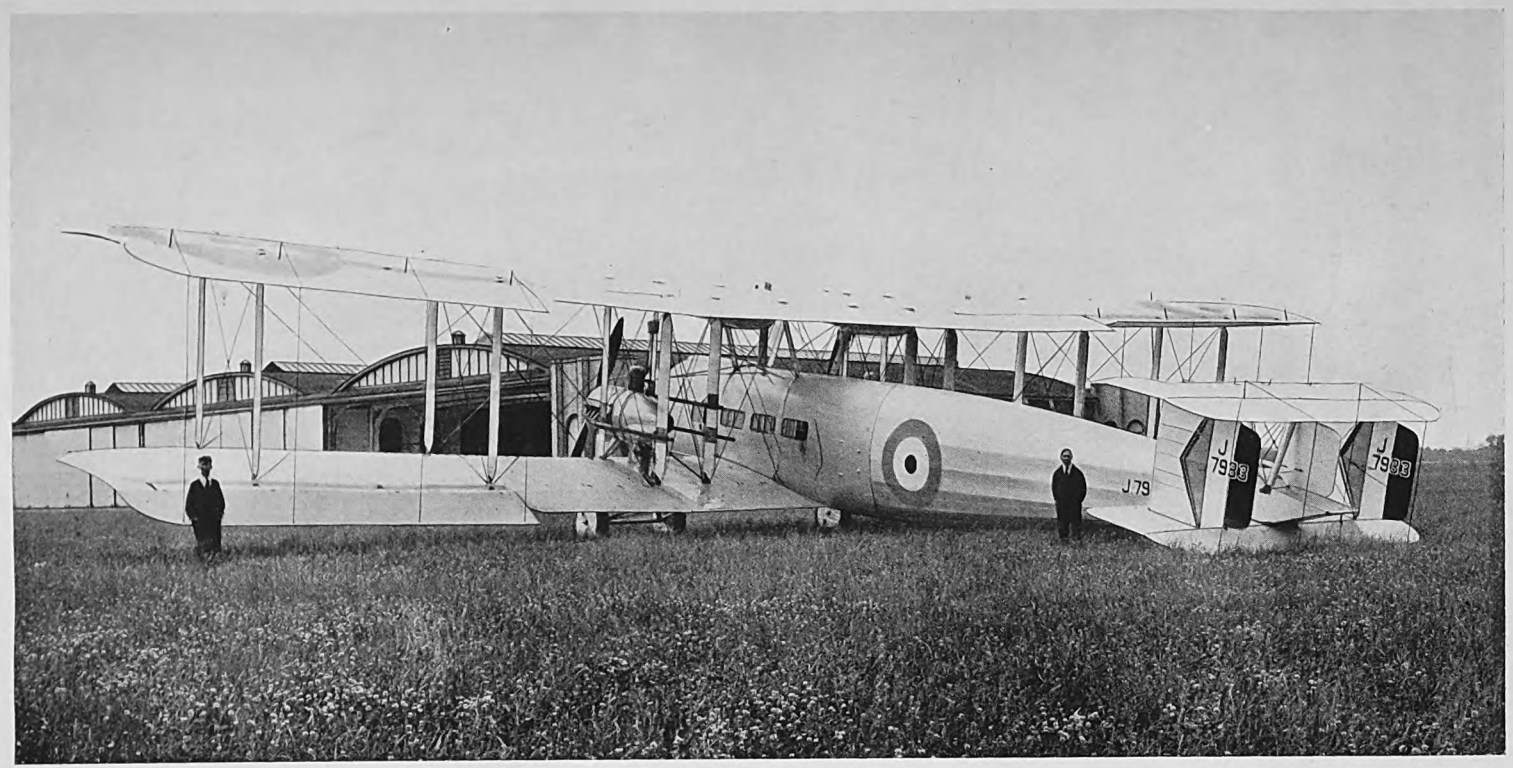

VICKERS "VICTORIA."

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THE EMPLOYMENT OF EX-SOLDIERS

By the Editor.

THERE are signs that the problem of the employment of the ex-soldier, a problem which has dragged on year after year, decade after decade, is at length to be attacked in a practical and commonsense manner. Within the writer's recollection, a period which covers close on thirty years' service in the Regular Army, it can truthfully be said that interest on the part of those who have held high rank in the Army in this question of employment of the ex-soldier has been, for the most part, woefully lacking. They have looked on the matter as being outside their purview, an unimaginative standpoint, though a perfectly understandable one. After all, they have been men with heavy responsibilities, living in a highly competitive atmosphere, and the obligation to voice their opinions on this subject which, though it affected the best interests of the Army as a whole, had no particular bearing on their commands, was a purely moral one and therefore one that was conveniently forgotten. There is no need to stress the moral obligation. To take the best seven years from a man's life and then send him back to civil life, is a proposition which can only be excused if every conceivable effort is made to assist him in finding a job when he leaves the Army. It is no good expecting the Government of the day to deal with this question. The Army itself must find the solution, and its leaders must realize that it is just as much their business as training the men who are actually serving. The Army is a very powerful, and, viewed in the mass, wealthy corporation. Let the Army take the job in hand itself, put its hand in its pockets, say what it wants done, and be prepared to pay for it.

As has already been mentioned, there are signs that something of the sort is on the tapis. At a conference held at Eastern Command Headquarters in November last, the General Officer Commanding-in-Chief expressed a wish that some machinery should come into being to co-ordinate the activities of the various associations which aim at helping the ex-soldier. A further conference was held at the Horse Guards in December, at which the Assistant Secretary of the National Association for the Employment of Regular

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Sailors, Soldiers and Airmen made some very valuable remarks. Before giving the gist of them, it will be as well to say something about this association with the exceedingly cumbersome title.

It was formed in 1885 ; it is under Royal patronage ; it is subsidized by grants from the three Service Ministries, and various senior officers from the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry are ex-officio members of its committee. As far as the Navy is concerned, the Association has done most valuable work, the reason of which will be readily understood later on ; as regards the Army, results have not been satisfactory, but this is more the fault of the Army than of the Association. The Army has provided the Association with a subsidy from War Office funds ; it has provided a distinguished officer or two to sit as ornamental members of the Association General Committee ; it has allowed the Association to utilize Army recruiting officers as agents throughout the provinces ; it has even, in a burst of generosity, allowed these recruiting officers to include Association postage in their official accounts. Having done this, it has washed its hands of the whole business and said, in effect, " Carry on, my brave lads, we wish you well, as long as you don't worry us." Naturally the results have been poor, and latterly even poorer still, owing to the recent re-organization of the recruiting system, by which certain recruiting officers became no longer available.

To revert to the December conference at the Horse Guards. The Assistant Secretary of the National Association in his address emphasized certain points for consideration :—

1. The administration of employment work should be separate from benevolent work. For example, you cannot do benevolent work properly unless you are prepared to allow your heart to take charge of your head sometimes, and you cannot do employment work properly if you ever allow your head to give way to your heart. In benevolent work you help a rotter because of his wife and children ; in employment work you must never risk the employers' interest to do a good turn to a splendid man who is not up to the job.

2. One of the outstanding differences between the Navy and Army is that the Navy concentrates *all* its benevolent funds into the Royal Naval Benevolent Trust, and thereafter separates employment from benevolent administration by subsidizing generously the National Association to undertake *all* its employment work. On the other hand, the Army

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disperses its benevolent funds among 106 Old Comrades' Associations who attempt (generally quite ineffectively, though there are a few brilliant exceptions, notably The King's (Liverpool Regiment) Old Comrades' Association) to combine employment and benevolent administration. Many Old Comrades' Associations make no attempt at all to undertake the work of finding employment for their members.

The above considerations are certainly illuminating. Really they amount to this. The Navy does its own benevolent work and pays the National Association to do its employment work for it, and pays it generously, *i.e.*, by the grant of considerable sums from the men of the Royal Navy and Royal Marines, and also by grants from the Royal Navy Benevolent Trust, all this being *in addition to* the subsidy from the Admiralty. The results of this businesslike arrangement are in every way satisfactory.

The Army does its benevolent work satisfactorily enough, but—this is a typical departmental touch—expects the National Association to do all its employment work on the bare subsidy granted by the War Office. It has given the National Association no extra money, but has helped it in kind, *i.e.*, by allowing recruiting officers to act as employment agents throughout the provinces. Without wishing in any way to malign a deserving, hard-working body of men, it may be said that recruiting officers generally have not the characteristics required of a successful employment agent, more especially as they have no financial inducement to carry out this additional work.

The Army system has been thoroughly bad, but looked well on paper. It is no credit either to the Army or to the National Association that only now is an attempt being made to rectify the situation.

However, Eastern Command have set the ball a-rolling, and it is to be hoped that a good working solution will be found. A word of advice may, perhaps not be taken amiss. During the conferences there have been suggestions of starting a new organization, of working it on a county basis, of forming cumbersome committees so dear to the military mind, of roping in Lord-Lieutenants and Mayors, of getting the Colonel of the regiment to take a prominent part in the organization, by asking people of position and retired officers to assist the organization with personal efforts or with funds. It seems very doubtful whether all this is necessary, and,

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speaking with a certain knowledge of county life, I can safely say that the majority of the above persons would not, in these hard times, welcome demands made on their time and money *con amore*. It is not in keeping with the dignity of Colonels of regiments to expect them to make appeals for the carrying out of a job which, except in the case of retired officers, is really no business of the individuals applied to. And, lastly, it is not quite in keeping with the dignity of the Army itself.

No ! for heaven's sake let the Army find its own solution, and let it be on business lines.

The following would appear to be a commonsense method of procedure :—

1. Every officer, serving or retired, every warrant officer, non-commissioned officer and man in every corps or regiment ought to subscribe, and subscribe generously, to their Old Comrades' Association. There seems to be no reason why the rate of subscription should not be universal, and laid down in Army Orders.

2. Old Comrades' Associations should be responsible for benevolent work only.

3. Every Old Comrades' Association should subscribe a certain specified sum to the National Association to enable them to carry out the employment-finding part of the programme.

4. It would then devolve on the National Association to appoint *good, well-paid secretaries or job-seekers, who have a real aptitude for the job*, and post them throughout the country. If these secretaries have a proper *flair* for publicity they will find no difficulty in making their organization known throughout the county in which they are working.

5. These secretaries would need to work in close co-operation with the British Legion, a co-operation which might in course of time lead to a business amalgamation as between National Association and British Legion.

6. The secretary, by keeping in close touch with the Officers' Benevolent Department of the British Legion, should also be required to assist officers who are desirous of finding employment after they have left the Service.

In conclusion, a remark by the Assistant Secretary of the National Association may be repeated, and repeated again, " Remember that a paid man is worth two volunteers in this kind of work."

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A SUMMER BY THE TIGRIS

By Anglo-Iraqi.

THE housing problem for Europeans in Baghdad is still so far from solution that I was an envied man when I took possession of a small bungalow, on the west bank of the Tigris and well outside the city, last spring. After the cramped quarters I had occupied, and a brief trial of hotel life, this simple, Arab-built house seemed a haven of peace—though needing a good deal of reconstruction to make it habitable before the hot season set in. My little house can at least claim one of the coolest *sirdabs* (cellar rooms) in Iraq ; a courtyard with a white oleander tree, and a bit of overgrown ground called the garden, containing nine date palms, and suggesting endless possibilities to a gardener's mind. An Arab servant's methods of cultivation dismay an Englishman, and I had not time to direct " Yusuf " often, nor to do all the clearing and pruning myself. But I contrived an irrigation scheme, the first necessity here ; and in June my plot was one great tangle of melon and cucumber plants, with rose and orange trees in their midst, and a grape vine on the trellis—all growing in a haphazard fashion, but not without a wild charm. Moreover, Yusuf disclosed to me two bulbuls' nests, each with three little eggs in it, hidden away in the bushes.

My day's work here begins at 5 a.m. in summer, leaving the evening free for a game of polo or an attack on the jungle of weeds always threatening to overwhelm flowers, fruit, and vegetable, in the garden. Then my verandah over the Tigris is a delightful place in which to sit and look across the rippling silver river, nearly three quarters of a mile wide, and reflecting marvellous sunset colours or the unearthly beauty of the full moon. Here, too, there is plenty of life and movement to watch in the evening, when the Air Vice-Marshal and his staff go by in a swift white launch to bathe, and a party of Iraqi schoolboys swim across the river, shepherded by their masters and land under my house, each youngster wearing a float made from palm stems, and all chattering at once, like schoolboys the world over.

One warm Sunday night in June was also a Jewish feast, and the third day of the Moslem festival ; the result being

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that all native Baghdad, of every denomination, went picnicking down the river. About 10 o'clock the boats began to pass my house on their return, keeping close to the side because of the strong current ; some with rowers, and others towed by *bellumchi* (boatmen) walking on the bank. Lanterns twinkled in each boat ; the occupants sang or chanted, and the sound of lutes and guitars reached me faintly. Gradually the steady procession of boats grew to the proportions of a Venetian carnival, and if some of the Baghdadis were rather the worse for their merrymaking, and the singing, even by Arab standards, of inferior quality, yet the general effect of happiness and contentment was striking. I could not help contrasting the scene with the ugly, untidy rowdiness of a holiday crowd in England.

During a Moslem *Id* it is the custom to put on one's best clothes and make a round of official visits, saying " *Idakum mubarek* " (May your Festival be prosperous) to everybody one knows, on the way, and beginning with the Palace. At one of King Faisal's levées I met Iraq's most famous poet, an old man who has lately completed the translation of the Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám into Arabic verse. Whenever I have the chance of watching the King, I am filled with desire to contradict the people who speak of him as a mere nonentity, the puppet of England ; for I am convinced that considerable powers lie behind his quiet, dignified exterior. But the court and the English community in Baghdad lost their pivot, when Iraq lost its most understanding friend, in Miss Gertrude Bell. I met her only once, a few months before her death, up in the hills which at that time were literally covered with flowers, and where, as two ardent plant-collectors, we compared our finds—hers being a new and very handsome hellebore, and mine a yellow rock plant which neither of us could name. Her keen, intellectual face and vivid personality made me realize at once that the Arab's affection and respect for Gertrude Bell were fully justified ; that this was a fearless straightforward woman, free from all self-seeking, whose inherited shrewdness and experience in diplomacy enabled her to detect the Oriental inclination to intrigue, and to handle the baffling people she loved with such wonderful skill—knowing when to bluff, when to speak fair, and when to show herself as adamant. My companion that day, an Englishman, was an old friend of hers ; and at dinner their exchange of memories and anecdotes was well worth hearing,

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though when speaking of Iraq's affairs she was, of course, guarded. The impression she left on my mind has been deepened since by all that I have heard, from English and Arab sources, of her great work for this country, where she can never be replaced nor forgotten.

After leaving the Palace and paying my respects to some of the ministers, I was free to make less formal visits among the English residents. At one house, where I found a newly-married couple at home, I came in for a rat-hunt in the drawing-room, followed by a funeral in the garden—rather a trying episode for the bride, but an unwonted excitement for a caller.

Soon after I settled into my bungalow, by way of a housewarming, I invited an officer in the Iraq army, who had fought with Lawrence, to bring a cousin, with his wife and two children, to tea. These relations had an interesting story attached to them. The man's father held a high position in pre-war Turkey and was leader of the Moderate party. During a session of the Turkish parliament he got up and said, " England is the richest country in the world. If you fight against her you will lose. I have information that the moment you declare war against England, she will send two million cavalrymen against you." When asked to explain, he drew a sovereign from his pocket and showed them the St. George and Dragon. " There is one cavalryman, he is a prisoner in my hands, but there are many more and they will beat you in the end." From that day he was a marked man ; and after Turkey threw in her lot with Germany, he was assassinated—a deed which eventually gave a great impetus to the Arab rising. His family were condemned to death by the Kemalists in Constantinople. They escaped and fled to Greece, all the men joining the rebel forces ; and after some years of wandering as refugees, this couple had lately come to settle in Iraq.

The lady came veiled, and it gave me a shock of surprise when, from her voluminous wrappings, she emerged as a young woman with fair, bobbed hair and dressed in European clothes. I discovered that she hated the custom of the veil, but conformed to it in Baghdad, where there is less emancipation, as yet, than in Constantinople. The Oriental likes his womenkind well " got up "—not with rouge and powder, but with emphatic paint, and my guest had black eyebrows and a black line along the lower eyelids, with a dot at each

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corner, which, from their point of view, was doubtless effective but seemed incongruous with her blonde colouring.

Her husband, a quiet little greyhaired man with gold-rimmed spectacles and European dress, carried on a conversation with me in halting Anglo-Franco-Arabic; and every time I got up to offer her another cup of tea, or a sweet biscuit, she also rose and curtseyed, according to the etiquette of an Arab lady in the presence of the superior creature—Man! Altogether, my little tea-party gave me a clue to the fundamental difference in the fabric of eastern and western civilization; for that difference is more clearly marked in the attitude to women than in other social relations. The charm and courtly dignity of well-bred Orientals may easily mislead a casual observer, but their sense of ownership and of the innate inferiority of woman lies at the root of their home life, and is interwoven with the Moslem faith. Often I am reminded of a southern Irishman by an Arab's attractiveness, irresponsibility, and the embryo fanatic which is concealed in each. But even the urban Iraqi shows something of that gracious spirit of hospitality expressed in the desert *khanji's* greeting, "Kinship and welcome and may the earth be wide to you!"

In August I was invited to an evening entertainment given by an Arab official, where there was the usual "sitting about" and conversation, so much loved by this people, while pistachio nuts and other delicacies, with various drinks, were handed round. There was also an orchestra, composed of a *dumbouk* (a small hand drum played with the fingers), a lute, a harp, which is laid flat across the knees and played with four silver plectrums, worn like thimbles on the thumb and forefinger of each hand, and a violin which is a modern addition to the archaic eastern orchestra. But instead of the stringed and wind instruments being of most importance, as in our orchestral music, the Arabic regards the *dumbouk* as the soul and centre. A good performer produces amazing effects, partly by syncopation, partly by thrumming with the fingers or striking with the flat of the hand; and a distinct tone variation is given by playing on the edge or centre of the drum. The chief feature of this entertainment, however, was a very large fat woman in a bright orange dress who postured, rather than danced, on a carpet, and played on the timbrels as she swayed and chasséed against a background of date palms in our host's garden, which we over-

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looked from a wide kind of roof balcony. My fellow guests were very enthusiastic over her performance, and one remarked to me in Arabic that she was " very sweet."

Presently a certain Pasha I knew, one of King Faisal's Ministers, arrived and, after a while, he insisted on carrying me off to another party, on the opposite side of the river. We crossed in a *bellum* and, walking down crooked lanes, came to a low doorway which led directly into the courtyard of the house. We had to force our way through a crowd of hangers-on, but fortunately arrived in time for the main ceremony; for this was a " weaning party " in honour of the little son and heir—and there he sat, in an electric blue dress, blinking sleepily at the lights, on his nurse's lap. Arranged in front of him were brass trays holding many lighted candles and symbolical herbs, and round these stood an orchestra, of the kind I have described, with the addition of a tambourine. As they played, with great vigour, the guests advanced and threw money into the trays—the coins being given to the orchestra and a fourth part to the midwife, who squatted beside the nurse and obviously counted every rupee.

Then the baby was carried off to bed, and some orphan children were brought into the courtyard. They are supposed to be fed and clothed by the father for one night, but the actual procedure is that, while waiting, a cheap cotton nightgown is slipped over their rags, and they are allowed to peck at some rice. When they enter the courtyard, henna is smeared on the palms of their hands which are then wrapped up in linen cloths. I do not know the significance of this last rite, but it occurred to me that it would, at any rate, prevent any pilfering on their way out!

At the next stage, women, children, trays and candles, were all cleared away, and a carpet was laid for the two dancing women who, up to this moment, had been bored spectators. Both were comparatively slim, and one was the most famous Arab dancer in Baghdad, the only exponent of the ancient " waterpot " dance. But instead of the figure in Eastern draperies, with bare, ankleted feet, and a tall green pitcher on her head, who would have been the artistic complement of the scene, the dancer appeared in a modern, pale blue ball dress, and with a Martell's Three Star brandy bottle, filled with water, balanced on her head! It was a long, intricate dance; and even in its most active movements,

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she never once put a hand up to the bottle, nor lost her perfect poise. Afterwards, by the Pasha's special request, she gave us an old Bedouin dance, involving much greater exertion; but the poor girl was evidently feeling the intense heat, and he explained to me that she was not at her best in this performance.

By this time, indeed, the atmosphere of the crowded courtyard was stifling, and I began to feel quite faint. After drinking a cup of bitter Arab coffee, and bidding my host good night, I was glad to find myself being rowed down the river in the reviving night air; still more, to enter my own courtyard, clean, cool, and faintly scented by the oleander which has held up bunches of white flowers to my windows all through the summer.

In Baghdad the fiercest sun and heat is over by the end of August, the day temperature dropping to about 100° F. instead of 110° to 120°, and the nights being sometimes refreshingly cool. But September is not free from the affliction of dust storms, and when the hot damp wind from Basra and the Persian Gulf sets in, night and day are of equal stuffiness, and one is reduced to extreme limpness. At this season the date gardens which fringe the city are a wonderful sight, just before the fruit is harvested. From the head of each palm hang great clusters of golden dates, positively shining in the early morning sun, so that when riding to my work, I seemed to be passing through an enchanted land. By midday the strong sunlight had destroyed the colour contrasts, and there was merely yellow fruit under dusty palm fronds of dull green. Every night, for dessert, a plateful of fresh dates from my own trees was put before me, and these are at their best when half ripe; the unripe part, like cloudy amber, has a dry taste, but the ripe portion melts like honey in the mouth. When the whole date turns to the brown colour known in England, it is no longer accounted worth eating here—and the long summer of Iraq is over.

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TANKS

Upon the austere Dorset Downs
Far from the hum of busy towns
Is stationed, in embattled ranks,
Our brave and Royal Corps of Tanks.
By Lulworth Cove from morn to night
They frolic to their hearts' delight,
And life is one long round of fun
At Bovington, at Bovington.

Tanks
Bound briskly over banks,
Or somnolently crawl
Through any sort of wall.
Long, healthy rural " hikes "
Through hedgerows, ponds and dikes
Are what a young Tank likes ;
And thus it freely gratifies
Its taste for gentle exercise.

If
Confronted by a cliff,
The Tank emits a happy snort
And revels in the Alpine sport.
A Tank feels really good
When flattening out a wood,
And few things give it greater bliss
Than sliding down a precipice.
When Shelley aptly wrote
This line that now I quote :
" *A pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift,*"
It's very plain that he
Was moved to prophecy—
Remembering the Tank, we catch his drift.

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Tanks
Receive with grateful thanks
The kind attention of their crew,
As well-trained creatures ought to do.
They give a cheerful hoot
(The fact's beyond dispute)
Whenever they perceive a man
Approaching with a petrol-can.
They are indeed imbued
With much intelligence,
And own a lively sense
Of proper gratitude.
It is not very hard to guess
With what unfailing readiness
A grateful Tank proceeds to lean
Against a locked and barred canteen ;
And this explains just why they are
Deservedly so popular.

Exciting things are daily done
At Bovington, at Bovington :
By Lulworth Cove one may observe
Deeds that might shake the strongest nerve.
For hereabouts our agile Tanks
Perform their best gymnastic pranks,
Far from the hum of busy towns,
Upon the austere Dorset Downs.

C. L. M.

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THE COW OF KHUDA BAKSH

By Evelyn Hope.

SAHIB, I am a poor man, and a true and faithful servant of the Government. Thou wilt surely give me this contract. Nay, Sahib, before Allah I lie not. What I say is true talk. I am indeed a poor man. Last year perhaps Allah was kind to me, when I finished the cookhouses in the barracks of the " paltan," but, as the Sahib knoweth, there is little profit, only honour, in a Government contract for an honest man. Since that time I have been put to much expense and suffered great trouble in the matter of a lawsuit. The Sahib knoweth that the Law is just, caring not for caste or creed ; but it is true also that justice can only be obtained for many rupees ; witnesses are reluctant, and the vakils swallow up lakhs of rupees in talk. But the justice is good, true as the edge of an Afridi's knife. I have obtained justice, Sahib, and now I am a poor man. Allah knoweth that I speak truth.

What was this lawsuit ? Doth the Sahib wish to hear ? Very well, I will tell the tale ; and afterwards the Sahib will give me the contract surely. Huzoor, thou knowest that I am an honest man, and that all thought of deceit and trickery is as far removed from me as the tiger from the dungbeetle. Allah knoweth.

The Sahib knoweth Faiz Ullah ? Yes, he is Rai Bahadur and Member of Council. He is also a pig, and the son of a pig, and lies flow as swiftly from his lips as the waters of the Ravi in flood time. Once he was my friend, and it seemed to me that nothing could break the bond between us. We were as brothers—nay, closer, for the ties of kinship are frail things compared with the links that join two friends. I loved him, and put my trust in him, and never thought that I nursed a karait in my bosom.

What did I do to him ? The Sahib speaks in jest. Before Allah I did nothing. True there was the matter of the two squares of land in the Gurdaspur District, which I sold him. But what was that but fair trading ? And it is good land, if the water comes there.

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We were friends, and because we were friends, my son, Shauqat Ali, at my entreaty, took to wife the daughter of Faiz Ullah, Rai Bahadur. Although he found that she was ill-favoured and scarred with small pox, yet he said nothing. Faiz Ullah made her a fair marriage portion, and that was a bond between us, until we knew that she was but a barren cow of a woman, and there would be no grandson to pluck at my beard in my old age. My son was shamed and bowed his head, and divorced her, and sent her back to Faiz Ullah. And in all things did he behave decently and justly ; but the marriage portion we kept.

Yet Faiz Ullah remained my friend ; and why should he not ? But Allah, who only is great and who knoweth all things, saw the hatred in his heart, when his false lips spoke his love for me. I, Khuda Baksh, was blind, and forgave him the trick he played my son. And I went in peace about my business.

Have patience, Sahib, I will tell everything. I will show all the perfidy of Faiz Ullah, that spawn of a thousand devils. It happened thus. One day last spring, before the Roza, which fell early this year, as the Sahib without doubt remembereth, as I rose from my mat after the namaz, and the praises of Allah had scarcely left my lips, the police came to my house, and arrested me. And I, Khuda Baksh, Government contractor, was taken to the Police Thana and thrown into a stinking cell. Sahib, I was accused of theft. I was charged with stealing a cow from my friend Faiz Ullah. It was said that on such and such a night, when Faiz Ullah and I were sleeping in the saria at Golanpura on the Peshawar Road, whither we had gone on business—I to repair the well on the Government camping ground, and he for I knew not what—I had risen in the night and taken his cow, which was tethered in the compound, sent it back to Lahore to the slaughterers and sold the meat. The chokidar and many others had seen this. Hath the Sahib ever heard such a childish tale ? What need have I to stoop to common stealing, I, a Government contractor ? I laughed at the charge and denied it. And then Faiz Ullah was brought face to face with me in the District Magistrate's Court, and the false son of a harlot made this accusation against me without the blinking of an eyelid.

Certainly it was a lie, as Allah knoweth, but how could I prove it ? The cow was dead and in a hundred bellies,

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and the vultures and the jackals had picked its bones; and how could it speak, even when alive? Faiz Ullah testified, and men came to testify also, that the cow had been purchased by him from the lambardar of Golanpura, and that it had been tethered in the court of the sarai that night; and there were many from the village, who bore witness that I and my son had risen in the night and loosed the cow and handed it over to my men, who had taken it to Lahore. Again men were brought, who vowed that they knew the cow well, and that they had seen it in Lahore the next day, and that it had been sent to the butchers and sold for meat. Verily Golanpura must be a village of owls and foxes, who wake only at night. Those who testified to all this numbered thirty and three, and what was I to do in the face of such evidence? I was not prepared; there was no time to defend myself; and justice was swift that day, and I was condemned. Sahib, it is not good for justice to be too hasty, it gives no chance to an honest man. How could I find witnesses in my favour so quickly?

What? I appealed? But surely. The Sahib knoweth that true justice cannot be obtained without an appeal. That is the blessed right that the just Government gives to every honest man. I appealed, and I proved Faiz Ullah to be a liar and a slanderer. I brought men to the High Court, who showed that the cow was without doubt mine, and that Faiz Ullah and his thirty and three witnesses had been mistaken; for were there not two cows tethered in the court of the sarai that night? It was proved without the shadow of a doubt that I had purchased the cow the day before from a zemindar in Sheikpura, the next village to Golanpura—men seeing it brought in to the sarai—and that I had sent it off that night in haste in order to fulfil a contract for meat in Lahore. Forty and two honest men testified thus.

The appeal was upheld, and my honour was vindicated, and I walked abroad a free man. But in one thing surely the judge was at fault. If I was innocent, and I was proved so, why should I share the costs of the case with that pig, Faiz Ullah? He should have borne all the expense. The Sahib cannot tell? Truly the ways of the English are inscrutable.

But the Sahib knoweth how costly is the Law, and I have shown how I had to procure many witnesses; and now, because of my innocence, I am become a poor man. And

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Faiz Ullah, my enemy, waxes fat. Huzoor, thou wilt surely give me the contract, and I shall ever pray to Allah, who only is great, for thy continued long life, and health and happiness—

What does the Sahib ask? Whose cow was it? Were there truly two cows, or one? Sahib, thou art my protector, and I thy slave; I will tell the truth. Hear me, for this is true talk. There never was a cow.

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FISHING

By Heckham-Peckham.

NOW the shooting season is over, many of us turn our thoughts to fishing, and several of us are wondering when we are going to get any, and what sort of a season it is going to be. Reports so far seem to indicate a good season; the cold and snow spoilt the early spring fishing in February, and I am afraid many who had hoped to get some then were sadly disappointed.

Like all other British sport, the price has gone up considerably since the war, and so Fishing Associations have been formed, but as the majority of associations are limited as to numbers, it is not so easy to get into one without remaining for some time on the waiting list. In many parts of Great Britain and Ireland quite nice fishing can be had from hotels, but the worst of this is that the hotel waters are generally very much over-fished, and such good sport cannot be expected as from private waters. So-called free fishing, except in Ireland, is never much use bothering about, as in the majority of cases it is waste of time. There used to be a great deal of "free fishing" in Ireland, and also a great deal of poaching, but recently the Free State Government have appointed a "Ministry of Fisheries" in Dublin, who have divided the country into districts, each district being under the care of a Board of Conservators, who endeavour to prevent illegal practices.

A very excellent book called "The Angler's Guide to the Irish Free State" is published by the Ministry of Fisheries in Dublin, and the cost of this book is only 2s. Let me give a word of warning to anybody who may think of going to fish there and of taking their motor-cars with them. Customs Papers are only issued to owners for the purpose of making a pleasure tour, and on no account can a "Triptyque" be obtained for hired vehicles or for business. The regulations are so stringent that it is not even advisable to discuss business with a friend. There is no Customs duty on motor vehicles crossing to Northern Ireland from Great Britain.

By the time this article is in print salmon fishing will be in full swing, and, on most rivers in Great Britain, will be at its best, and the trout fishing will have commenced.

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Possibly for those who are not very expert, or have not had a great deal of experience, a few hints and suggestions may not be out of place. It is quite impossible to lay down any hard and fast rules, because conditions are so different on various waters, but a few essentials are necessary before going off on a fishing expedition.

As regards salmon and trout fishing, rivers open and close at various dates, but the general rule for salmon is to open about February 1st and close November 1st, and for trout and sea-trout, March 1st to October 1st.

So much has been written and discussed regarding the habits of salmon that it would be out of place to raise controversial subjects in this article, but it may interest some readers to know something about their known habits.

To begin with a salmon must be considered a freshwater fish, only going down to the sea for a short time to recoup and then returning to the river he has been bred in.

The time of spawning is the end of autumn to the beginning of spring, the time differing in various rivers. The process is as follows. The female makes a furrow with her tail in beds of fine gravel in the shallow parts of the river, and deposits her spawn. She is attended by at least one male, but sometimes two, and then a fierce fight takes place, each one trying with the hook in his jaw to hook the other by the tail, until one of them is eventually defeated. After she has deposited her spawn, the male fish pours on the spawn the vivifying milt, this process taking place several times until she has no spawn left, and lasting from three to twelve days. After this, they eventually work their way down to the sea. Before, and after spawning especially, the male fish become very dark in colour, ugly and weak, and are known as " Kelts." The angler will constantly catch them when fishing in the early part of the season, but they must be promptly returned to the river, as there is a heavy fine if anybody is found in possession of one of these spent fish.

The hatching process takes from 90 to 140 days, and after a further eight weeks the young fish are about the size of a minnow. They take about two to four years to reach the sea, and are known up to about the end of the first year as " Parr," and after that period as " Smolts."

During the passage to the sea these Parr are a source of great annoyance to the trout angler, as they rise very freely to a small trout fly and the novice is apt to think he has

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caught a small trout, whereas really he has a young salmon. They must be immediately returned to the water, as it is illegal to keep them. They are distinguishable from trout, which has an orange tip to the adipose fin. When returning these to the river, they should be put carefully into the water, held gently in the hand and faced upstream and then allowed to swim away. Do not throw them roughly into the water, in case they may get hurt and die.

These young Parr have several enemies, notably big trout, heron, otter, etc., so that only a few of the millions hatched ever reach the sea—possibly only five per cent.

There is, I am afraid, in a great many rivers, pollution, and this is caused by the increase of population and industry and also by the more modern drainage of land, and it is a great pity that more drastic measures are not taken by the authorities to stop this. In some rivers salmon have completely disappeared and in others their numbers are very much reduced on account of this. When fishing for salmon, either with a fly or spinning, it is essential to go about quietly and not expose oneself on the river bank. Salmon lying in a pool can hear and see, and will not take if frightened. Many fishermen I have noticed ruin their sport by not being more careful when approaching a river bank to fish.

In the early part of the season, and in some rivers all through the season, the use of the gaff is prohibited, and a net or tailer must be used—the reason of this being not to hurt the kelts by gaffing them. A tailer is a very difficult thing to use. It is made of steel, and works like a slip-knot. The great thing to remember is to put it well over the fish before pulling to land him.

Before going off fishing it is a good plan to get everything ready overnight, so as not to forget anything when starting off early in the morning. Many fishermen go out equipped with far too much " gear," and my advice is to go out with only the essentials. Fishing-tackle makers naturally want to sell you all sorts of " gadgets "—some good and some useless. The majority of these things only get in your way, and, out fishing, get lost and damaged, and your money is wasted. Another thing to remember is not to leave your fishing bag or lunch in a field where there are cows or young cattle, as they are most inquisitive animals, and you may return to find your lunch eaten, your tackle in a most hopeless mess, and your bag destroyed.

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The sea-trout have habits very much the same as a salmon, going to the sea and returning to the rivers to spawn. They give the most wonderful sport, and I hope to devote an article on them later.

The brown, or common trout, is possibly the best known fish and is to be found in large numbers in our streams, especially in the chalk streams. They grow to a large size, but to catch a trout of 1 lb. or 1½ lbs. will give the angler very good sport. In the summer time they sometimes rise freely to the fly, but feed also on fresh-water shell fish, and small fish. They spawn between October and November, and their way of spawning is very much the same as a salmon. Dry fly fishing, that is, fishing with a fly that floats on the water, is a most fascinating sport, and requires a great deal of skill and patience. Wet fly fishing is more common in lakes and fast running streams, but does not require quite as much skill as dry fly. The idea of the two is that the dry fly represents the live fly on the water and the wet fly the drowning fly, or the young fly coming to life from the bottom to the top. Both are taken by the trout, but in some rivers the fish will only take the artificial dry fly. This is very noticeable in sluggish rivers like the Avon or clear waters like the Kennet and Test.

Fishing gear is very expensive, and requires a great deal of care, otherwise your bill at the tackle-maker's will become very heavy, and if every portion of it is not in tip-top order when you hook a fish, he will break you, and be lost. There are several good rod makers, both for split cane and Greenheart rods, and if a well-known maker is selected, there is little chance of getting a bad article. Rods require a great deal of looking after to ensure their lasting. A rod should never be left leaning against a wall, otherwise it may get warped, but should be hung up. Do not put a rod away in a damp cover. Never use vaseline or oil on rod ferrules, a little raw mutton suet or yellow soap is the best lubricant. When putting a rod together, do not hold the wood or cane, but grip the metal ferrules, and keep your hands close together in turning the rod joints, or pulling them apart. Always dry your rod carefully before putting it back into the case. If these few hints are carefully observed, the life of the rod is considerably lengthened. Lines should always be left to dry after use. Tackle makers are very anxious to sell "line driers," but these are not really necessary, all that you need

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do is to run off your line from the reel and leave it to dry on a chair. A little tip worth noting is when reeling up your line after drying, do not reel in up to the end, but leave a few inches of slack ; this will prevent it getting into a tangle on the reel.

Casts before use should be thoroughly soaked, particularly the thicker ones. Stout salmon casts should be put into warm water and allowed to soak for at least two hours before use ; if cold water is used, they should be placed in overnight. At the end of the day the fly should be removed from the cast and left to dry until required for use again. There are some people who have an idea that by keeping casts permanently soaked in clean rain water and changing the water every twenty-four hours they prolong the life of a cast, but I am not at all convinced that it does, and, anyhow, it is not worth all this trouble. A very experienced and well-known fisherman told me quite recently that he had proved that the best way to keep casts is to keep them out of the light in an airtight tin, lined with chamois leather or felt.

There are several other kinds of fishing besides salmon and trout, but Mr. Editor refuses to allow me any more of his valuable space, so I must close this article and only hope it may be of a little interest and help to our readers.

I shall be pleased to answer any question, or give advice or help to any reader who cares to use the form at the end of the magazine. Enquiries should be addressed to " The Editor " and marked " Fishing."

[NOTE.—Our Yachting article is held over until the next issue.]

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CARS FOR THE SERVICES

I.

THE day has long since arrived when the petrol-driven vehicle became a necessity not only as an article of equipment for the land services, but as a factor in the performance of their daily duties. In fact, it may be regarded as essential to the personal convenience and enjoyment of all ranks of all three Services.

In these days of the pernicious, but fatally attractive, "easy payment" system—known by soldiers not inappropriately as the "Kathleen Mavourneen" system—it is a far from uncommon occurrence for an "other rank" to be in possession of a far more swagger mount than that of his junior officer. Therefore, whilst it must remain a mystery sometimes as to how it is done, the fact remains that a car of sorts has become almost a necessity of life to most of us, and this in spite of the dictum of a well-known London magistrate that "no one with an income of less than £1,000 a year can afford to own a car." Under these circumstances it is considered unnecessary to apologize for the introduction of this subject to the pages of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

In view of the many and excellent periodicals that are devoted to motors nowadays, this action may seem superfluous. It is hoped, however, that whilst in no way attempting to emulate these periodicals, we may in some way fill a useful niche by supplying information that is of peculiar use to the Services. Thus, although it is intended to describe and discuss the better-known makes of cars, the mechanical fanatic will search these columns in vain for diagrams and technical jargon. But we believe there is quite a considerable body of readers, not technically minded enough or just not sufficiently enthusiastic, who shun reading cars in an undiluted form, and yet are quite eager to read articles on the subject, if only they are presented in small and easily digested doses. It is for such a public that we hope to cater.

Again, officers are faced with problems connected with foreign service that do not commonly arise in civil life. In the first place before purchasing a car, an officer with the prospect of foreign service in a not distant future, will wonder: Can I get rid of my "Wizard" at short notice in six months'

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time? How much shall I get for it? Now, although many make the libellous assumption that the mantle of the horse-coper has descended upon the car dealer, there are undoubtedly good agents and the other sort, and we shall at any time be pleased to put readers in touch with firms that understand service conditions and will always be prepared to take back cars, within certain periods of time and at a definite figure. Of course there is always the alternative of taking one's car abroad and here again arises a host of problems. How much will it cost to get the car out? What is the present cost of "Wizards" in India? Where are the nearest "Wizard" agents at the other end? We do not desire to lay any claim to infallibility, but it is hoped that we may be able to supply information through the medium of our letter, that would normally involve the querist in much correspondence.

All that is asked is that queries marked "Cars" on the left top corner of the envelope and addressed to The Editor, may be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, and a FIGHTING FORCES' Inquiry Coupon which will be found on one of the later pages of each number.

Although of more recent years car prices have tended to become more stabilized, only quite lately purchasers have been badly bitten by investing in a model the price of which has shortly afterwards been drastically reduced. A case in point is that of the 6-cylinder Wolseley. Speaking generally, it is considered that there is little likelihood of any firm being able to make an appreciable reduction in the prices of their cars for some time to come. Indeed, the signs all point in the opposite direction, and the general tendency is to concentrate on improvements in design and finish, and as a result a slight increase in car prices is more probable. As an illustration of this, the Rover Company have taken the commendable step of announcing publicly that there will be no reduction in the prices of their models, but they do not guarantee that there will not be a slight increase.

The Austin Company is an outstanding example of this policy. Only within the last few weeks they have found it necessary to increase the prices of all their models. This company has increased their charges as follows:—7 h.p. and 12 h.p. models increased by £5, 16 h.p. models by £10, and the 20 h.p. models by £35. These increased prices refer to the complete models and not to the chassis only. At the same time it must be appreciated that all these models have

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been equipped with very substantial improvements that at least justify the increased charges. In the first place Austins' are to be congratulated upon making the fitting of Triplex windscreens, standard on all models. If only " Jix " would make it illegal to equip cars with plate glass and annul some of his, shall we say, less popular regulations, what a much happier world this would be. Shock absorbers fore and aft are fitted on all Austin cars instead of only in front as formerly. This will rejoice the hearts of cavalry subalterns and others who are destined to be mounted on " Baby Austins " for reconnaissance purposes. A quite ingenious new fitting is that of zinc-lined spring leaves. This should do much to prevent the chronic and exasperating chorus of " chirps " associated with old and rusty springs. Alterations to the chassis frame of the " Baby Austin " have made it possible to make the bodies slightly more roomy : a vital point, this, for many people. The general design and quality of all coachwork has been improved definitely. Upholstery materials are better whilst new types of door hinges and anti-rattle door locks are also fitted. On all chassis other than the 7 h.p., dipping headlight reflectors have been standardized. These same chassis embody an improvement which although comparatively minor will appeal strongly to people who hate superfluous effort—and is not their name legion ? The petrol tank filler is now so placed that the filler cap protrudes through the floor boards immediately on the right of the driver's seat. and the tank can be filled and the operation supervised without the driver moving. The petrol tank and filler are very noticeable in the illustration of the 16 h.p. 6-cylinder type chassis.

The general design of the various models is fairly conventional and a detail of specifications would be wearisome and superfluous. There are nevertheless one or two features that may be discussed briefly. In the first place, the makers preserve a delightful impartiality regarding the rival merits of the magneto, and battery and coil ignition systems. The 20 h.p. and 12 h.p. cars have magneto ignition, whilst the 16 h.p. and 7 h.p. are equipped with battery and coil.

The British public is nothing if not conservative and has always shown a strong preference for magnetos. There has been little justification for this preference other than that of habit. Indeed, it is probable that most individuals, who have experience of cars fitted with dual ignition systems, will

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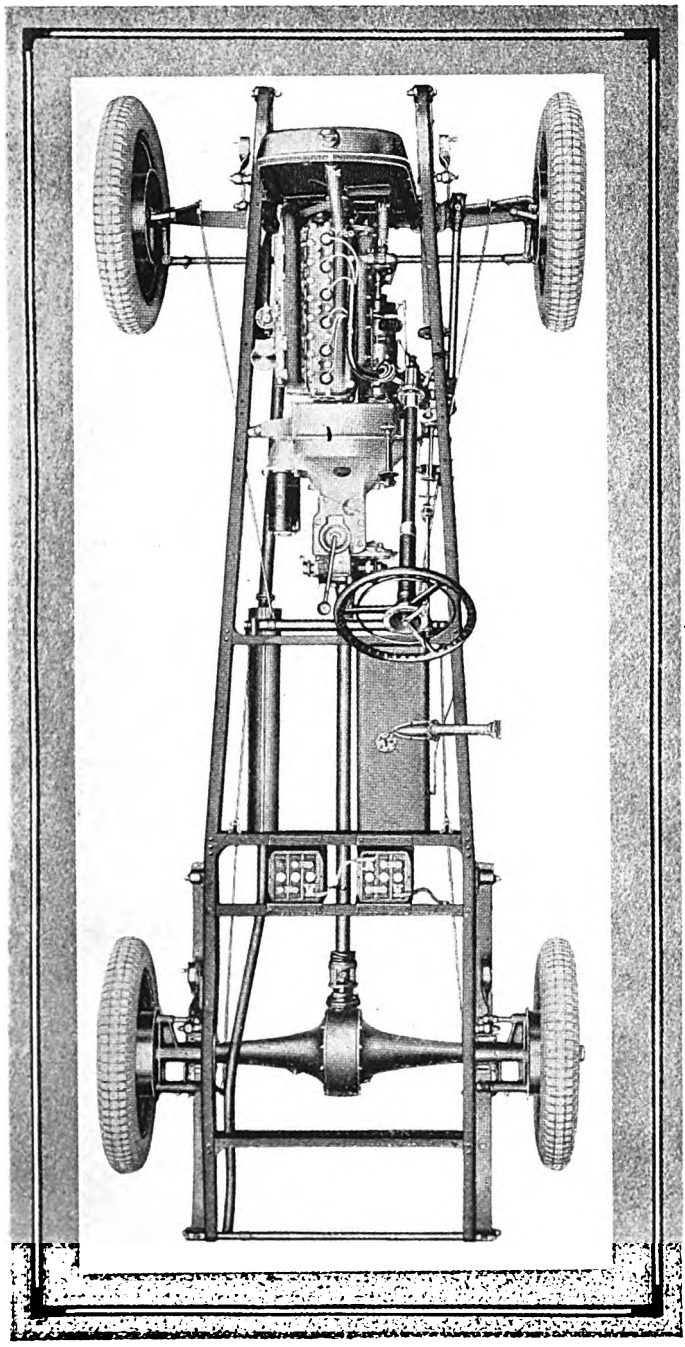

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subscribe to the view that battery ignition is the more efficient and less troublesome. It should be remembered that if the battery is so run down that the ignition fails, it also most certainly will not be strong enough to operate the starter motor, the Klaxon horn will be mute and you will be arrested for having inefficient lights. Therefore, battery ignition is less likely to develop such utter decrepitude without fair warning, than are magnetos. Moreover, if such desperate straits are ever encountered it will be at least as easy to hire a battery temporarily, as it will a magneto.

The braking systems employed on the three larger types of chassis may not be to everyone's taste. On all these chassis the foot pedal operates four-wheel brakes, whilst the hand brake is of the transmission type, the brake drum being placed immediately behind the gearbox. Transmission brakes generally have earned the reputation of causing distortion and strain to the transmission. This was probably true in cases where this type of brake was used as the service brake and was operated by the foot pedal. Austins' have long since given up the unequal task of trying to persuade the public to use the hand brake as a service brake, as some other firms have persisted in doing. Under these circumstances this type of brake should be adequate to meet all the demands made by the average driver on his hand brake. Austins' themselves stoutly affirm that this brake is of such particularly sound design that it can give nothing but satisfaction. We will not dare dispute them.

The Austin range of cars varying from £130 for the 7 h.p. touring car to the de luxe 20 h.p. 6-cylinder car at £660, may be said to represent a value in comfort and efficiency that is hard to improve upon at equal prices, although they may not satisfy some peoples' demands for speed.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

17.—THE GENERAL OUTLOOK FOR EX-REGULAR OFFICERS.

By "Vive le Sport."

THE Fighting Forces has, since its inception, consistently, every quarter, published an article under this heading, and nearly every part of the Empire has been discussed by various writers.

Serving as we are in a profession from which the greater number have to retire at a comparatively early age, it is only natural that, as we get older, we should want to make a cast round as to our chances of employment when we have to leave the Service.

It is the fashion amongst commissioned ranks to adopt the attitude that, owing to our particular form of training, we shall be useless in any job in civil life.

It is our belief that, although this may have been and probably was true twenty years ago, it is to-day an entirely wrong attitude to adopt. Hounds in blood hunt far better than hounds which have not killed for six weeks. In other words, nothing succeeds like success. The converse is equally true—if a man who is about to retire feels that he will be unwanted, his chances of success are almost nil.

The object of this article is to try to counteract the current view.

The Services provide a wonderful hard training for any man, and if only an officer, as he goes through his years in the Army, Navy or Air Force, keeps himself well read and avoids at all costs getting into a groove, his chances with civilian employers are by no means hopeless.

A change for the better in the attitude of employers is largely due to the war. After the war large numbers of men returned to their offices, and many an employer in a big business has found that his subordinates have improved in many ways as a result of their Service experience; the chief asset from this cause being an improvement in initiative, a very valuable attribute in any business.

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Of those officers who reach the retiring age there are two main categories :—

1. Those possessed of a comfortable income, and
2. Those who, beyond their pensions, have little else to fall back on.

Each of these categories can again be subdivided into two parts :—

1 (*a*). Rich men who intend to do nothing but enjoy themselves. (Of these there are only a few.)

1 (*b*). Those who intend to have a full day's occupation, full of interest and possibly of great help to others. Such men become Masters of Foxhounds or have an estate to manage and farm, and will probably employ dozens of men in well paid jobs ; others become Members of Parliament.

With 1 (*a*) we are out of sympathy, but at any rate they probably keep a number of men in work through their expensive tastes.

Of 1 (*b*) we can only say that it is ten thousand pities there are not more of them. All who come in touch with them realize their great value to the community.

The subdivisions of category 2 are :—

2 (*a*). Those who are quite content to vegetate and do nothing except exist on their meagre pensions, and

2 (*b*). Those who want a job and, whatever the trouble and work entailed, mean to get one.

We are as much out of sympathy with 2 (*a*) as we are with 1 (*a*).

Category 2 (*b*) is the one to which a large number of retiring officers belong, and it is of these that we are thinking.

No officer can survive for long in the Services of to-day unless he keeps his wits about him. The actual daily responsibilities and technical knowledge required ensure that his brain is kept alive. In addition, the promotion examinations demand that every officer should be aware of what is going on in the world, and unless one of the leading daily newspapers is carefully read (especially the Imperial and foreign news columns), it is almost impossible to pass up from one rank to another.

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Thus, we see that the mental side is kept fully alive, and added to this we have the physical fitness derived from every sort of game, sport and military field work. At the end of twenty to twenty-five years it is not surprising that we have a man bursting with life and energy who can and does compete successfully with his contemporaries who have done a similar period in offices in London.

It must be remembered that nowadays all officers acquire a good administrative and accounting knowledge, and there are very few captains of companies who allow these duties to be carried out by subordinates.

During twenty years' service there are splendid opportunities for the study of foreign languages. A sensible man will some time or other learn one or more languages for the sake of doing so, but as a matter of fact financial rewards are given, and when interpretership standards are reached these rewards are in some cases quite considerable. Various courses, such as economics, can be attended at the Universities.

Although only a lucky or hardworking few get into the Staff College annually, the numbers that try to do so are enormous, and these study such subjects as: Languages, Political Economy, Transportation, Business Organization, Science and Mathematics, all of which are really of use to any citizen.

The Services are the greatest employers of labour, and one of the most useful things learned, when first one gains the King's Commission, is the art of handling men, or, in other words, " leadership." When we look at the efforts of a newly-joined subaltern or carry our minds back to the day we joined, it is easy to realize that this handling of men is a real art.

Situations that seemed terribly difficult to deal with at first appear to be quite easy after a few years. This art, therefore, can be learned, and nowhere is it better done than in the Services. On retiring, this handling of men is an asset of the greatest importance, whether a man is running his own show on a farm or is employed by some business firm.

In the Army sixty days' leave of absence are granted each year, and it is not intended that this leave should be passed in idleness at home or in " poodle faking." The intention is that officers should indulge in foreign travel or

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in some real sport or game such as hunting, big game shooting, sailing or ski-ing, etc.—anything, in fact, which gives greater experience, hardness or knowledge of the world and of men.

If quartered in England, there is no reason why from time to time various countries in Europe should not be visited; and in many cases sport and travel can be combined—*e.g.*, ski-ing in Switzerland, fishing in Norway, or snipe shooting in Spain.

If quartered in India, there are opportunities for further local travel, such as a trek towards Thibet from Kashmir, or visits to Burma and Ceylon or even to Australia and New Zealand. There is no difficulty in obtaining big-game shooting in the jungle. (Talking of travel reminds us of a senior officer who was asked what he thought of the Rockies and of Niagara. He replied that Niagara was the d——st silly *thing* he had ever seen in his life, and that there was nothing the Rockies could produce which could not be beaten by the Yorkshire moors; but he was a real Tory die-hard.)

We now propose to give a list of those employments which have been carried out successfully by ex-officers with whom we are personally acquainted or of which we have had reliable information. It is not suggested for a single moment that there have not been failures, because such a suggestion would be contrary to the fact. The list is comprehensive, and the financial success ranges from two or three hundred a year to a couple of thousand a year according to the work and the intelligence and ability of the various individuals.

Farming in the Transvaal, Kenya or British Columbia.
(In these cases we strongly advise a personal visit to the country selected for at least a year before purchasing land.)
Government appointments in Kenya or other colonies.
Private tutoring.
Market gardening.
School mastering.
Bursar at a Public School.
Writing or Editing.
Scene painting.
Poultry keeping.
Coaching Officers for exams.
Language teaching.
Publishers.

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Aircraft pilots.
Doctors.
Hunter and polo pony breeding.
Coaching cricket or other games.
Motor services (various branches).
Hotel keeping.
Empire marketing board.
Lloyds Shipping and Insurance.
Employment under some of the great trading and shipping companies. (Knowledge of languages frequently useful here.)
Farming at home (specializing.)
Sports agencies abroad.
Land agents and Private Secretaries.

This does not look as if civilian employers are frightened of ex-officers, and it is only necessary to look round carefully and we shall see how successful many of our former brother officers have been after they have retired.

A boxer who is frightened of his opponent because of that opponent's big reputation is beaten before he enters the ring ; but a man proud in his own skill steps into the ring with confidence, and, if he is the sort that will not admit defeat, he is an awkward customer.

Civil life is the ring to the officer about to retire, and when he steps into that ring with the confidence of twenty years' experience behind him, it should hold no fears for him provided he has not wasted his time during those twenty years.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, " The Fighting Forces."

SINGAPORE, S.S.
December 27th, 1928.

SIR,

In response to your invitation to the airing of views on the subject of " Field Officer " rank for the Navy, or " Tin Hats for All," I think someone must have been pulling your leg if he persuaded you that Lieutenant-Commanders have a legitimate grievance in this lack of gold lace on their lids. If, however, there is a person so misguided, let him reflect a moment on the situation which would arise in a modern capital ship. The distinction would then be *not* to wear a Brass Hat, for there would be only a handful of undecorated caps in the Mess. We resemble a Ruritanian Navy enough as it is, with an Admiral to every ship, maybe a couple of Captains and a dozen or more Commanders of various branches, without splashing more oak leaves about.

I devoutly trust my fellow Two-and-a-half-Stripers are not thinking of taking up the idea seriously, thus showing themselves as susceptible to human frailty as our estimable brethren of other branches of the Service, who have been so fond of imagining that they can add cubits to their status by adding curls to their stripes.

If it is true that the Lieutenant-Commander appears something less to the uninstructed eye, what matter ? If he fails to keep his end up with soldiers, British or foreign, all the oak leaves in Epping Forest will do no more than provide a very temporary assistance ; it is the man who is wanting, not his hat.

These questions of uniform are so trivial that it is a pity even to ventilate them. All Service people will remember the hubbub three years ago over an order that officers of the (E) Branch should wear purple between their stripes. I was shipmates with a Lieutenant (E) at the time, whose retort to an attempt to rouse him on the subject was : " So long as they give me my pay and let me do my job, I'll wear purple stripes on my (purple) stern if they like."

O si sic omnes !

Yours, etc.,
LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER, R.N.

[The paragraph to which our correspondent refers, and which appeared in the October, 1928, Editorial under the title of " The Navy and Field Officers," was inspired by a retired Captain, R.N., to whom we showed the above letter. He replied as follows : No one supposes that gold lace or any other form of finery " makes the man," but it happens to be a fact that in all fighting forces rank and status are indicated by distinctions, more or less decorative, in uniform. The Lieutenant-Commander's relative rank with officers of the other two Services is clearly defined, but his " status," which is that of a Field Officer, not so clearly. As it is the case that the cap peak indicates " status " as well as actual rank in the Army and Air Force, it seems only commonsense that it should do so in the Navy. But the expression of such an opinion does not amount to advocacy of " gilt-edged trimmings " for anyone in particular or of gold lace as a material to be used for distinctive purposes.—ED.]

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THE BOOKSHELF

THE ART OF FLYING. By CAPT. NORMAN MACMILLAN. Duckworth, 5s.

Capt. Norman Macmillan is eminently fitted as an airman to write on this subject and he has accomplished his task as skilfully as he would pilot an aeroplane. The book is written from the test pilot's point of view and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker in his foreword does not overstate the case when he says that the result is not only instructive, but offers a fascinating insight to the romance and adventure inseparable from aeronautical progress. This book brings out the vital importance of commercial aviation to the British Empire in the future—an importance which very few people even in aviation circles fully realize. It records the very marked progress in aeronautical design which has been accomplished by British brains and British enterprise during the last few years—and it takes the reader into the domains of the high heavens realistically and truthfully.

The author presents a very clear picture to the reader of what flying is, its possibilities and limitations, in relation to himself as the brains of the aeroplane. It is his purpose to enlarge the aviator's conception of the art of flying and by so doing to give him greater certainty of hand. The more widely this book is read by pilots the greater will be the decrease in avoidable accidents and the author of this book will be happy in the knowledge that he may have been indirectly responsible for saving many valuable lives. It is a book we heartily commend to all pilots. Even the most experienced pilots will find in it much to their advantage.

The chapter on flying sense is not the least valuable and instructive, for after all flying sense is the most important attribute to the flier and is probably the least understood by the majority.

THE MEMOIRS OF RAYMOND POINCARÉ. Vol. III. Translated by SIR GEORGE ARTHUR. Heinemann. 21s.

This volume covers the fateful months between August and December, 1914, and is a translation of the fifth volume in the original French edition. It may be said at once that it is more readable than its two English predecessors, and that because there has in this case been neither adaptation nor condensation of the French text.

M. Poincaré has nothing new to tell us of the period with which he deals, but he does throw a good deal of light upon his own character. He shows himself to be not a great man, but essentially a conscientious one, and his present Premiership proves that the lapse of fifteen years has not worked any change in him. Within the limits of the Constitution, whether as President or Premier, he is prepared to take the initiative, but he has not the vision of a Mussolini or a Clemenceau in devising far-reaching schemes, nor does he possess their ruthless energy. M. Poincaré is above all else the great Parliamentarian, so that although we find him on many occasions in these pages complaining of the gilded chains that fetter a French President, he never seems to have thought of breaking them.

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With the actual conduct of military operations M. Poincaré had nothing to do, and, indeed, the French General Staff appears to have kept the civil authorities in the dark as to what was going on to a surprising extent. It is, however, interesting to have the views of English critics confirmed by so distinguished a Frenchman as the present author: the folly of the advance into Alsace, the complete collapse of the original plan of defence, and the incurable optimism of the Higher Command—all are unsparingly condemned in these pages. To the British reader not the least significant passage is that which describes the stupefaction of the French generals and politicians when Lord Kitchener told them he was making preparations for a two years' war.

On the political side it is clear that from the day war began Russia was a very inconvenient ally for Great Britain and France. She was continually suggesting all sorts of schemes for obtaining fresh support, especially in the Balkans, while to her initiative was due the premature partition of the fruits of victory—a policy, unfortunately, which the British Foreign Office was only too quick to follow, with lamentable results when peace did come. In his judgments both upon men and upon events M. Poincaré shows himself shrewd, but he makes it quite clear that in his position he was essentially a looker-on. Some readers will be inclined to think that the writer would have done better to have waited until his retirement from public life before describing his tenure of the Presidency, for he has had to be so circumspect that at times his narrative is intolerably jejune; however this may be, his book does give the key to his own character, and for that reason alone it will command attention.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG. By SERGT. T. SECRETT, M.M. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d.

When the ex-batman takes up his pen to write of the famous General he served we have history from a new angle. The old tag may trail across the mind and cause the scandalmongers to look here for damning evidence of petty traits and unheroic qualities, but such will be disappointed. A faithful servant to his master for a quarter of a century, he has written a very meritorious and interesting book. From the day when he first reported to Colonel Haig during the South African War to what must have been a painful parting from the Field-Marshal at Bemersyde twenty-five years later, Secrett followed his master devotedly, and all through his story of cheerful gossip and characteristic incident he is recording evidence of the sterling integrity, the efficiency, and the kindliness of the late Commander-in-Chief. Haig's sang-froid under fire, his passion for orderliness and exactitude, his abhorrence of anything salacious, his steadfastness in the hour of trial and his ever-present thoughtfulness for the men are well illustrated. The book we are told was in a great measure written because of the love Haig bore for the British Legion, that through it the legionaries might learn something of the human side of their great President. Certainly no member can remain unmoved as he reads of Lord Haig's ceaseless industry and unremitting labours on behalf of the Legion he loved.

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A Short Account of Canteens in The British Army. By the Hon. Sir John Fortescue. Cambridge University Press. 3s. 6d.

This little book describes the growth of the canteen system from the time of the famous Kit Ross and the sutlers of the eighteenth century down through the various phases of canteen enterprise and co-operative trading which culminated in the N.A.A.F.I. as we know it to-day. Such is the magic of a gifted pen that even this dull subject has produced an eminently readable narrative. A member of Sir John Fortescue's family, Major the Hon. Lionel Fortescue, of the 17th Lancers, was one of the founders of the Canteen and Mess Co-operative Society in 1894, and so helped to pave the way for the immensely improved conditions under which our soldiers took the field during the South African War, and to an even greater extent, during the Great War, when the E.F.C. performed such prodigies of usefulness. Sir John says the establishment of the N.A.A.F.I. is the greatest benefit that has ever been conferred on the Army. While in no way wishing to detract from their valuable work, it is permissible to wish that their present-day efforts to carry out " big business " were on rather less ambitious lines. A corporation such as this, working under the most " favoured nation " conditions, whose *raison d'être* is the provision of normal creature comforts for officers and men, can hardly find it necessary to deal in every conceivable commodity—as they do—from gramophones to lingerie, the retailing of which naturally does not endear them to various small tradesmen in garrison towns, who were wont to regard officers, soldiers and their wives, as their best customers.

The New Map of South America. By H. A. Gibbons. Cape. 12s. 6d.

Latin America and its problems loom so large in the eyes of the world to-day that any book in which they are treated with knowledge and impartiality is to be welcomed, and that of Dr. Gibbons is a model of its type. He has an almost uncanny knack of getting to the very root of any subject which he discusses, while in this particular work his objectivity is the more remarkable in that he is himself a citizen of the United States. Coming, as it does, immediately after Mr. Hoover's tour of Latin America this book is specially valuable both for the information it contains and for the point of view from which it is written.

The author is under no illusions as to the fact that the predominant part in the future of South America will be played by geography, and that its place in the world of to-morrow depends upon the extent to which modern invention can overcome the natural difficulties. Everywhere there is potential wealth which in the past has not been realized owing to the inadequacy of the means of transport, but to-day water power and aviation are producing the most far-reaching changes; indeed, in some of the republics the intervening stages of transport have been omitted altogether, and the pack-mule has given place to the aeroplane. On the other hand, the existing political frontiers are rarely economic, a fact which is the main cause of the present dispute

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between Bolivia and Paraguay over the Gran Chaco region, and in these circumstances some territorial adjustments appear inevitable in the years to come.

In his masterly analysis of the conditions obtaining in the individual republics Dr. Gibbons shows himself a convinced optimist in the great majority of cases. In his chapter on the Argentine he describes very clearly the debt under which that country lies to the remarkable men who have occupied the Presidential chair, for there has been established a tradition of ability at the *Casa Rosada* at Buenos Aires which the new President, Dr. Irogoyen, has proved in his former tenure of office that he can be fully trusted to maintain. The author also examines the dictatorships, and shows how those of to-day, influenced by recent events in Spain and Italy, differ from the rule exercised by the *caudillos* of last century.

As to the relations between his own country, the United States, and Latin America the author has much to say, and he frankly deplores the overbearing attitude assumed by successive administrations at Washington. Dr. Gibbons believes that the Monroe Doctrine is out of date, and that North American political activity should be restricted to the Canal Zone. In fact, there is throughout the whole book a plea for an entire change of policy at Washington, for the author rightly considers it of the greatest importance that his country should be on the best of terms with those who may well be numbered among the world's Great Powers to-morrow.

This is a book which no student of modern politics or economics can afford to ignore.

ALCIBIADES. By E. F. BENSON. Benn. 12s. 6d.

If versatility or many sidedness was the most prominent feature of the Greek race then Alcibiades (B.C. 450—404) was its most perfect specimen. Something of a poet, much of a libertine, an authority on chariots and women, a demagogue and a dilettante, equally successful as a general and as an admiral, a patriot and a traitor by turns, Alcibiades passed through a career which for versatility could have been obtained only in one other country and at one other time—Italy during the early Renaissance. There is much that is Borgian in the life of Alcibiades. Like the Borgias he might very well have been rejected as impossible if met in fiction, and yet like them he lived—very much lived—displaying during the forty-six years of his life the varied strength and weakness, the beauty and grossness, the culture and barbarity of the Hellenic civilization.

If it is inexplicable that no life of this truly amazing personality has appeared since Plutarch's incisive but all too short account, we are all the more indebted to Mr. Benson for having attacked a theme as untouched by others as it is peculiarly suited to the charm and lightness of touch which we should expect from the creator of *Dodo*. Now and again, perhaps, the historian becomes lost in the novelist and both in unnecessary detail, but generally the subject and interest are very well sustained. It makes indeed better reading than many a novel of adventure, for its hero was one of the most consummate blackguards who ever lived. But he was also one of the most gifted of men, who,

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but for a thoroughly bad upbringing, might have gained a name and fame as magnificent as Pericles, his relative and guardian. Whatever his faults, Alcibiades was the intimate friend of the great Socrates, and no man of whom this was said could be either wholly bad or fall very far short of genius.

HIGH PRESSURE. By COLONEL LIONEL JAMES. Murray. 12s.

This is a record of the author's adventures, chiefly in Africa and Asia, as the representative of Reuter's and *The Times*, and it makes singularly interesting reading. Colonel James does not hesitate to give his opinion of the men with whom he has come into contact in the course of his varied career, but his criticism of them, soldiers and civilians alike, is never ill-natured, and in no single instance can he be accused even of an approach to bad taste.

The book begins with the Chitral Campaign and closes with the Russo-Japanese War, and includes the author's experiences in the Sudan and in South Africa, where he was besieged in Ladysmith. As a piece of descriptive writing the account which Colonel James gives of Omdurman would be hard to beat, while the stress which, from personal knowledge, he lays upon the human side of Lord Kitchener's character will come as a revelation to a good many readers. It is in connection with the Sudan Campaign, too, that he tells the following anecdote of Mr. Winston Churchill :—

"I made several of the marches in company with Winston Churchill. The 21st Lancers had a down on this ambitious young subaltern, who had been attached to them for the campaign. In order to mark this displeasure someone in authority was small-minded enough to put the future Minister in charge of the Officers' Mess caravan, which consisted of an overladen mule and two donkeys. Far from being chagrined at this duty Churchill was amused. 'These are little people,' he said of his superiors as he urged the mess servants to keep the cortège moving. 'I can afford to laugh at them. They will live to see the mistake that they have made!'"

Colonel James also accompanied the ex-Kaiser upon his visit to the Holy Land, and has several amusing stories to tell in this connection, while his account of life in beleagured Ladysmith must bring the events of that memorable siege vividly before the minds of the younger generation to whom the town is but a name. Those who served in South Africa will be grateful to Colonel James for evoking many memories, and above all for the delightful style in which they are written.

The author has naturally much to say about the Press, and it is interesting to hear that he never got on with Lord Northcliffe—possibly because he mistook him for a subordinate at their first meeting. The relations between war correspondents and the Higher Command have not always been too friendly, but Colonel James was able to overcome most difficulties, save on one occasion when he found that the military censor was the representative of a rival news agency. Conditions of war have changed completely since the days with which this book deals, and it is doubtful if the war correspondent will ever again be the force

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he was in the past, but it contains much food for reflection all the same, as well as a fund of good stories.

THREE PERSONS. By SIR ANDREW MACPHAIL. Murray. 10s. 6d.

This book contains a study of the careers of Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Colonel House, and Colonel Lawrence in the light of their published works, and it will amply repay the most careful study. The author will find few readers to agree with all his conclusions, but in no single case are his facts open to question, and, on the whole, the portrait which he paints of these three wartime figures will most likely survive the passing of the years.

Sir Andrew's indictment of Sir Henry Wilson is the most damning that has yet appeared, and it is in no way weakened by the restrained language in which it is couched. He quotes at length, for example, the various compliments that the Field-Marshal says were paid to him by the great ones of the earth, and then observes that "the only voice lacking in this chorus of praise is the voice of an English soldier." Of the diaries themselves, and of the light they throw on their writer, he says :—

"All men boast to themselves—even St. Paul of the sin from which he was saved. Sir Henry Wilson boasted of himself to himself in his secret diary; and by a strange perversity the things of which a boaster boasts are always to his discredit. The diary was published, and he was betrayed. It makes of him the Play-Boy of the Western Front."

For Colonel House, the author, unlike a good many recent writers, has considerable sympathy, and he shows very clearly how his intimate knowledge of North American politics led him astray over European problems, owing to his continual drawing of false analogies. As Sir Andrew says :—

"He lacked experience, and Europe was so unlike Texas, he had no standards for his guidance. Rather, the standards he had were not applicable. He found Europe in arms; he had lived to middle age in Texas where every boy and man went armed. He had seen Texans abandon the practice; he thought Europe could as easily be persuaded to follow their example."

In his study of Colonel House the author also engages in a discussion of certain aspects of the American Constitution which are by no means as familiar to British readers as they should be.

As for Colonel Lawrence, Sir Andrew appears to find his personality as elusive as have most of those who have treated of him, and his portrait is, quite frankly, the least satisfactory of the three. The myths which surround him are disproved, but the character of the man even then hardly appears, though it is abundantly clear that there are at least two sides to it. The author very rightly says, however, that if Lawrence really desired obscurity after his work in the East was over he went the wrong way about achieving it, and recent events in Afghanistan give point to this observation.

Altogether, a remarkable book, and one which should be in the hands of all who are interested in the inner history of the last war and the warning it contains for the next.

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SOME ASPECTS OF JAPAN AND HER DEFENCE FORCES. By CAPT. M. D. KENNEDY. J. L. Thompson. Yen 6.00.

Capt. Kennedy needs no introduction to the readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES, and in his latest work he places not only the naval and military specialist, but the general public, under a very heavy debt of gratitude to him. Indeed, it would be impossible to praise this book too highly, and it is difficult to know which to admire the more—the wide extent of the author's knowledge of Japanese problems, or his skill in conveying it. In short, the present work is one that should be studied carefully, both by naval and military officers, and by all who wish to understand the confused politics of the Far East to-day.

The account of the development and organization of the Japanese army and navy is detailed, and the strength and weakness of both are clearly shown. In spite of his admiration for Japan, however, the author is not blind to the nation's faults, and he does not fail to comment upon the reluctance of the authorities to proceed with the mechanization of the army. though he pleads in extenuation that the possible battlefields on which Japanese soldiers are likely to be engaged are very limited in number and have been studied extremely carefully, so that it may well be that this reluctance is the result of deliberate policy. Not the least interesting part of the book is that which treats of the reserves, and it is Capt. Kennedy's opinion that the recent disbandment of four divisions has not in reality diminished the potential strength of the army on the outbreak of hostilities.

A very suggestive chapter is devoted to the vexed question of the Singapore Base. The author is of the opinion that it was a lack of tact in the way the subject was handled, rather than the actual proposal itself, that aroused Japanese opposition, and he considers that the growing rivalry between Great Britain and the United States is making Japan less uneasy on this score. At the same time, he is a firm believer in the peacefulness of Japan's intentions, and he maintains that at the present time she has neither the will nor the means to make any attempt against Australia.

Capt. Kennedy's whole thesis is that Japanese armaments are meant for defence, not defiance, and even the most confirmed believer in " The Yellow Peril " will find it hard to disprove him. He considers that the bogey of a war between Japan and the United States was, at any rate temporarily, laid by the Washington Conference, and that there is far more danger of a second conflict with Russia. There is, indeed, hardly any aspect of his subject which the author does not discuss at length, though it would have been interesting to have had his views upon the alleged influence of Fascism in Japan of which a good deal has been heard of late. Valuable appendices, illustrations, and two excellent maps add to the value of one of the most notable books of recent years.

AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By G. V. CAREY and H. S. SCOTT. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

In the Preface to this book the authors state that their aim is to give an account of British participation in the war, not so much from the point of view of the historian as from that of the combatant, and

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they have succeeded in their endeavour. It is true that the narrative suffers slightly from these limitations, while the authors' frequent moralizings will not be to every reader's taste, but as a whole the book can be thoroughly recommended, especially to those whose youth prevents them from having more than a hazy idea of the period it covers.

The method adopted is chronological so far as that is possible, though the campaigns on each front are described separately, while at the end of every chapter are the names of two or three works of a non-technical nature for further reference. The illustrations are good, and the maps excellent, but if the book runs into a second edition, as it certainly deserves to do, it would be decidedly improved by the addition of a list of the chief events of the war with the dates attached.

THE 11TH ROYAL WARWICKS IN FRANCE, 1915-16. By BREVET-COLONEL C. S. COLLINSON, D.S.O. Cornish Brothers. 8s. 6d.

The material for this little history was taken from the author's personal diary. In his preface he points out that it is, he thinks, the only publication of an Infantry Battalion Commander's diary that has appeared. "So if it has no other distinction, it has that." We can supplement Colonel Collinson's modest statement by saying that it is written with a keen sense of humour, that it is pleasantly outspoken, and that it gives the "atmosphere" of life in the trenches in a way that is not often found in the usual stereotyped regimental histories. The 11th Royal Warwicks formed part of the 37th Division, and played a noteworthy part on the Western Front, during their somewhat brief career. They were broken up in 1916.

THE EAST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT IN THE GREAT WAR, 1914-1918. By EVERARD WYRALL. Harrison & Sons. 15s.

This history of the actions of the Regular, Territorial and Service Battalions of the East Yorkshire Regiment in the Great War is well and attractively presented. The author, who is a capable regimental historian, has followed closely the text of the diaries and narratives which formed his material, and the result is a soldierly narrative of events which covers every theatre of war. There are a number of excellent illustrations and the maps are good and clear.

HISTORICAL RECORDS OF THE SOUTH NOTTINGHAMSHIRE HUSSARS YEOMANRY, 1794-1922. By the late GEORGE FELLOWS and the late BENSON FREEMAN, O.B.E. Gale & Polden. 21s.

This volume gives an exceedingly interesting history of the South Nottinghamshire Hussars Yeomanry from its formation in 1794 till 1922, when, on the reduction of the Yeomanry establishment, it was converted into the 107th Field Brigade, Royal Artillery. It will be found to have a very real interest, not only for those who actually served in this Regiment, but for anybody who is, or has been connected with the Yeomanry. The early part of the history must be somewhat analogous to that of all units formed about 1794, and clearly demon-

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strates the usefulness of cavalry during the long period of civil unrest in the early nineteenth century.

There is an excellent account of the various uses to which Yeomanry have been put—as Mounted Infantry in the South African War, as Infantry in Gallipoli, as a Machine Gun Battalion on the Western Front, and as actual Cavalry in Egypt, Macedonia, and Palestine. The appendix on "The Precedence of Yeomanry Regiments" is an authentic record of very real value.

There are some excellent illustrations and useful maps.

A WAYFARER IN MOROCCO. By ALYS LOWTH. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

The latest volume in a deservedly popular series does not come up to the level of its predecessors, and it must be confessed that one reason is the number of misstatements of actual facts that it contains. Reference to any standard historical work, or even to any schoolboy, would have proved to the author that Louis XI of France was not a contemporary of Charles II of England and that James I did not reign at the end of the seventeenth century. Mistakes such as these are likely to make the reader suspicious of the accuracy of other assertions which it is not so easy to test.

Unfortunately the structure of the book also leaves a great deal to be desired, for several chapters are devoted to a general history of Islam and of the Mediterranean countries whose connection with Morocco is slight, while all the long-exploded legends of the Arab conquest of Spain are related as sober fact. In short, a disappointing work, and one which in no way fills what is an undoubted gap in the literature of travel.

LOUIS XVI: THE LAST PHASE. By G. A. TATE. Methuen. 5s.

It is more than a little unfortunate that this book should have appeared too early for its author to have had an opportunity of consulting M. Henri-Robert's recent study of Louis XVI, for it is on its psychological side that the present work is weakest. At times it is impossible not to feel that Mr. Tate does not quite understand the character of the unfortunate monarch whose last days he has set out to describe, and he does not, apparently, possess those critical faculties which so often invest the repetition of a well-worn theme with real value.

On the other hand, this book does give a straightforward, and at times even graphic, account of the last few months of the unhappy monarch's life, with special attention to the attack on the Tuileries, the imprisonment of the Royal Family in the Temple, and the king's trial and execution. As one reads the tragic story it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Louis, like Nicholas of Russia, brought his fate upon himself, while, unlike Charles I, his behaviour before his self-appointed judges lacked dignity. If the author's judgment is sometimes at fault, as in his assertion that the Tuileries could not have been defended, he has a remarkable power of fine writing, and his monograph will interest all students of French history, though the price is likely to deter not a few potential purchasers, for the book consists of but fifty pages all told.

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NOVELS.

THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL. By HENRY WADE. Constable. 3s. 6d.

A clever story of the murder of a millionaire, in which everything turns upon one single point which the police neglect. Mr. Wade has shown on another occasion that he possesses the knack of inducing the reader to follow the wrong scent, and he turns it to good account in the present instance. There is also a strong love interest running through the book, but it is in no way forced merely for the sake of further complicating the mystery. In short, this is one of the best detective stories that has yet appeared.

THE DEATH OF A DIPLOMAT. By PETER OLDFIELD. Constable. 3s. 6d.

No one who likes a crime and mystery story, with a strong flavouring of international politics, should miss this book. The scene is laid at Geneva during a meeting of the League of Nations, and the incidents which follow the murder of the secretary of the head of the German delegation are sufficiently thrilling to satisfy the most exacting reader, while there is a love interest running through the whole. How an English diplomat and an American woman journalist foil the enemies of a Franco-German understanding after the most amazing adventures is the tale Mr. Oldfield has to tell, and he is remarkably successful in the telling of it.

BROWN ON RESOLUTION. By C. S. FORESTER. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

This is a wartime story with a naval setting, and of a quite unusual type. The child of a chance meeting between a naval officer and the daughter of a Nonconformist greengrocer, Albert Brown is one of those very lifelike heroes in whose description Mr. Forester excels. It would be unfair to disclose the nature of the feat of single-handed daring performed in the far-off Galapagos Islands, but the book can be thoroughly recommended to all who are interested either in a good story or in the doings of the Royal Navy, and it has the further merit of being extremely fair to our erstwhile foes.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

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A fanciful account of the next war between France and Germany, in which both science and the Red Army of Russia will play their part. Germany is portrayed as unrepentant, and as preparing for war under cover of the Locarno Pact.

HISTOIRE DE L'ARMÉE FRANÇAISE. By REVOL. 90 francs.

The title of this book sufficiently describes its contents, and it may without exaggeration be said to supply a want which has long been felt. The illustrations will prove of great interest to the military historian.

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LA MYSTERIEUSE OUAOIZERT: CHRONIQUE D'UNE COLONNE AU MAROC. By GUSTAVE BABIN. 25 francs.

An account of a part of Morocco that is still unknown. The book contains many maps and plans, and thus is of real value.

LA PÉNÉTRATION FRANÇAISE AU SAHARA: UN TRANSSAHARIEN? By GÉNÉRAL BECKER. 12 francs.

A careful study of the problems of the Sahara and of its means of communication. In view of the projected construction of a tunnel under the Straits of Gibraltar this book is of special interest at the present time.

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A novel of the war which should be read by all who wish to understand the French point of view. Unlike so many similar stories in all languages this book rings true.

DIAZ. By GENERALE ALBERTO BALDINI. 15 lire.

A popular biography of the great soldier who lead the armies of Italy to victory in 1918. The Italian Campaigns of the Great War have by no means always received the attention which they deserve, and this book will contain much that is unknown to the English reader.

LA CAMPAGNA DI GARIBALDI NELL' ITALIA MERIDIONALE. By COLONELLO CESARE CESARI. 15 lire.

Colonel Cesari's account of Garibaldi's operations is based upon the official documents, and may thus be said to be at once authoritative and final. The campaign contains several important lessons for the student, and the author's comments are extremely valuable.

LE OPERAZIONI LIBICHI SUL 29° PARALLELO NORD. By ODORICO RALZ. 10 lire.

This is a description of recent Italian operations in Libya, and merits the serious attention of all students of the development of warfare since the Great War. It should for this reason be read in conjunction with the French and Spanish accounts of the Riff campaigns.

A.B.C. OF AVIATION (ELEMENTARY EDITION). By MAJOR VICTOR W. PAGE. Norman W. Henley Publishing Coy. $1.00.

The author of this book is well known for his works on aeronautical subjects. This instruction manual is intended as an elementary introduction to the study of aviation for non-technical people and as

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such may find a ready demand from the schoolboy and from those who contemplate joining the band of aeronauts which is daily increasing in such large numbers.

There are few among the rising generation who are not eager to pick up knowledge of the new science of aeronautics, but the author of this book would not appear to have recognized this fact for he has dedicated it to "The Coming Generation with the hope that it will become airminded."

The principles of practical flying are dealt with in simple language and among the subjects dealt with is a chapter on the elementary principles of construction. A brief historical review shows where and how the modern types of aircraft originated. The short study of bird flight which follows in a later chapter is perhaps one of the best methods which the author uses to demonstrate the art and theory of flying. Notes are given on the control of aircraft and various flying manœuvres are described. The book is well illustrated with drawings and diagrams.

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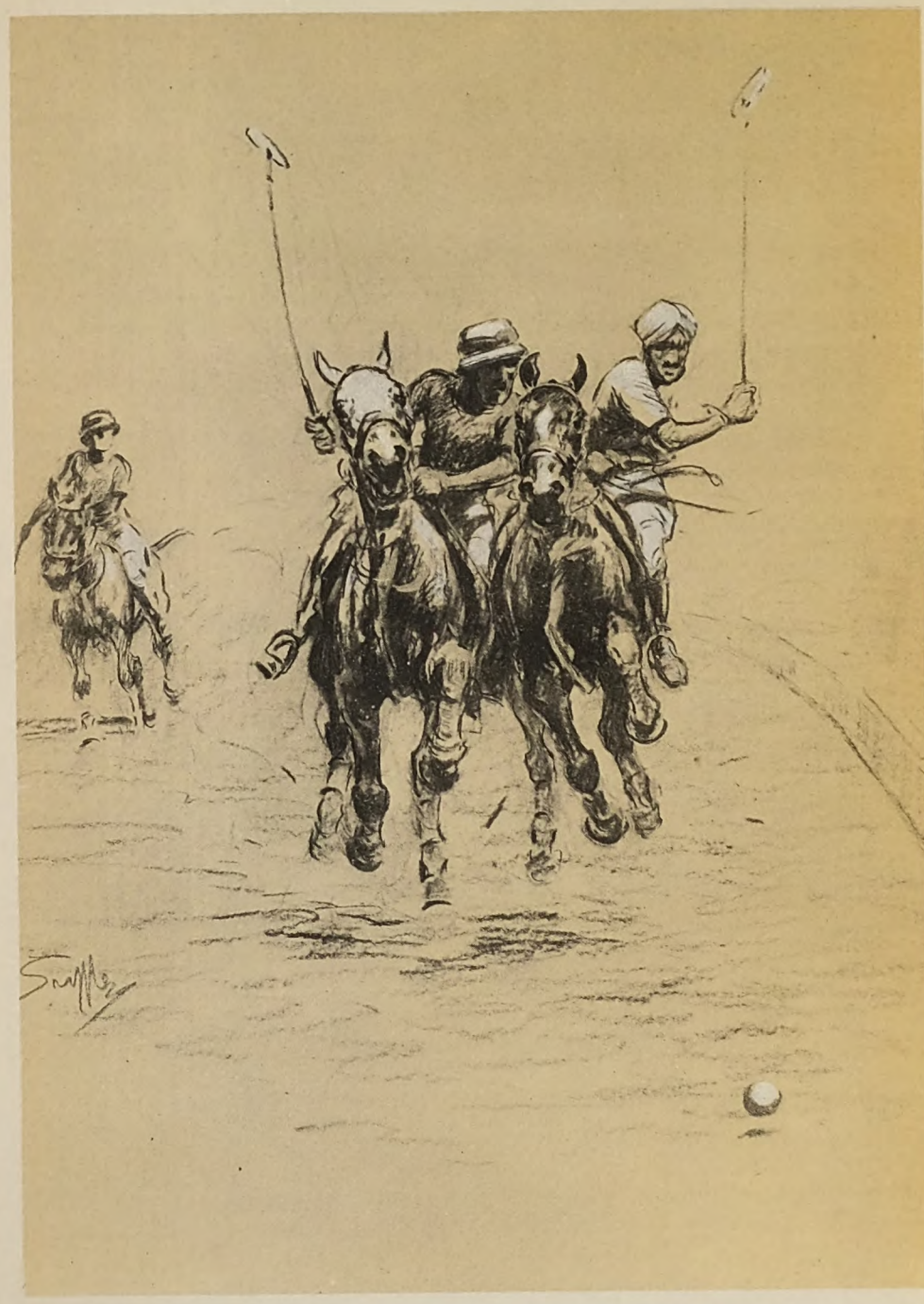

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VI JULY, 1929 No. 2

EDITORIAL

Our Boys' Education.

Some thirty years' service in the Army have convinced me of one thing, that the most essential qualification for success in an Army officer, or an officer in any one of the three services, for that matter, is a sturdy self-confidence. The right type of self-confidence, *bien entendue*, which is in no way to be confounded with an aggressive self-esteem. The officer who is never "nervy" in the presence of his superiors, who can show a calm exterior and express his views, at all times, sanely, clearly and with a confidence born of sound knowledge will not only go far but is obviously the type which will prove of greatest value when times of real crisis occur during active service.

Parents of prospective officers will do well to ponder over this point of view. It is, in our opinion, quite possible to discover, at an early age, whether a boy is likely to develop the above characteristics or not. An enormously important period in the formation of a boy's character is between nine and fourteen years of age, the most receptive period of his life. We believe that the boy who, during this period, has been to a really good preparatory school (not by any means necessarily a very expensive one), where the standard of work and games is high, and has attained there a real confidence in himself and his abilities, has every chance of a successful career, whether it be in the Navy, Army or Air Force, or indeed in whatever walk of life he may be destined for.

The selection of a good preparatory school is not an easy matter. The maternal judgment, almost always influenced by externals, and such factors as attractive dormitories, pleasing school kit, etc., will probably in most cases be the

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governing factor in making the selection. Service parents, exiled in stations abroad, will often be unable to make an inspection themselves, and have to rely on outside advice, generally far from impartial.

The question has occurred to us, could THE FIGHTING FORCES help parents in making this vitally important decision, *i.e.*, the selection of a really good preparatory school? In view of the fact that one of the members of our staff has very considerable experience in educational matters, we have no doubt we could render considerable assistance in this respect. We shall, then, be prepared to receive inquiries on this subject and to give advice to the best of our ability.* The first of a series of articles on Education by our Educational Correspondent appears in the present issue. The series will consist of (1) The Preparatory School, (2) The Public School and (3) Choosing a Career.

* * *

The General Election.

The General Election has come and gone, and, like so many of its predecessors, has confounded the prophets. In particular there were few who thought that Labour would emerge from the contest so strong, or the Liberals so weak. We write before the heat engendered by the campaign has completely died down, but nevertheless the main conclusions to be drawn appear to us to be already clear, although there is a natural reluctance in many quarters to draw them.

The Conservative party has met with its most serious reverse of the present century, for it has lost its hold on the industrial districts to a greater extent even than in 1906, and its strength in the new House of Commons is largely due to the fact that the counties are suspicious of the Liberals, but have not yet made up their minds to vote Labour. In these circumstances it is quite clear that unless Conservatism is to remain permanently in opposition it must set its house in order, and the first step in this direction can only be the formulation of a progressive policy calculated to win back the lost allegiance of the working-classes. It is no use crying that it was the Liberal intervention that gave the victory to the Socialists, for in all probability had there been no Liberal candidates in the field the larger part of the votes given to them would have gone to Labour, which would thus have

* For further particulars see THE FIGHTING FORCES Inquiry Bureau, page 294.

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won a clear majority. The Conservative party, in short, has been fairly and squarely beaten, largely through its own fault, but if it will shed its reactionary elements, and give its safe seats to its young men of promise instead of to old party hacks, there is no reason why the present disaster should not be repaired. Above all, it must have that inspired leadership which enabled Pitt and Disraeli to snatch victory from defeat, and would have allowed Canning to do so too had his life been spared.

For Liberalism, on the other hand, it is difficult to see a future. After an expenditure of energy and money without precedent in recent political history, it has only slightly increased its representation in the House of Commons. The Liberal poll, it is true, is relatively high, but its votes are scattered throughout the whole British Isles, and under no known system would they have added materially to its strength at Westminster. Mr. Lloyd George will certainly hold the balance in this Parliament, and he may do so in the next, though in all probability with a reduced following, but the ordinary elector will not continue indefinitely to vote for a party that has no chance of ever coming into office. Such being the case, the old two-party system seems likely sooner or later to be revived, and the one of Liberalism's rivals that can gain the most of its present supporters will enjoy a long period of power.

* * *

The Labour Triumph.

While the Conservatives have suffered a severe reverse, and Liberal effort has almost entirely failed of its purpose, Labour has won a victory that has exceeded the highest expectations of its supporters, for a clear majority in the House of Commons over the other two parties was never really anticipated. Whether this result is to any large extent due to the recent extension of the franchise must remain in doubt, but it would seem clear that Labour has polled a large majority of the actual workers of the country, and even such Conservative strongholds as Birmingham and Liverpool have been breached, if not actually carried.

From the Labour point of view the one weak spot is the county divisions, but even there the Labour candidates polled far better than was expected, and with an interval of intensive propaganda their old Conservative allegiance may well be shaken, especially now that industrialism is beginning

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to take root in the South. All this, however, is pre-supposing a policy of moderation; if there is any sign of surrender to extremism, the events of five years ago will be repeated, but with the difference that a return to office will not be anything like so easy.

* * *

The Labour Party and the Services.

As far as the Services are concerned, we must expect that the new Parliament will pursue a more active policy of disarmament than the old, but there need be no fear that anything very drastic will be attempted in the near future. Until the unemployment question is in a fair way towards settlement, it would obviously be unsound to make large Service reductions and add a large number of Service personnel to the ranks of the unemployed.

One line of policy we do most cordially recommend to the new Government, and that is the co-ordination of the three Services. The Conservative party consistently refused to tackle this question, yet in itself it is neither as difficult nor ambitious as it is generally supposed to be. A start could easily be made on the lines suggested by Major B. C. Dening, R.E., in the excellent and thoroughly practical article which appeared in the January, 1928, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES. A great opportunity lies before the Labour party to effect a real Service economy, without in any way detracting from Service efficiency.

* * *

The Prospects of Disarmament.

The statement made by the U.S. representative, Mr. Gibson, at Geneva, a few weeks ago, was one of the most important utterances since the war, and in our opinion it brings the possibility of gradual disarmament, at any rate of naval disarmament, a good deal nearer than it has ever been before. Furthermore, the historic meeting in the Highlands on June 16th, between the Prime Minister and General Dawes, the United States Ambassador, and the official statement which was subsequently issued, makes it clear that a real basis of a general agreement is in course of construction.

The last attempt to secure the limitation of navies, an attempt in which France and Italy rather wisely refused to be implicated, broke down, it will be remembered, on the question of limitation by categories, the standpoints of Great Britain and the United States being too far apart to allow of

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compromise. Now, however, President Hoover is apparently willing to agree to the total tonnage alone being fixed, each Power having the right to build according to its individual requirements within that limit. Furthermore, not only limitation, but even reduction, of armaments is to be discussed, so that there is a hope not solely that the present expenditure will not be increased, but that it will actually be diminished. Of course, many unexpected obstacles will appear as soon as the details of the scheme come to be considered, but it does mark a very decided advance upon any of its predecessors, and for this the world is under a heavy debt of gratitude to President Hoover and his advisers.

On the other hand, it cannot but be a matter of regret that so far as military disarmament is concerned Great Britain and the United States should have agreed in advance that reserves shall not count as trained personnel. It is held by those who took this course that the two Anglo-Saxon Powers are not military states, and that they are thus not primarily interested in the matter at all. As far as the United States is concerned this is true, but Great Britain is bound by the Locarno Pact to make war on the continent of Europe under certain circumstances, and so the size of her neighbours' land forces is a matter of great concern to her. Moreover, to allow the other Powers to omit reserves from the total of their effectives is a serious breach of faith towards Germany and Hungary, who are compulsorily disarmed. Indeed, the only excuse for the British and American action is that it may induce France and Italy, on the principle that one good turn deserves another, to show themselves more reasonable than in the past on the subject of submarines, but, even so, one would have thought it was hardly advisable to show the whole of one's hand before the first bid had been made.

* * *

The Naval Staff.

The Select Committee on Estimates issued their report in May last, and in commenting on the Admiralty staff were of opinion " that the effort to reduce the staff of the Admiralty to a lower level calls for more energetic pursuit." The word " staff " in the above paragraph, of course, refers to all the Admiralty personnel, and includes the whole establishment of clerks, etc. All we are concerned with here is the General Staff at the Admiralty, somewhat loosely called the Naval Staff, and

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we feel extremely doubtful whether the Committee are right in suggesting, as they do, that even this highly important department could be still further reduced without loss of efficiency. As a general principle the General Staff of any fighting Service is the last thing to economize upon during times of peace. Of all the lessons of the Great War the outstanding one would appear to be that whilst the " body and limbs " (men, munitions, supplies, etc.) of a fighting force can be supplied in full measure by intensive effort, there is no possibility of improvising the " brain," which should have thought out plans beforehand, which should have provided—as far as humanly possible—for contingencies of every kind, which should have arranged for the expansion, in every possible direction, of peace cadres into war formations. In fact, a Navy or an Army would be far better advised to sacrifice a ship or a brigade (" limbs ") rather than to save money upon the General Staff, whose business it is, throughout the years of peace, to appreciate the changes in world conditions, and to provide for the future as far as can be foreseen. Doubtless a General Staff without a Navy or Army seems ridiculous. Yet if there should ensue a prolonged period without war, it must strike many thinking people that it would be true economy to maintain a well-equipped " brain," constantly functioning, rather than a number of " limbs " which may prove out of date when (if ever it should do so) another " Day " dawns. Specifically one might venture to say that it would be far better in this present year of grace to do away with, say, the *Hood* and devote the money thus saved to the creation (for it is hardly even now created) of the most highly qualified Naval General Staff in the world. Naturally it is asking a good deal to expect a Select Committee on Estimates to consider the problem in the above light. Its job is solely and simply to save money—or try to do so—in every way possible.

The question is one of far-seeing policy as opposed to hand-to-mouth or year-to-year contrivance and haggling.

The fact of the matter is that the Naval Staff at the Admiralty has never come sufficiently into the limelight. It has never been very enthusiastically supported by the Board of Admiralty itself, as may be gathered from the fact that the Navy is spending some £250,000 a year on scientific research, as compared to a bare £1,000 a year for the Historical Section of the Naval Staff.

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In Parliament and in the Press there has never been a proper appreciation of the value of the Naval Staff, and as a consequence its growth has been slow and painful. There is always confusion of thought with regard to the Naval Staff. "Demand for reduction in Admiralty Staff" makes a good headline, and a perusal of ensuing paragraphs in the Press makes it clear that staff officers, clerks, typists and charwomen are all cheerfully lumped together in one formidable total. The wretched, over-burdened taxpayer may be forgiven for entertaining the idea that all sailors are better employed at sea, and, misled by Press headlines, naturally regards it as a crime that a considerable body of officers should be employed at desks in Whitehall.

However, if "shouts for a really efficient Naval Staff" were to take the place of the rather monotonous "shouts for more ships," we believe both the taxpayer and the nation would benefit exceedingly.

* * *

The New Lieut.-Commanders' Retirement Scheme.

In our last issue attention was drawn to the serious congestion which exists in the Lieutenant-Commanders' List and the harmful effect of this upon Service conditions generally. Recently the Admiralty has made a step towards alleviating the trouble by introducing a special scheme for retirement of senior Lieutenant-Commanders.

To-day the list of Lieutenant-Commanders of over five years' seniority shows a four-fold increase upon pre-war figures—and yet in those far-off days we possessed a larger fleet, and also a coastguard service as an ample reserve for employment. The war naturally absorbed all surplus officers into full employment, but, after the Armistice, when needs of economy enforced a reduction of establishment, there at once arose a vast surplus of all ranks of officers. The Geddes Report, which produced the "axe" of 1922, eased the situation to some extent; *but*, from its blows were excluded all Lieutenant-Commanders and Lieutenants of over four years' seniority (except ex-Mates). In spite of this concession, however, a number of these officers elected voluntarily to retire at this time with the result that by the middle of 1924 the congestion was not quite so bad. It is, however, at the top of the list that the real difficulty lies, *i.e.*, with Lieutenant-Commanders of ten years' seniority and over.

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In 1914 there were only 9 officers in this category, by 1919 the number had, owing to the exigencies of war, risen to 50, though the repercussions of the Geddes axe brought this down again to 35 by the end of 1924. From that time onwards, however, the trouble began. All those officers who had served through the war as Lieutenants and, on account of being promoted after the Armistice, or by reason of seniority as Lieutenant, had been beyond the scope of the Geddes axe, found very little chance of employment to higher ranks on account of fleet reductions, and were steadily swelling the list from below. At last, in 1926, a special voluntary retirement scheme was of necessity put into operation to induce retirement. Sixty-six only availed themselves of its terms—and, since promotion from Lieutenant was going on all the time, the gaps in the list were almost automatically filled up and the whole scheme merely resulted in a net reduction of 24 Lieutenant-Commanders on the list. This serious state of affairs steadily went from bad to worse, until the list which, in the middle of 1927 stood at 902, reached its present disquieting size of 1,023—and this in spite of the fact that the number of yearly promotions to Commander's rank had been increased from 40 to 50. To-day the congestion at the top of the list has become so dense that few officers of over ten years' seniority can hope to be employed continuously until reaching the compulsory retirement age of forty-five. The alternative, therefore, was either a further retirement scheme or a large half-pay list. By their Fleet Order of May 3rd the Admiralty have offered the opportunity of immediate retirement on the maximum retired pay of the rank—about £450 per annum—to any Lieutenant-Commander who has put in nineteen years' full-pay service. This means, literally, that the offer is open to most Lieutenant-Commanders over forty years of age. In this new scheme certainly lies a chance to clear the top of the list of officers of more than ten years' seniority as Lieutenant-Commanders, but there are now more than 110 of them.

The scheme is operative until November, but if the rumour of the number who have already accepted its terms is to be believed and taken as any guide of the complete result, the scheme will certainly not prove as effective as was necessary. Essentially there is the financial aspect of such a scheme to be considered. An officer retiring at forty from such a close corporation as the Naval service finds himself an expert

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in a profession which has no shore parallel or outlet. It may, and probably will, take him some years to assimilate the shore-going viewpoint in many ways, and his chances of adequate employment in anything but a backwater are none too rosy at any time. Admittedly he has his pension of about £450 a year, but this must be weighed in the balance with whatever chances of further Naval employment he may miss by accepting the scheme. If he is able to serve on full pay until forty-five, his acceptance of this scheme with its pension deprives him of a trifle over £1,000, spread out over five years—the difference between full pay and pension. If on the other hand he is to be relegated to the half-pay list he stands to lose about £140 a year—again the difference between his pension and his half-pay.

On financial grounds, therefore, it certainly seems that the new scheme falls far short of its predecessors when a more liberal Treasury granted substantial gratuities (in addition to allowing time for extra pension as in the present instance). The gratuity is largely intended to compensate for the difference between full pay and pension over a specified period, and forms a valuable nest-egg to assist an officer to pick up new moorings outside. For this financial reason, it is to be doubted whether the new scheme will prove as effective as it is hoped. The congestion will probably persist, and recourse to other methods will become necessary. Probably much of the original trouble was due to a not unnatural desire on the part of the Admiralty to eschew methods involving compulsion ; yet it must be remembered that they did that with the other ranks—and effectively. Whatever they do, however, the financial side must be handled fairly. The State has a very specific duty towards those of its officers from whom national policy requires sacrifice. To stint equitable liberality is not conducive either to encourage sacrifice—or to encourage the neophyte.

* * *

The Captains' List.

In face of much comment upon the unhappy plight of the Lieutenant-Commander, one is apt to forget that his is not the only rank in which a somewhat acute form of promotion-congestion exists. The Captains' List also is badly swollen, though admittedly not so badly. For some years past the Admiralty have certainly done a little towards ameliorating this unhappy state of affairs ; what with extra courses and classes, by

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considerably expanding the Naval Staff at Whitehall, and by "lending" Captains to the Dominion naval forces for stated periods, something has been done to maintain officers on the active and serving list. Yet these arrangements are essentially ephemeral, and, for that matter, with the exception of Dominion "loans," do not allow of an officer getting in that sea-time which is essential to him. Recently, however, a step which is more in the right direction has been made. Officers of the rank of Captain have now been appointed to H.M.S. *Vampire*, *Valentine* and *Valhalla* of the 1st, 2nd and 6th Flotillas respectively as "Second Captains" of the flotilla. Each of these newly-appointed Captains thus becomes a divisional leader, the other division of the flotilla presumably being led by a Commander as before. The other Commander, whose place is now to be taken by a Captain, will be moved to a "private" destroyer, to be available as a spare leader.

On the top of this decision to have two Captains in each running flotilla comes the news that the Admiralty intends to provide still more sea-going jobs for Captains by appointing them to various minor foreign stations in command of divisions of one or more sloops or gun-boats such as are employed on the West Coast of Africa, in the Persian Gulf, or out in China. This, again, is beneficial to the state of the Captains' List, and although a Post-Captain of standing may perhaps feel a trifle hurt at receiving the command merely of a couple of gunboats, it must appeal to him in the light of a means of getting in necessary sea-time. Nevertheless, sound as the general outline of this policy is, it would be a matter of great regret were it to be carried too far. Sloops, gunboats and destroyers are essentially a nursery for higher command, and afford command-training to the younger officers. Any measure which tends to make the age of attaining command greater than is at present the case, is a measure which is likely to produce a condition of affairs analogous to that in certain foreign navies where errors of judgment and so forth are usually blamed upon the lateness at which an officer gets his first command.

* * *

Manœuvre Criticism.

Once more the annual spring manœuvres of the combined Atlantic and Mediterranean Fleets have come and gone; once again, apparently, without that spice of revelation and candid criticism on the work done which in our opinion should exist. It was

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all very well in the past for the dense veil of official secrecy to be drawn so discreetly over fleet gyrations and exercises; but to-day there are numbers of people who are deeply interested in the tactical development of fleets and ships, in strategic problems and so forth, and, what is more important, many of these students are quite capable of interpreting any academic discourse on the subject in its proper light. Of late years Army manœuvres have been subjected to brilliant criticism, occasionally not entirely favourable to those conducting the operations. Such criticism has in every case been not only most intelligent criticism but has been the considered opinion of men who have made warfare a life study—theoretically and practically. The time surely has come now when just such an opportunity should be afforded to the interested public of knowing exactly what happens at these Naval manœuvres, of seeing for themselves precisely what problems are set and what posers crop up on either side, and how they are countered and to what purpose.

* * *

The Royal Naval Reserve.

In inaugurating what may, perhaps, be termed a Royal Naval Reserve interest in THE FIGHTING FORCES, we undertake something which we feel to be a very distinct duty. To-day the body of the R.N.R. seems very much to be left out of everything; though precisely why this should be so is incomprehensible. The Naval Reserve is, to begin with, a very important part of the Crown Forces, and, secondly, no one will deny that the R.N.R. between 1914 and 1918 did considerably more than a sound job of work. Theirs seems to have been the task of handling all the odd and awkward jobs; jobs hedged in with grim monotony, like that of the ships in the blockading units or, with a minimum of comfort and cheer, in the small trawlers which formed so vital a part of our anti-submarine defence. Yet, no matter under what conditions or in what position the officers and men of the R.N.R. found themselves at war, they left their mark. One has only to read the stirring pages of Hurd's "Merchant Navy," especially his third and last volume which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, to appreciate their ubiquity, and the completeness and silence with which they performed their allotted task. Without them, in those tense days, it would not be wrong to say victory might not have been ours; they were essential to the nation.

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And, as then, so is it now—to-day the R.N.R. is just as integral a part of the Naval forces of the Crown as is the regular Navy. Both belong to the great sea service, and yet, since 1918, the two branches seem to have drifted sadly apart. When the State was in a fix it could not do without them, and yet now that it is out of that fix, the R.N.R. seems to have been shelved and neglected and literally left to fend for itself in all things. This is manifestly unfair, but your R.N.R. officer accepts this cavalier treatment much as he took the appointments which came his way in the war—it is all in the day's work. If he is ever wanted again he'll be there and ready, neglect or no neglect. It is just this attitude of cold neglect which one would give so much to see abolished, and there is no doubt a change of attitude would be welcomed by the regular Navy, more especially those who have served alongside the R.N.R. in the past. The fault is really due to the short-sighted Admiralty policy after the Armistice which lost the opportunity of cementing forever the war-ties which formed the bond between the Regular and Reserve sections of the Naval service. The chance was lost, and since then, owing to economic and financial problems, the R.N.R. has been allowed to fall practically into oblivion. For that reason we shall, in future numbers of THE FIGHTING FORCES, do our best to encourage the expression of Reserve topics and views—in their fair place and true perspective alongside those of the Royal Navy, the Army, the Air Force, and the Territorial Army.

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The German Panz-kreuzer.

The revelation of many of the details of design of the new German Panz-kreuzer *Ersatz Preussen* has, if nothing else, provoked a great deal of discussion in Naval circles. On the basis of the information which has been made public there is no doubt whatsoever that Germany has produced a very remarkable ship ; has made the very best use of the displacement available, and shown that their former skill in the matter of naval design is anything but dead. Surely, however, it is unnecessary to credit this ship with supernatural powers, as some sections of the foreign Press seem inclined to do.

Germany has need for a bold front in the Baltic, and her designers have, in fact, produced the best type of capital ship possible on the limited displacement and gun-power allowed by the Treaty of Versailles. Admittedly the vessel's

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speed and large cruising radius calls for examination. Credited with a maximum speed of about 26.5 knots, and a cruising radius of 10,000 miles at 20 knots, we have here, most distinctly, a very dangerous form of commerce-raider who, by reason of her speed, endurance, protection and armament should be capable of doing immense damage in time of war on the more remote and unprotected trade routes of an enemy. In this direction, therefore, she would appear to fill quite well the former role of a fast armoured cruiser.

As far as academic comparison with the more powerful ships of the three Great Powers is concerned, the new German vessel seems to be markedly inferior. Considered as a small battleship she possesses the requisite speed, but lacks the protection, and her armament is much weaker than the modern battleship, even though the new German 11-inch gun may be expected to range at 22,000 yards or more. Manifestly such a vessel is " not fit to lie in the line," and for much the same reasons it may be considered as inferior to the modern battle-cruiser. When comparing it with the 10,000 ton 8-inch-gun cruiser, however, a balance is less easily struck. While the German's speed is certainly less than that of a modern cruiser, this failing should be compensated for by more powerful guns with their longer range. Going a step further, it would not be wrong to observe that the difficulties of an 8-inch-gun cruiser—officially a trade protection cruiser—operating against one of these Panz-kreuzers would be very great. The smothering effect of eight 8-inch guns in action might be considerable, and even with the German's protection would do a great deal of damage ; but this is always assuming that the Panz-kreuzer with his 11-inch broadside would allow the smaller armed ship to use his speed to close the range.

Weighing up each and every problem it would indeed seem that the new German ship is a potential menace of some magnitude, but—and this is a big but—it has not been tried out in actual practice yet. The new type of steel employed in her construction, and the method of welding her plates instead of riveting and lapping—means whereby a great saving of weight has been effected—have not been put to the acid test of active service conditions any more than has the Diesel engine in that class of ship. As to the *Ersatz Preussen's* influence upon contemporary warship design, it would seem that, while our own national view is distinctly

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non-committal, American views are mixed. On the one hand apparently America intends to continue the cruiser construction allowed for in the recent Cruiser Bill, yet on the other she bewails the fact that no ship could compete with the Panz-kreuzer except a battle-cruiser—and that is an arm of the fleet in which the American naval service is avowedly weak ; nor, for that matter, does the United States possess a capital ship with the Panz-kreuzer's turn of speed. In the meantime, therefore, it is as well to sit still and watch developments—prepared to accept the new departure either as a most interesting experiment, or as one of those instances in world ship-building competition which, like our *Dreadnought* of bygone years, revolutionizes the whole business, and puts the existing fleets of competitors automatically back behind the starting tape once more.

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Plymouth Navy Week will be held from August 17th to 24th, 1929. Sunday, August 18th, excepted.

Plymouth Navy Week, 1929.

The objects of the Week are to enable the public to visit typical ships of H.M. Navy, and, by making a small charge for admission, to assist Naval and Marine charities.

In 1928, 67,212 persons passed into the Dockyard during the five days of the Week. This year it is hoped that over 100,000 will avail themselves of this opportunity, and, in order to avoid congestion, the event will continue for seven days, and the route has been considerably modified and simplified.

Submarines proved to be of great interest last year, and in order that all who wish to do so may be able to go on board one of these vessels, endeavour is being made to double the number of submarines which will be open to visitors.

Arrangements are being made to enable visitors to obtain refreshments during the course of their tour, and it is hoped that H.M.S. *Ganges* may be available for this purpose.

This vessel is over 100 years old, and the opportunity of comparing this old " Wooden Wall " with such modern ships as H.M.S. *Rodney* should be of enormous interest.

It is hoped that the following ships will be at Plymouth during Navy Week :—*Rodney*, *Renown*, *Tiger*, *Benbow*, *Ramillies*, *Glorious*, *Comus* and, in addition, six destroyers

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and six submarines. It is further hoped that a large vessel will be in the Floating Dock, and that visitors will be able to walk on the bottom of the dock beneath the vessel and study her underwater fittings.

* * *

The New Machine-Gun Companies.

The handling of an infantry battalion has tended to become more and more complicated of late years, and the introduction of the new machine-gun companies will certainly add to the many problems which a Commanding Officer will have to face. Doubtless during the present training season inspecting officers are descending like flies on a honey-pot upon these hapless machine-gun companies, and luckless C.Os. are being bombarded with conundrums. Candidly, we feel rather doubtful if infantry battalions and, for the matter of that, cavalry regiments, are not becoming too complicated. If, for example, infantry battalions consisted of three light infantry companies, *and nothing else ;* if cavalry regiments consisted of two reconnaissance squadrons, *and nothing else ;* if machine-gun companies and squadrons were distinct units, forming part of a machine-gun corps ; if there were no armoured car regiments but only armoured car companies, we believe that results would not only be much better, but that such an organization would fit in much more easily with the programme of reduction which seems so inevitable.

Moreover, Generals, and the staff generally, secure in the knowledge that the training of these small units presented no especial complications, would have much less to worry about and much more time to devote to higher leadership problems.

After all, as that acute observer, Brig.-General Rowan Robinson, has remarked, " There are still lots of valuable jobs for which infantry are essentially suited, which do not require an accompaniment of machine guns."

It may seem ungracious to criticize the new organization which has been introduced with such a flourish of trumpets, but we can only say the criticism is offered in all good faith, and even now it is not too late to effect a change.

* * *

While on the subject of machine-gun companies, one

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Territorials and Machine Guns.

gathers that Territorial infantry Commanding Officers are looking forward with some apprehension to the large increase in their responsibilities which the new organization will involve, when it comes into force next year.

It does not require a vivid stretch of the imagination to picture an occasion when some worried Territorial battalion C.O. will mutter to himself, "What the something, something am I to do with all these infernal machine guns?" They are so obvious, so difficult to conceal, and, until the time comes when they are all motorized, so very far from mobile. All very well in defence, no doubt, but what about the attack in open country—in the country, for example, round about Arundel, where so many of our Territorials are training this year. Not for a moment do we wish to decry the value of machine guns, but our point is that Territorial infantry C.Os. will be happier men if the training and tactics of machine gunners, which after all is a highly specialized job, is not part of their responsibilities; if, in short, Territorial machine-gun companies are separate and distinct units, in the same way that armoured car companies are.

* * *

Armoured Fighting Vehicles.

The use of armoured fighting vehicles has obvious economic advantages for a highly industrialized nation as compared with an uncivilized one, also for a nation with a small but fairly paid army as compared with one which relies on numbers of poorly paid conscripts. A.F.Vs. should, therefore, be more economical in our Army than in any other in the world, except, perhaps, in that of the U.S.A. If it pays a Continental nation to mount 5 per cent. of their fighting men in A.F.Vs., we may expect it to pay us to do so with perhaps 10 per cent of ours.

Since no addition can be made to the cost of our Army in peace time, the question with which we are faced is this—Will it or will it not increase our fighting strength to substitute, in place of some of our infantry or cavalry, A.F.V. units on a basis of equal cost?

It is difficult to answer this question until we have decided:—

(1) What form of A.F.V. would be the most valuable for general purposes in our Army, limiting our

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choice to what is attainable to mechanical science to-day.

(2) How such machines should be used, if at all.

(3) Whether the substitution of units of such machines for a proportion of existing units on a basis of equal cost would give us increased fighting power, and, if so, what proportion of A.F.V. units to others would give the maximum fighting power for the varied conditions which our Army has to face.

Unfortunately, there is no general agreement on these questions, and they cannot be examined in detail here, but the following answers will be assumed as a basis of discussion, without any suggestion that they are widely accepted to-day.

(1) The most useful general purpose A.F.V. would be an armoured car which can travel across country. We may call it an " Armoured Car Tank." Nothing of the sort exists to-day, although the six-wheeled armoured car is a step in its direction.

(2) (*a*) As a mobile reserve for use at a critical moment to reinforce a threatened position, to exploit a success or to counter enemy A.F.Vs. That is, as a weapon of opportunity which a commander can hold in readiness. like the right hand in boxing, and with which he can control the progress of a battle.

(*b*) As an independent force, for raids, turning movements, etc.

(*c*) Assisting cavalry in all their duties.

(3) The substitution of units of such armoured car tanks for, perhaps, one battalion in each of a certain number of infantry brigades, would probably increase the fighting power of those brigades under most conditions.

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The Production of the Armoured Car Tank.

Probably the cheapest and most efficient way to secure the production of the machine which we want would be to offer a substantial prize for the vehicle which most nearly meets our requirements. The amount of this prize should be sufficient to induce healthy competition. If a wholly satisfactory machine could be produced for a total outlay of £100,000, expended on experiments, competitions, etc., it would be cheap at the price. When this machine

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is in production, we may expect it to cost something like £4,000, and we may expect the annual cost of a company of sixteen such machines, after providing a sinking fund to pay off the capital, also interest, depreciation, running expenses, personnel, etc., to be less than half that of a battalion of infantry or a regiment of cavalry. At the present, three armoured car companies cost a little more than one battalion of infantry or one regiment of cavalry, so that this estimate leaves a wide margin for capital outlay on an increased scale.

* * *

Fighting Value of A.F.Vs.

In trying to analyse the economics of A.F.Vs. we are faced with the difficulty of comparison. A practical comparison can be made only in time of war. Although valuable experience of them was gained in the late European War, the A.F.Vs. then used were specialized weapons and very limited in their operation, so that the lessons learnt from them may not apply to the more general conditions for which our Army must be provided, and may even be misleading.

One way in which we can compare the fighting value of an A.F.V. unit with that of any other is to consider a battle between two forces, each having two battalions in the front line, but the reserve in force "A" consisting of two companies of armoured car tanks, and that of force "B" of one battalion of infantry; then to consider the situation from the point of view of each commander in turn; then to decide which commander, in view of the various conditions that he may have to face, has the better prospects. Opinions will no doubt differ on this point, but that put forward with confidence here is that the two battalions of infantry combined with thirty-two armoured car tanks would generally have an overwhelming advantage over the three battalions of infantry. Whether the suggested proportion of A.F.Vs. is the best, and whether they should be corps, divisional or brigade troops, are questions outside the scope of the present discussion.

* * *

Economics of A.F.Vs.

Assuming, now, that it is decided that the armoured car tank here proposed is the best machine to adopt, and that the fighting strength of a brigade would be increased by substituting two companies of them for one of its battalions, it is suggested

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that as soon as a satisfactory machine is produced—we may expect that to take anything up to two years—a start should be made by disbanding one or more battalions of infantry and forming two A.F.V. companies in their place. This will probably require a capital outlay of £250,000 per battalion to cover the cost of thirty-two A.F.Vs. with necessary appendages, alterations to buildings, etc., but it may be expected to save more than 10 per cent on that sum annually owing to reduction in personnel, so that it would be sound economy. If the arrangement is found satisfactory, it could be developed with such modifications as experience may indicate. We may expect our machines to remain fit for active service for about ten years, and our policy of development should be so arranged as to ensure continuity of production on a ten-year cycle.

* * *

Big Game Shooting.

A correspondent writes :—" I have been looking through some of the past numbers of THE FIGHTING FORCES, and was much struck with the sound sense contained in an article entitled ' Big Game Shooting and the Training of Officers,' which appeared in the October, 1927, number. Big game shooting and soldiering have much in common ; the former is excellent training for the latter, though this is by no means recognized by the military authorities to the extent that it ought to be. All young subalterns should be sent on a course of big game shooting, at Government expense, soon after their arrival in India. If this could be done, the Army would benefit considerably, and there would be fewer ' old women ' knocking about, at least that is my humble opinion, arrived at after twenty-three years' consideration of the subject. Of course there are exceptions to every rule. Some big game shikaris will never make soldiers, and some soldiers will never make big game shooters. Moreover, a naturally good soldier need not do any big game shooting at all. But this does not alter the fact that big game shooting is excellent training for practical soldiering. It is recognized that sport, as a whole, is good training for the subaltern, but, except at ball games, very little is done to assist him with it, financially or otherwise.

" Anyway, I am perfectly sure that money spent by Government on courses of big game shooting would be of far greater benefit to the subaltern and the Army in general than money spent on educational courses for young officers who

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have spent the first twenty years or so of their lives in being educated.

"It still appears to me that shooting of all kinds, pig-sticking, hunting, polo, and fishing, and all kinds of trekking and mountaineering are the best and healthiest recreations for young officers. They give a training of the kind we can call 'horse-sense soldiering,' that is indispensable to an officer both for training in peace and for actual practice in war, more especially so on the frontiers of India."

With all of which we can only say we most cordially agree.

* * *

Regimental Journals.

A great number of infantry Regimental Journals pass through our hands, some good, others, shall we say, not so good. Two peculiarities seem to be common to nearly all of them, the extreme meagreness of the editorial, which rarely gets beyond such items as "We congratulate Sergeant Whatnot on having won first prize in the Brigade Egg and Spoon Race," and, secondly, a universal wail for contributions. In view of our own experience in bygone days, let us hasten to add we have the fullest sympathy with the editors, and are thoroughly aware of the difficulties under which they labour. We venture to make a few suggestions. Editorial paragraphs nearly always appeal; their shortness is, in itself, a great asset. *Truth*, for example, has always been an exceedingly popular magazine in all three Services, and its Service paragraphs are always eagerly read. If we may judge from the many letters we receive on the subject, our own editorial paragraphs do, very often, attract public interest where a full-dress and, possibly, rather stodgy article would not.

There must be many aspects of regimental life in the infantry which could be discussed editorially, subject, of course, to the approval of the Commanding Officer. The War Office, to a quite remarkable degree, as compared with other departments, encourages thought and discussion amongst its officers, and we do not think our suggestion could be regarded as in any way prejudicial to discipline. There are, for example, many economies in Service administration which could be effected, if only they were brought to light. The January, 1929, number of *The XXX*, the excellent journal of the 1st Bn. East Lancashire Regiment, contained an admirable article entitled, "A Scheme for Economy,"

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which dealt with the present cumbersome methods of dealing with soldiers arriving home prior to discharge, and showed how economies could unquestionably be effected in dealing with these cases. Questions of this nature undoubtedly lend themselves to editorial comments. The ideas need not, of course, all emanate from the editor himself, though he is responsible for writing them up, and in this connection we are strongly of opinion that the editor should be a serving officer. There is no "Infantry Journal," in the same way that there is a Cavalry and Artillery Journal, etc., and as a consequence it seems to us that the infantry Regimental Journals should take a rather more ambitious line than some of them seem inclined to do.

As regards the constant "wail for contributions," if there were some eight to ten pages of editorial, prior to the notes about the 1st and 2nd Battalions, Depot, Territorials and Comrades Association, and if there were always some good illustrations, there should be no need to have any other article at all. If a really good article comes along, well and good, but an indifferent or dull article, put in simply for the sake of padding, is a crime against the subscribers, who are always expected and, in fact, rather more than expected, to support their particular journal willy nilly. Short stories are always an asset but are difficult to get hold of unless they are paid for. An offer of £1 1s., or even 10s. 6d. for each story would probably produce quite good results.

We can only add that if, in any way, we can be of assistance to the editors of Regimental Journals, we shall be only too glad to do so.

* * *

Regimental Bands in the Indian Army.

Over £10,000 annually is spent by the Army in India in allowances to regimental bands. This is in addition to the cost of certain instruments, the pay of the bandsmen and their clothing and equipment. At home, of course, bands do unquestionably help in the matter of recruiting, but in India practically the only *military* use of a band is as an aid to marching. It smartens up a parade and it cheers the tired soldier on the march and helps him to keep step. But the same result could be attained by a drum, bugle and fife or a pipe band. Furthermore, the British officer, already half submerged in the tide of rising prices, has to dip into his pocket to help maintain this band. It has never yet been

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satisfactorily explained why an officer should be compelled by regulations to subscribe to the maintenance of his regimental band. We are open to correction, but we believe that the abolition of regimental bands would not be unpopular among the officers of the Indian Army, and it would certainly be a decided economy.

If the average Indian brass band had any pretensions to musical ability, there might be *one* reason for their retention, but anyone who has suffered from the rendering of classical music by an Indian band will agree that several famous but defunct composers must be quite giddy with turning in their graves. The Indian can beat a drum, he can play the bagpipes, he is not a bad bugler, but he should never be allowed to touch a more intricate musical instrument.

* * *

Financial Eccentricities in India.

It would be interesting to know why, because the British soldier in India gets more pay and a larger clothing allowance than a sepoy, he should be made to pay more for his clothes. For a grey-back shirt the Sepoy pays 4 rupees 8 annas. For an identical similar garment the British soldier has to pay 7 rupees. This, of course, is one of the favourite gambits of the Finance Department—the more pay a man gets the more he has to pay out for his equipment, etc. It is on a par with the so-called charger concessions, under which a Field officer pays 800 rupees for a horse from Remounts, which if issued to a Captain would be priced at only 600 rupees. The logical conclusion of this curious procedure seems to be that a man receives higher pay, not so much as a reward for more efficient service but to enable Government to charge him more for things he is forced to buy.

Another curiosity of Indian babuism, which we shall continue, at intervals, to draw attention to, is the question of eligibility for railway concessions. The Railway Board has, it is understood, expressed its willingness to grant certain concessions to all officers of the fighting forces in India, namely, that of travelling first class for second class fare on production of a concession voucher known as a Form " E." This is in line with similar concessions here at home, which, however, are seldom taken advantage of, for the reason that most officers in England can and do travel third class. In India for obvious reasons the British officer cannot travel third class. The Army finance authorities, for some obscure

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reason, have restricted this generous *railway* concession to officers *below* field rank. Why, it is not clear, for there is no question of cost to the Army funds. The railway made the concession mainly to keep the British officer out of the second-class carriages, while the trains ran with empty first-class carriages. The result now is that while subalterns and captains now take their proper place in the train as befits the holder of His Majesty's commission, field officers, especially married commanding officers, transport themselves and their families in lower class carriages because they are forbidden the benefit of a free concession and cannot afford first class fares in that country of magnificent distances, called India. It is obviously one more manifestation of the mentality that ordains that because a man has, by long service or for other reasons, attained to higher pay, he should be mulcted in higher expenses.

* * *

The British Service Officer.

Spoilt by parsimony as it is, the extra furlough rates which have been granted to Indian Army officers should be extended to all officers of the Army in India. Why should it be taken for granted, as it apparently is, that the British service officer, serving in India, is a man of means with a house in England complete with retainers and a dear old housekeeper, only awaiting the squire's homecoming? The truth is that the British officer, whether of the British or Indian service, is usually a professional soldier who is in the Army as a means of livelihood, and when he comes to India he sells up what few sticks he may possess, abandons the unexpired lease of his hired furnished house and departs to India. When, if ever, he returns to England on leave he is generally faced with the expensive necessity of looking for suitable accommodation for himself and family. Such expenses, on the top of passage money, simply puts leave at home out of court for the average married British service officer.

* * *

The Taj Mahal.

An American lady, more blessed with money than education, had just completed the grand tour of India. When asked what particular sight she had liked best, she replied, after a pause, "Well, I think what I liked best was the Aga Khan by moonlight."

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The Labour Government and the R.A.F.

Signs are not wanting that the Royal Air Force is likely to come into its own rather more under the new Labour Government than has been the case under previous Governments, who have been more susceptible to tradition and sentiment. As we have said before, nothing very drastic in the way of disarmament is likely to take place in the near future, but at the same time it goes without question than there must be some reduction in the sum of £112,000,000 spent annually by this country on armaments, and it is no secret that a considerable number of the Labour party view with considerable favour changes in our military system which will allow of the Air Force having a greater degree of control, at a far smaller cost, in certain spheres where military or naval influence has hitherto been predominant. With this point of view we have considerable sympathy, and if an impartial statesman can be found, of the mental capacity and breadth of view of the late Lord Haldane, to preside over a Committee charged with the allocation of a fair share of responsibility in the defence of the Empire, to each of the three Services, much good should result, more especially if the close co-ordination of the three Services is considered *pari passu*. Inter-Service jealousies, though still occasionally fanned into activity by the perfervid claims of the Navy League and Air League, are, we believe, gradually dying down. The Army, by the way, is fortunate in never having suffered from an Army League. The time, in fact, is ripe for changes in our military system and we have no doubt, provided it refuses to be stampeded by the claims of over-eager partisans, that the Labour Government will handle the situation with vigour and ability.

* * *

R.A.F. Marksmen.

Very striking all-round progress in shooting has been made of late in the R.A.F., and this satisfactory state of affairs is due mainly to a small band of enthusiasts who not only laid the foundations of success of the R.A.F. Rifle Association some ten years ago, but are still numbered among its most active supporters. The R.A.F. owes a deep debt of gratitude to these officers. The almost entire lack of range accommodation has been a considerable handicap in the past, but this and the other obstacles which have opposed the progress of the Association are now fast disappearing.

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The tenth R.A.F. Rifle Association Meeting, held at Bisley this summer was, in every way, a great success, recording by far the largest number of competitors up to date, a greatly augmented number of matches and individual competitions, and a much higher standard of shooting. The standard of shooting has indeed improved year by year, and the time is not far distant, if indeed it has not already arrived, when we may hope to see the R.A.F. representative teams competing successfully in the Inter-Services and other matches held at the annual Bisley meeting. The importance of rifle shooting to the airman is far from being sufficiently appreciated, and it may be thought by many to be of less importance to the airman than to the sailor or soldier. We have only to turn to the late war to dispose of any misconception that may exist on this point. The most successful fighter pilots and air gunners were those who were good and experienced marksmen on the range or who had had considerable experience in shooting in some form or other. A point not generally appreciated is the fact that a bad shot in the air rarely has a second opportunity, and, moreover, that he has no comrades in close support to make amends for any bad shooting on his part. Brilliant airmanship is of little avail unless backed by good marksmanship, and it is for these reasons that a healthy and progressive Rifle Association should be looked upon as one of the greatest assets the force can possess.

* * *

The International Aero Exhibition.

Everything points to the International Aero Exhibition which opens at Olympia on Tuesday, July 16th, ranking as the greatest and easily the most interesting air show yet held. So far as the exhibits of military aircraft are concerned, British aircraft constructors will by courtesy of the Air Ministry be enabled to show their latest products in this class. As regards the foreign exhibits of military aircraft, it may be expected that both France and Italy will be exhibiting some of their later military types, so that an interesting comparison of the progress made by these three countries in design and construction should be possible.

The Exhibition is to be something more than a trade show, and a visit to it will well repay members of all three services.

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The R.A.F. Display.

The R.A.F. Display on July 13th, the Saturday preceding the first week of the Aero Exhibition, should attract an even larger number of overseas visitors than at previous displays, and these two events, with that of the Schneider Trophy Contest, which is to take place on September 7th, makes the year altogether an outstanding one in the history of aviation in this country, and should do much to popularize still further service in the Royal Air Force and promote "air-mindedness" in the country. A full account of the Schneider Trophy Contest will appear in the October number of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

* * *

SPECIAL NOTICE.

"On August 22nd, 1914, was fought around the little town of Ethe, in the south-east corner of Belgium, the most remarkable battle of the war. This battle is not only fascinating and intensely interesting, but it is packed with valuable lessons applicable to the British Army of to-day."

The above is the opening paragraph of an article, which will appear in the October issue, entitled "The Battle of Ethe." This battle was one of the few "open warfare" battles of the war.

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OUR BOYS' EDUCATION

I.—THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

By Our Education Correspondent.

TWO features might be said to distinguish the family of to-day from that of fifty, even thirty, years ago.

The first is its relative smallness, the second the increase in the care and attention devoted to the upbringing of its members. The latter is to some extent the consequence of the former, and both, to a larger degree, the result of the Great War and its now greater aftermath. The removal by death of one or two children from a Victorian family of eight or ten could create nothing like the same poignant gap as it does in a family of to-day, with its one or two children at the most.

It would be a matter for surprise had these changes not reflected themselves in the educational life of the modern child. The war had the effect of throwing what was more often than not the only son under the directing care of the mother, who thus acquired a highly active influence over the destiny of her child as opposed to the purely passive behind-the-scenes influence which was the utmost the average Victorian mother could hope for amongst her teeming brood. Thus has the modern child acquired an enhanced degree of value and importance, which the rare appearances of a father on leave increased rather than diminished; and instead of the Victorian axiom of "anything is good enough for the boy," parent, psychologist and educational crank loudly protest that "nothing is too good for the boy."

The movement begun in the home was naturally taken up by the preparatory schoolmaster. The preparatory school has nothing like the reputation or the vested interest of the Public School, but has had to face a competition which, especially since the war, has become very much more intense. On the other hand, the preparatory school is bound by no real traditions, and reflects entirely ideas and the policy of its proprietor. To obtain the patronage of the war-parent conditions were made easier; punishments became rarer and milder; greater individual attention was devoted to the bodily comfort and well-being of the boy; games became at

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once more formal and the most important item in school life. Naturally the fees ascended in proportion as each school tried to outvie its neighbour in becoming " a home from home," while the real, the vital questions—what is the purpose of a preparatory school, and does the school in question answer them satisfactorily ?—are conveniently ignored.

A preparatory school, as its name implies, theoretically prepares for the public school or for Dartmouth. Unless the boy is destined for the Navy the parents will in nine cases out of ten put his name down for one of the twenty or so leading public schools. If the father has himself been to one of them, the choice is facilitated ; but in all cases the school selected has a certain tradition, possesses an assured reputation, and turns out young men of a certain known and approved stamp. Yet these same parents will allow their son to be sent to a preparatory school on the most superficial knowledge—the recommendation, as often as not, of a chance acquaintance, which is reinforced by a cursory visit. In this matter, the boy's first school, the mother's part is often over prominent. She will judge the school by the surrounding scenery, the comforts it offers in the way of porcelain baths, central heating, motherly matrons, hygienic changing rooms and what not. The educative and hardening process, which should begin with the boy of eight, are ignored. And then when a vital five years has been consumed amid these unimpeachable hygienic surroundings the father is at first grieved that he doesn't cut a success at his public school, and embittered when a few years later the boy turns out to be disappointing, effeminate, or definitely unsatisfactory.

The Victorian family was one of the finest instruments of education. There is no neglect so salutary as that of a large family, nor a discipline so healthy as that of an elder brother. In fact, character was hammered out in the best way and in the best place. To-day, when this fine institution has become a thing of the past, all the more care should be taken to see that the preparatory school performs its services as nearly as possible.

A complete change of attitude towards preparatory " education " must be adopted if we are to recapture some finer qualities which have distinguished the British race in the past—its unworldly spirit of adventure ; its readiness to take risks ; its easy adaptability and unobtrusive efficiency. No longer must the years eight to fourteen be regarded as of

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secondary importance to the youth's bodily comfort and alleged mental happiness. No longer must preparatory schools be regarded from the point of view of *externals*. The preparatory school should be chosen which provides best for the moulding of character and the building up of a sound bodily frame and a healthy virile mind—*mens sana in corpore sano*, which is the first and supreme end of, and the only justification for, education.

A number of such preparatory schools do, undoubtedly, exist and, as stated in the opening paragraph of the Editorial of the present number, THE FIGHTING FORCES will do its best to assist parents in the selection of a good preparatory school, but the answer to inquiries will be facilitated if the fullest possible particulars are given in each case, *i.e.*, amount of fees which it is desired not to exceed, locality preferred, number of children in family, possibility of a younger son going to the same school later on, etc.

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THE PRODUCTION OF THE REQUISITE NAVAL OFFICER

By "Mariner."

EXCEPTION may be taken to the title selected for this article upon the grounds that it is a trifle clumsy; that it might be misunderstood as to its purport; or that it is not scholarly English. But it has been selected for the reason that it is the only one which appears to be precisely suitable. The word "Production" has been preferred to "Education," mainly because "Education" is in reality only part of the process of production, and is also too commonly associated with mere instruction by means of books or other scholastic apparatus. The production of a play is not confined solely to the memorizing of their parts by the players, nor is that of any finished article of manufacture to one single process.

The word "Requisite" is employed because it means no more and no less than "what is required."

The terms "Perfect Naval Officer," or "Ideal Naval Officer," might be made use of alternatively, but they have not the same meaning, and in point of fact neither "Perfect" nor "Ideal officers" are to be sought for this side of the Great Beyond.

"The Glassy Sea," around which golden crowns are cast down in the words of a well-known hymn, may perhaps be navigated by such officers, but not the less unruffled oceans of earth which come within the purview of the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty.

It may be as well, too, to emphasize at once that the term "Naval Officer" employed throughout means an officer of the military or combatant branch of the Royal Navy.

Its use in this sense must not be taken as implying that officers of other branches of the Service are not equally Naval Officers, but simply that its employment is a matter of convenience. Briefly, then, a certain sort of Naval Officer (in the above-mentioned sense) is required, and has to be "produced." How? Previous to the manufacture, or even design of anything it is as well to inquire for what purpose it is required.

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For what purpose, then, is the Naval Officer required? Apparently for a good many, since his duties are multifarious, but in reality (it is desirable to stress the point) for one, and one only, and that is *the conduct of military operations upon the high seas*.

Probably it is from failure to realize this that the process of "production" has become extremely involved during the course of a couple of centuries or so, although no doubt this can be attributed, in part at least, to the ever-increasing complexity of warfare in accordance with the progress of science and invention.

What originally helped more than anything else to confuse the issue was the development and consequent complication of the three-masted sailing ship from the seventeenth century onwards, rendering skill in management of the individual vessel one of the most important, if not *the* most important, duties of the sea-fighting officer. So long as wind and sails were the only propulsive agents of warships about nine-tenths of the Naval Officer's time had to be devoted to "Propulsion" and its machinery, leaving but one-tenth for the study of sea-fighting and the exercise of "Command" in war.

In short the Naval Officer had to be, first and foremost, a propulsive expert. That there was justification for this rather limited view of his status is undeniable, and many, perhaps the majority, of British victories at sea in the long-drawn-out wars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries were rightly attributed to superior seamanship, *i.e.*, propulsive skill.

Thus, the "Propulsive expert" conception of the Naval Officer crystallized, and the advent of steam did nothing in the way of dissolving it, though the actual machinery of propulsion had passed into other hands.

No doubt this was due to the fact that all, or nearly all, of the "machinery" of wind and sails was retained for many years, in some cases well into the twentieth century, though another contributing factor was the complete absence of any sea-fighting of a serious nature after the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars.

The early nineties of the last century saw the disappearance of masts and yards from the main fleets and squadrons, and from then on began to arise another propulsive expert concept—that of the engineer.

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" Command "—a term to be employed throughout these pages to connote " Military command in sea-fighting "—having been submerged in the attributes of one form of propulsion was again to be engulfed in those of another.

A distorted vision—true perspective having disappeared long ago—led to a clamour that the Naval Officer should be at least three-fifths, if not one-half, engineer. In fact, that bridge and engine-room should be interchangeable. That this clamour happened to coincide with one raised from different motives by the engine-room itself was, perhaps, no more than a coincidence, but the combination of voices was disastrous from the point of view of Command.

Other distorting agencies were at work about this epoch also, the chief of them being the increasing necessity for specialization and specialists.

In point of fact half a decade prior to the outbreak of the greatest of all wars, the corps of officers of the Royal Navy may be said to have consisted almost entirely of specialists—in everything save Command.

The officer whose name had no alphabetical attachment, such as " G," " T," " N," etc., was what has been termed a " Propulsive specialist," even if he had not yet become the half-engineer which an egregious course of " education " was supposed to be going to make of his successors ; the remainder were specialists as denoted.

But, it may be argued, this specialization ceased at any rate upon the attainment of Post rank, and generally, save in the case of " N," at Commander's rank.

True, but at what age ? Roughly thirty-five, say. And, on ceasing, what ? Immersion in propulsion again, *plus* a mass of administrative detail, much of it petty beyond expression. No great training for Command, and more particularly the higher forms of Command, in this ! At thirty-five a man's brain is not of course fossilized, but if his mental energies have been employed in one particular direction for the previous ten years he has lost much of the capacity for " reception " which he had originally, and his outlook is already coloured to a " special " tint.

If he has to " go to school " again, he carries a double handicap, the above-mentioned loss of receptivity, and the dead-weight of his " special " knowledge. On arrival at Flag rank, the pre-war Naval Officer had either to go to school again to learn the duties of Command or, as happened in

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too many cases, he failed or declined to acquire fresh knowledge, and became a mere figure-head placed atop of a routine machine which ground out its prescribed quota of drills and exercises. Then came the war, and contact with stark reality in place of comfortable illusion. The war was won—at a price!

The problem of to-day, with certain bitter experiences ten years behind us, seems to be to determine the necessary proportions in which Propulsion and Command can be co-mingled, if Propulsion cannot be wholly eliminated.

That it cannot be so altogether appears to be obvious, though the obvious is not invariably the fundamentally true.

The Phœnicians were Propulsive experts—seamen—but eventually their fleets succumbed to those of the Romans, experts in Command.

Blake was not a Propulsive expert, but in Command he ranks with Nelson, who was one. And so on.

Considering the day-to-day and hour-to-hour incidents of life in such an unstable element as ocean, which have to be reckoned with, as well as the necessity for the control and direction of ships which move upon it, there seems to be at least a foundation for the belief that the Naval Officer must have some justification as a seaman, though how exactly to define a seaman at the present day is not easy.

This problem, then, is really how to combine a background, so to speak, of seamanship or sea-skill with a foreground of Command.

Accurate book-keeping and a general knowledge of the principles governing finance are no doubt essentials to success in big business, but an exclusive devotion to the columns of the ledger is unlikely to lead the prospective Captain of Industry far upon the road to success. Similarly, an undue absorption in the mechanical and material *minutiæ* of the technique of his profession must be avoided in the case of the " requisite " sea-fighting officer.

Technique there must be, but it must be a servant and not a master.

But technique in its material sense demands technicians, specialists, experts. Assuredly.

So does the technique of Command. It can be regarded as certain that no one man can be a technical expert in everything appertaining to not only sea-fighting, but also the

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internal economy, the parts and properties of even a single warship. The thing is impossible.

Then why not relegate material technique to expert technicians and have done with it ?

Command requires its weapons forged, and ready to hand. It is not really concerned with their manufacture, testing or adjustment. In a sense it is not vitally concerned even with their practice or exercise, but solely *with their use*. Their use in war. And in this respect " Weapons " may be taken as meaning either complete battleships or single range-finders ; entire fleets or individual vessels of any description.

Command in war plays a game of chess. Need it carve and colour the chess-men and paint and prepare the board ?

So we come to the consideration of practical methods by which " carvers " and " painters " may be established in their appropriate sphere, and " players " in theirs. That any such methods could be other than revolutionary is impossible if by that term is meant a complete remodelling of an existing system.

But if experience has shown a thing to be necessary, it is surely better to face the necessity than to bury one's head in the sand and pretend that it does not exist. The first practical step to take then, is to separate Command as far as possible from Technique.

To do this would involve the institution of new and separate branches to the officers' tree, which, whilst offering an adequately rewarded career to those who elected to perch upon them, would make their career distinctive and completely dissociated from that of Command.

These new branches would be specialist branches. " G," " T," " N," etc., would bear precisely the same relationship to the executive branch (Command) as do the present Engineering, Accountant, or Medical Branches.

It is not proposed to go into this organization in detail, space would not permit of that, but the general idea is quite easy to follow if the subject is approached with an open mind and not viewed through the green spectacles of prejudice and suspicion. Nor is it any sort of effective argument against such a radical alteration in the Naval system to pick up a " Navy List " of to-day and inquire in acid tones how it is proposed to dispose of all the present officers shown in its pages. No such alteration could be brought about by a stroke of the pen. The process of remodelling could be only

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gradual and spread over a period of many years. That when completed it would give the " Navy List " a totally different appearance is certain, but this can scarcely be considered as an insuperable objection to the scheme of reorganization.

As is well known, a practical difficulty in connection with separate branches is the provision of sufficiently well-rewarded and responsible posts for the senior officers.

An unfortunate submission has been made to the demand that all should be enabled to reach an equivalent of Flag rank, and, when that has been obtained, should have some similar scope for the exercising of authority. By such methods the taxpayer's burden increased, and the heart of the gold-lace manufacturer made merry. In the case of so drastic a scheme of remodelling as is here put forward—a scheme which inevitably would lead to a complete and minute survey of the entire Naval system—it is for consideration whether the submission to this demand might not be reconsidered in the interest of economy and perhaps of efficiency.

But at the same time a certain amount of provision for seniors must be made in order to provide the necessary attraction.

As an example it might be suggested that for the new " G " branch there could be an Inspecting Officer, of equivalent to Flag rank, to supervise the gunnery schools, and another or others for fleet gunnery. There would be room for others at the Admiralty, and in connection with scientific and experimental work and so on. Similarly with " T." " N " is rather admittedly more difficult to arrange for, but Whitehall and some general supervision of navigation apart from the Hydrographic Department should be able to supply the necessary " plums."

What are now Admiral Superintendents, too, could be drawn solely from the " N " branch, as well as King's Harbour-masters.

Whether " S " (Signals) should remain as part and parcel of Command is a matter for consideration, but since its technique is so intimately bound-up with the actual exercise of military command it seems to be advisable that it should.

The precise allocation of the duties of officers of the new branches afloat can hardly be considered within the scope of a single article ; let it suffice to say that there would be no question of merely transposing the entire duties now carried

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out by existing " G " or " T " officers to the new branches. The question would be one of readjustment upon an extensive scale. Having thus cleared Command of certain hindrances to its proper growth and development, a considerable part of the process of " production " is in a fair way towards completion. " Education " in its usually accepted sense can now be considered with less distorted vision.

Obviously the regulations governing entry into the Royal Naval College would require considerable modification. It might even be possible in the interests of economy to rely solely on direct entry from the Public Schools at a not earlier age than eighteen and a half, in which case having already undergone O.T.C. Training (it might be amplified for candidates for the Navy or Army) the young aspirant for Command need waste very little time over drill and the acquirement of discipline. Three months in a special depot or " school " for which there is ample accommodation in the Naval barracks at either of the home ports should suffice to " put him wise " to Naval phraseology and methods of living, and to make acquaintance with heavy guns and torpedoes, etc. This to be followed by six months in a seagoing battleship or large cruiser for practical navigation, boat-work, and such seamanship as remains in a mechanized era.

Then appointment to a battleship, battle-cruiser or cruiser as a *probationary Sub-Lieutenant*, it being made very clear that the subsequent, say, nine months is to be regarded strictly as a period of probation, and that there will be no prospect of a Naval career for any young gentleman who failed to give satisfaction within it.

This brings the " aspirant " (in both French and English the term is an appropriate one) to round about the age of twenty.

He can now be gazetted Sub-Lieutenant. After, say, another six months spent in destroyers, submarines and small craft work generally, and another three lent to the Royal Air Force for instruction in aircraft and flying, it is for consideration whether by arrangement with the University authorities he might not spend a year at Oxford or Cambridge. The former would be preferable, perhaps, as it is more towards the " Humanities " and English Literature and History that his attention will be directed, than to Science or the Higher Mathematics.

In considering the question of the expense which such a

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sojourn at one of the universities would entail, it should be borne in mind that by adopting the later age of entry the country has been saved a good deal per annum for the young officers' education and general up-bringing, and also that a little money laid out in this way would be well spent.

If it be argued that a year at the 'Varsity is insufficient for any practical process of " education," the answer must be that the mere fact of even so short a stay upon the slopes of Parnassus would constitute a valuable item of " education " in itself. Twenty-one or so is still an impressionable age, and a good deal of what is worth absorbing from the atmosphere of a wider culture than the bosom of ocean affords can be inhaled even in twelve months.

That it is not in accordance with the usual procedure for training officers of any of the Fighting Forces of the Crown (save for a temporary arrangement made immediately after the war in the case of the Navy) to release them, once entered, for study at universities goes without saying. Also, it is of no consequence. Nothing in this projected scheme for the production of the requisite Naval Officer is in accordance with any usual practice, nor is it intended to be.

Down from the 'Varsity the Sub-Lieutenant—now about twenty-two—might have six months at sea to reimbibe sea air—and to enable his superiors to take further stock of him. Then he should become Lieutenant by some process of appraisement more than literal examination by means of papers—though some element of this need not be overlooked altogether—by which his seniority *pro tem.* may be determined. For the next four or five years his business is mainly at sea, watch-keeping ; concerned with men and their affairs, and so on. " Courses " or " schools " he may attend at convenient intervals for short periods.

During these years he will be expected to keep up some private reading or study of a general character—left mainly to his own discretion—and there would be inducements, as at present, to become efficient in one or more foreign languages up to a certain standard ; opportunity for attaining to a higher standard being provided later on.

Thus at about the age of thirty he would be of eight years seniority as Lieutenant, and eligible for the rank of Lieutenant-Commander.

It is a question for serious consideration whether there should not be some test imposed here, the result of which

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would not only prove his fitness for advancement, but would also *determine his seniority* in the higher rank.

At present seniority seems to be determined at too early an age and for too long a period of time.

It is common experience that the " bright youth " is by no means sure to be the better man a decade or so later in life, so that some opportunity for reassessment of seniority " half way up the ladder " appears to be desirable. Fierce controversy has raged over the question of examination for promotion, but it seems not unreasonable that there should be something of the kind, though not of course purely a matter of " papers."

It should not pass the wit of man to devise something based upon sound commonsense lines, having a reasonable relationship to both practice and theory.

As early as possible (it would hardly be practicable for an entire " batch " to go simultaneously) the Lieutenant-Commander would go for a year or more to the Staff College. It is proposed that he should not be required to *pass in*, as he must be assumed to be fit for what is an indispensable part of his training in Command, but that he should have *to pass out*, and the manner of his doing so would have some direct effect upon his prospective promotion to Commander's rank. Thus a distinct incentive to study is provided, as is also opportunity for a preliminary sorting-out of " sheep " from " goats." The latter, it is to be hoped, would be but a small minority, as it is to be feared that their future prospects would not be of the brightest ! As a Hibernian orator once expressed it, " their feet would not be set upon the broad High Road which leads to the top of the tree ! " Upon entry into the Staff College, the officer may be said to have already taken his B.A. degree (in Command). On leaving it (as a " sheep ") he would be possessed so to speak of the degree of M.A. To sea again after the conclusion of the Staff College course, and it would not be long before the question of promotion to Commander would arise. Here again there is a question of examination or no examination. Obviously, " selection " by some process there must be. But precisely what process ? Probably it will be agreed that examination is not a suitable one at this stage of an officer's career.

The fairest process to adopt would be a system of localized Selection Boards, constituted much as are Courts-Martial. These Boards, *sitting in camera*, would have all records and

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reports of each officer's career before them, and weigh them carefully. If they considered it desirable they could summon witnesses before them to speak as to character or reputation, nor need these witnesses be confined solely to commissioned ranks. Eventually the list of selected names would be forwarded through the usual channels to Whitehall, as the right of final selection cannot well be removed from those august precincts. The Selection Boards could mark the name of any officer not at the time selected for consideration upon a future occasion if thought deserving. Perhaps it could be laid down that no name would be considered more than twice or thrice.

By some such method as this the abuse of " Flagship favouritism " could be nullified as far as is humanly possible, or for the matter of that any other form of favouritism, including the feminine variety, which is not altogether unknown !

There seems to be no very adequate reason why this selective process should not be repeated in the case of promotion to Post and Flag rank, certainly to the former.

All Commanders should go to the Imperial Defence College, and their prowess there might react upon their future as that at the Staff College did upon the Lieutenant-Commander. And similarly with Captains. In the case of Flag officers, it should react upon their prospects of hoisting their flags.

Space does not permit of further elaboration of this scheme for the " Production of the Requisite Naval Officer," which at most is a mere sketch drawn upon a public blackboard rather to stimulate thought and discussion than to attempt to lay down the law.

There are innumerable questions to be considered in relation to it—or to anything like it. Anyone possessed of average mental equipment can raise them himself. That they should be raised—and require answering—all who have the well-being and efficiency of the Navy at heart will agree.

The Royal Navy is not a Sacrosanct Institution, the constitution and internal organization of which are immune from comment or criticism, nor is it any more " perfect " than are other human institutions. Like them, it requires to move with the times and to be constantly overhauling itself, for if it cannot do so there is always a lurking danger that reform may be imposed upon it from without, as indeed it

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is to be feared that most reforms of consequence have been in all military services.

If the notion of the segregation of technique into separate branches debarred from Command be scouted as preposterous, or at least impracticable, it may be well to recall that responsible statesmen in both Germany and Great Britain in their published reminiscences or records of the Great War have deplored the fact that their respective Admirals appeared to be submerged in the technicalities of their profession, and in consequence to be unable to take the widely comprehensive views which *war* demands.

In short, in the training of these officers, Command had always been subordinated to " specialism " of one sort or another until at least Commander's rank was reached, by which time mental receptivity had become definitely impaired and opinion too hardly crystallized.

The whole argument of these presents is to the effect that Command for the executive Naval Officer is the only form of sp ecialization that is required of him ; all else, Propulsion in whatever form it may assume in the course of time, together with its particular mechanism or apparatus, as also the mechanism of all engines and weapons of war, particularly in their constructional or experimental stages, being wholly and completely subordinate.

No doubt the idea is revolutionary. Most of the ideas which have contributed to any sort of beneficial progress have been considered to be so by defenders of the *status quo*.

In conclusion, it may perhaps be as well to add that where mention is made of the Staff College or the Imperial Defence College it must not be taken that these establishments are visualized in the exact form in which they exist at present, any more than the Navy itself must be so regarded.

Both Colleges are imagined as forming part of a *War University*, of which the Staff Colleges of the other Fighting Services also are components.

The Navy of the future is not unlikely to be of smaller dimensions even than now, though it would be unwise to indulge in any meticulous form of prophecy on the subject. True economy in its administration must always consist in obtaining the best value for money spent as well as in the curtailment of actual expenditure. This doctrine applies to personnel as well as to material, and particularly to all that is e p r esented by the term " Command."

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METHOD IN MINOR TACTICS

A PLEA FOR MORE EFFICIENT TEACHING.

By Major L. Gartside, D.S.O., Royal Tank Corps.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago a humorous book on minor tactics called "The Defence of Duffer's Drift" was to be found in most military libraries. By its means many young officers learnt how to avoid some of the pitfalls that beset even the simplest operation in war. It was probably the most useful though not the most complete of hundreds of unofficial books dealing with this subject that were published as a result of our experiences in the Boer War.

After 1918 those who expected that minor tactics would again occupy the attention of military writers to the same extent forgot that we had just passed through four years of war in which the art of manœuvre, except during the open fighting at the beginning and the end, could seldom be employed by leaders of troops in action. Trench warfare was precise, almost mathematical. There was little scope for tactical skill when troops moved forward a few hundred yards behind a creeping barrage. The great essential was Weapon Training, and everything else had to be sacrificed to that. When we returned to peace conditions the lessons of the war did not give any great stimulus to the study of minor tactics, but only of major tactics.

The next war will not be like the last, because the advent of the tank will tend to prevent the battle solidifying. Motorization will give us wider and more sudden movements. Whatever role the infantry is called on to play, it and every other fighting arm will require leaders who understand the art of manœuvre. The more fluid battles tend to become, the more shall we have to rely on the tactical ability of the most junior leaders. That these leaders, particularly the non-commissioned officers, do not get sufficient training in this subject under present conditions is obvious when one considers the amount of time devoted to it. Whole weeks on manœuvres may not give the non-commissioned officer more than a few hours actual practice in handling his men in the presence of the enemy. Lengthy preparations and preliminary movements occupy nearly as much time as the manœuvre itself; and then it often happens that a small unit

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will remain in reserve or be employed on escort or fatigue duty. While commands and staffs and senior regimental officers are learning valuable lessons at every change of the situation the section commander may be lying behind a hedge all day learning nothing. This applies especially to infantry, but in all arms the number of man hours devoted to movement under fire during tactical exercises or manœuvres is a small proportion of the period from the time of leaving barracks until returning to them.

It is not suggested that time is wasted ; much besides tactics can be learnt on manœuvres, and in any case the problem is insoluble. Administrative duties which cannot be neglected interfere with training for war, whether in barracks or in the field, and of the time that is available for training the greater part of it must be devoted to weapon training. Until some organization like a labour corps can be evolved with its personnel attached to every combatant unit to do the housemaids' duties, this state of things will persist.

But even a labour corps would be of little use if it only provided facilities for more tactical schemes, for these by themselves are a surer means of testing young leaders in tactical skill than of teaching it ; and what they achieve in the way of teaching is like getting men to build a house before they have learnt how to lay the bricks. Admitted that a lot is learnt from work in the field by the cumbersome process of trial and error, more could be assimilated in a shorter time if the elementary instruction were done in a class-room.

The easiest way to learn anything is to start at the beginning. The best teaching is highly organized in a progressive sequence. This is the way a schoolboy learns Latin and Arithmetic. The rules and even those comic rhymes and code words in the school primers are aids to memory that can be employed just as usefully in the study of tactics or any other military subject. At least something in this direction can be tried if the usual outdoor method of teaching does not give satisfactory results. Modern efficiency demands no less, and to say that we have managed to get along very well without it is subscribing to a policy of stagnation.

The greater variety of weapons, constant changes in design and the advent of tanks and wireless have made the soldier's profession very complicated. Even the most junior leaders require a wider military education than was the case twenty years ago, and generally speaking they get it. One

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has only to study the earlier manuals to realize this. " Immediate action," unheard of in the days of the Maxim gun, has been reduced to a fine art. Everything has been speeded up; everything, that is, except the simple tactics of the subaltern and the sergeant.

At present the non-commissioned officer learns minor tactics by the tiresome process of making mistakes during schemes out of doors. There is nothing to guide him officially. There is no standard work on minor tactics of the various arms, and there are few books at all that present the subject in a concise and palatable form that the average sergeant will read and understand.

The only official pamphlet issued to him is " Section Leading," which puts the subject clearly and completely, but is obviously intended as a guide to the instructor and not for the pupil. The point is, the instructor does the teaching, not the book. Left alone with the book, the pupil will not grasp the subject well, if indeed he will take the trouble to read it through.

Field Service Regulations and the Training Manuals necessarily deal with the tactics of war formations, such as advanced guards, as opposed to units such as sections, although at the end of Infantry Training there are some useful diagrams showing the preparatory formations of the company and platoon under fire. This may well be the beginning of some more definite guidance in minor tactical matters than has been contained in the text-books hitherto.

It is always being said that you cannot learn tactics from a book, and this objection will be upheld most stoutly by those who have learnt their lessons from experience in war. But although this is the surest way, it is the most expensive, involving so much waste of life; it takes a long time, and is not, thank heaven, a method available for everybody always.

In tactics, as in every other art, there are certain actions applicable to particular situations and certain actions which are definitely wrong. Both can be tabulated in such a way that the student can learn them without effort and remember them. There are all sorts of ways by which infantry may advance under fire, yet they can all be classified under two headings, movement by bounds and movement by filtration. Again, bounds may be carried out by section or larger rushes and by individual or group rushes. Similarly, filtrating can be done by units or groups and singly or by twos and threes.

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Here at once we have the methods of infantry movement under fire classified solely for ease in memorising them. This is nothing more than organized instruction.

Let us see how this idea works in battle, which after all is the acid test of all teaching. Under fire every leader is at a mental disadvantage. The distractions and the physical exhaustion of battle are all against calm reasoning. If his thoughts are carefully arranged by previous training, the mental effort required of him will be much less. Let us suppose that the commander of an infantry section during an advance finds that he cannot get on without losing most of his men. It is probable that he would in any case try rushing his men forward by ones and twos instead of in a lump, but that might be the limit of his ingenuity. He might have practised filtrating during peace training, but in the stress of the moment forgets that here in this very place is the undergrowth that suits this particular way of getting on. Had he been taught that there were two principal means of movement under fire, he would have solved the problem automatically. The number two would be fixed in his mind—the printed page of his tactics primer would be in front of him as it were.

This seems to be the answer to those who say that a little book knowledge would be dangerous, as encouraging a type of leader who would not think at all but be guided mechanically by the wording of the book. That might have been true thirty years ago, when old sweats could work their way up to the Sergeants' Mess by bawling loud enough on the barrack square, but the modern soldier is an educated man of whom a great deal more is required, and a moderate and intelligent use of the books intended for him is the rule rather than the exception.

The example given above is not very apt, but one more conclusive would occupy too much space, and what we may call book tactics is applicable to all problems of every arm. The tank section leader, for instance, should know by heart the value of the various formations the section can adopt. These formations fall into two main categories, those of columns and those of lines. Each have definite uses which can be enumerated. Here again is tactical knowledge systematized on the printed page and not yet put in practice out of doors.

Let us suppose that the main considerations in a tank

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advance under fire are three—speed, ground and formation. The student will learn much more when he gets to the training area if he starts with a clear idea of the values of these factors, but they cannot be grasped without protracted reasoning, and the proper place for that is the class-room or the bunk and not the open field. The habit of reasoning must be cultivated from the beginning of course, otherwise the study of any book on tactics is a waste of time if not dangerous.

As an example of how reasoning powers may be encouraged, the question might be asked "Why is protection not one of the main considerations in the tank advance under fire?" With a little practice in reasoning the youngest lance-corporal would tell you that it is contained in the other three. The lesson can be carried a step further by asking how fire effect, which is assisted by formation, can be any protection, and so on.

In this way is a sound tactical groundwork acquired, but any device such as code words and rhymes may be used to fix facts permanently in the mind. Pictures are a great help in memorising. Indeed, the whole subject might be taught by pictures if one could have enough of them. If they were vivid they would be interesting, and that is half the battle in teaching troops anything on which their pay does not depend.

It must be emphasized that book knowledge alone is not of much value. Training in the field by itself is of considerable value. The ideal is a combination of both whereby everything learnt by study can be applied intelligently in the field later on.

One of the objections to teaching tactics out of a book is the necessity for continual amendments to keep in line with the changes in equipment of the particular arm of the service. But that is nothing new in the Army. Our books are constantly being amended—it would point to lack of progress if they were not. It may be a nuisance, but it has not led to any great confusion of thought among those who look at their books occasionally.

It is doubtful if the Royal Tank Corps, whose armament is still in the experimental stage, would be able to evolve any definite rules of minor tactics for its personnel, but it could be tried, because there is a lot in the subject which is unaffected by the design of the tank or its armament unless of a very radical nature.

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It is a curious anomaly that in these days of military efficiency a non-commissioned officer can still get along quite well without any qualifications other than personal qualities for leading troops in action. It would cause a mild sensation if a corporal was recommended for promotion partly for his tactical skill, yet no one believes that tactical skill is unnecessary to him in peace time because in war he will pick it up easily after a few battles !

An official book has this advantage, that it provides a means of examining a candidate in the principles of the subject and helps to assess his value in the field.

These ideas are too revolutionary to gain much support in the immediate future, but if the germ of them survives to take shape eventually in a sort of tactics primer on the lines indicated this article will not have been written in vain.

Short of that, any method by which the elements of the subject can be taught with regularity and without the spasmodic use of the training area alone will be a boon to every conscientious commander.

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THE CO-OPERATION BETWEEN AIRCRAFT AND ARMOURED FIGHTING VEHICLES

By Wing-Commander T. L. Leigh-Mallory, D.S.O., R.A.F.

THE present would seem to be a suitable moment to review the possibilities and limitations of co-operation between aircraft and armoured fighting vehicles. It is not proposed to discuss what the future organization of an armoured force will be, but from such experience as it has been possible to obtain during the war, with the Royal Tank Corps, and since the war with the experimental armoured force, it is proposed to discuss the general principles which will underlie any such co-operation in the future.

It is considered that, broadly speaking, the operations likely to be undertaken by armoured fighting vehicles fall under two headings—independent missions carried out on the flanks against enemy lines of communication or columns of troops, and secondly, attacks on formidable positions held by the enemy. During 1918 the operations all took the form of attacks on prepared positions, but in any future war both types of operations must be expected; the former being carried out by lighter and more mobile armoured fighting vehicles, the latter by the heavier and slower types. In this article it is prepared to discuss :—

(*a*) How aircraft can assist armoured fighting vehicles in their operations.
(*b*) The effect of enemy aircraft on the employment of armoured fighting vehicles
(*c*) Their effect on enemy aircraft.

The co-operation of aircraft in these operations may be divided into three stages; the period of preparation, the approach, and the battle. During the period of preparation for any wide movements into the enemy country, several factors will be vital to the success of the operation. In the first place secrecy will be absolutely essential if surprise is to be effected. To obtain this it is necessary to make sure that sufficient cover exists at the end of each successive bound, to enable the force to be concealed. Even in England, where maps are far more accurate than almost anywhere else in

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the world, they are very often misleading concerning the existence of woods, and they do not give information as to the type of trees, and consequently it is impossible simply from maps to deduce how much cover any particular wood will provide at the various times of the year. The existence of woods and how much concealment they will afford can be cleared up by both visual reconnaissance and photography from aircraft. Again, there may be some big physical obstacle such as a river to be surmounted. It will be necessary while framing the plan for an operation of this nature, to know where marshes exist, where the river is fordable, and what height the banks are at such points, also where the best place is for the river to be bridged. Again aircraft can be used to augment and verify any previous information there may be on these points.

The period of preparation over, the approach will commence. At this juncture there are four points for consideration concerning the employment of aircraft :—

(*a*) Their flying programme during the approach and for a few days before it commences, must be so arranged as not to draw attention to the objective.

(*b*) The best way to employ the air striking force may be in creating a diversion, by attacking some point of vital importance to the enemy, some distance away from the objective of the armoured fighting vehicles ; this may have the effect of diverting the enemy's attention, drawing off his fighters for the defence of his sensitive spot, and diverting his bombers to the attack of our aerodromes.

(*c*) To reconnoitre the objective of the armoured force so as to gain information concerning any defence being prepared, or if it is a column which is being cut off, information regarding its progress.

(*d*) In the case of an objective on the move, if there is a possibility of it getting so far in any one direction as to prejudice the armoured force operations, then to attack it with aircraft, so as to delay it long enough for the armoured force to come up and close with it.

During the actual battle itself there are two main demands

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an armoured force commander will make on his aeroplanes, viz., reconnaissance and protection against anti-tank guns. With regard to the former, naturally his close reconnaissance aircraft will have to keep him constantly informed concerning the movements of the enemy, so that he can estimate exactly what chances he has of securing a crushing victory, and decide the right moment and place for the use of his reserve. In order to receive this information with the utmost rapidity, the armoured force commander will have a vehicle at his headquarters capable of both sending radio telephony messages to and receiving similar messages from his close reconnaissance aeroplane. This, therefore, not only enables the force commander to receive continuous information concerning the progress of the battle, but also empowers him to issue additional instructions to his pilot in the air as the situation develops.

With regard to protection against anti-tank guns, it was found during the later battles of 1918 that this was absolutely essential. This has also been confirmed by the subsequent operations of the armoured force. The reasons why aircraft are required to carry out this work are roughly as follows :—

(*a*) Tanks are still apt to be rather blind, and consequently will only spot a proportion of the enemy guns firing at them.

(*b*) It will be extraordinarily difficult for supporting artillery to neutralize the enemy's anti-tank guns when once the battle is in progress, because when once our tanks have passed out of sight of our supporting artillery, if they continue to fire they may actually be bombarding our own tanks.

(*c*) It has proved impossible for artillery reconnaissance aeroplanes to call for the fire of our guns on to these anti-tank guns, because our experience with anti-tank guns up to the present has been that they wait till our tanks are only about 700 yards away before they open fire, and the answer to the call for fire sent by the aeroplane would be too late and would endanger our own tanks. Consequently, it was decided during 1918 that direct action by single-seater fighters against anti-tank guns was the only effective method of dealing with

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them, in addition to the covering fire of the tanks themselves.

During the battles in the autumn of 1918 fighter pilots were given likely spots to watch during each phase of the attack, then as soon as they saw a flash in their sector, they straightway attacked that spot, delivering their attack with machine guns and 20 lb. bombs from behind the gun, with the idea of driving the gunners away until our tanks came up and captured the position. Strange to relate, the casualties our fighters sustained in carrying out this work were not very heavy. Presumably, all possible fire was being directed at our tanks, and our enemies were too preoccupied with them to fire at the fighters.

During the battles in the autumn, 1918, it was not difficult to co-ordinate the action of the fighters with the tanks attacking. This, however, will present considerable difficulties in mobile warfare, when tank attacks may be staged at very short notice. If fighters are to co-operate successfully in an attack under these conditions they must be given very full information, because a rigid prearrangement becomes impossible, and consequently the pilots must be given as much information as will enable them to decide exactly when to strike and where. To achieve this it is considered that the following details should be sent to the fighter squadron :—

(*a*) The approximate line from which the armoured fighting vehicles will debouch to the attack.
(*b*) The time this is expected to take place.
(*c*) The objective.
(*d*) Any particular points to be watched, where anti-tank guns are expected to be.

Armed with these particulars the fighter pilots should be able to pick up the threads of the battle and deliver their attack at the psychological moment.

It is evident that if the armoured force commander is going to have both fighter and reconnaissance aircraft co-operating with him, it is desirable for him to have one Royal Air Force officer with whom he can deal concerning the operations of both, and in consequence it is probable that these squadrons would be organized in a wing, the commander of which would direct the operation of both squadrons. The commander of the wing would either have to stay with his squadrons and see the armoured force commander whenever he could, or he would have to live at armoured force

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headquarters, and rely on having an adequate means of intercommunication for transmitting his orders to the squadrons. With regard to the former alternative, if the wing commander were to stay with the squadrons his close contact with the armoured force commander would depend on the establishment of advanced landing grounds near armoured force headquarters. This will sometimes be practicable, but when a wide flank movement is being undertaken protection for this landing-ground would be necessary, and its presence might disclose the direction of movement of the armoured force to the enemy. For these reasons it is thought that during actual operations the wing commander would usually accompany the armoured force commander.

After this brief reference to the way in which aircraft can assist an armoured force, some consideration of the effect the enemy air force may have on armoured force operations is desirable. This falls under two headings—namely, reconnaissance and offensive action. To conduct his operations with secrecy will be one of the main preoccupations of an armoured force commander. If the enemy are equipped with aircraft for reconnaissance both day and night, his task in all probability will be a difficult one. However, given cover and good discipline it has already been demonstrated that an armoured force can be concealed from air observation. If this is achieved, then the maintenance of secrecy depends on the ability to move at night without being seen. If moves of any considerable distance are undertaken, it is probable that they will have to be carried out along roads. Provided the weather is fine enough for night flying and the enemy general staff has chosen the right roads for the night reconnaissance aircraft to reconnoitre, the chances are that the armoured force will be located. When, however, this movement is carried out in several columns across country there requires to be very ideal conditions if the movement is to be seen. The alternative that might suggest itself to an armoured force commander, would probably be that our fighters should concentrate on preventing enemy reconnaissance aircraft from penetrating over the area where movement is taking place. This, however, is unlikely to be completely successful, because the atmosphere is so extensive and aeroplanes cannot hear each other in the air, with the result that evasion is comparatively simple, and it is difficult to prevent a determined enemy pilot from carrying out his reconnaissance, conse-

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quently it is safer to rely on concealment than on the prevention of reconnaissance as a means of ensuring secrecy.

Apart from reconnaissance, an armoured force may present a first-rate target for enemy bombers and fighters. Armoured fighting vehicles are not usually vulnerable to air attack when once they are moving across the open. On the other hand, when concentrated they form a first-rate target. It would seem that this could easily be obviated by always scattering tanks about. However, it must be pointed out that when scattered they become difficult to control, which may be a vital consideration when an attack is about to be delivered. Also the small amount of concealment in the assembly area may render their concentration unavoidable. If they are concentrated and discovered, then the possibility of them suffering heavily from bombing is considerable. In addition to the armoured fighting vehicles themselves, an armoured force is dependant on a tremendous quantity of motor transport for its supplies of petrol, oil, ammunition, and rations, without which it is useless. These large columns of transport are difficult to conceal, and are particularly vulnerable to attacks by both fighters and bombers. Although a very distinct measure of air superiority may have been attained, it is impossible to guarantee that such attacks will not take place. However, it is considered that the best protection would be afforded by the Royal Air Force diverting the enemy's attention from the armoured force operation by an attack on some vital centre which he would have to defend at all costs. Such a diversion might have the effect of focussing the attention of the enemy on the air attack on his vital centre, and so assist the secret movement of the armoured force ; and also might divert his air effort to the attack of our aerodromes, with a view to easing the situation at his vital centre.

It may be deduced from this that aircraft may have a very decisive effect on the employment of an armoured force. Can an armoured force also affect an enemy's air force ? Obviously, to bomb effectively, aircraft must have secure bases to operate from. A predominance in fast-moving armoured fighting vehicles by one side will probably result in the aerodromes of the other side having to be forced further and further back in order to ensure safety from these raids. Evidently, both these new arms can affect each other's operations very adversely, but should one nation achieve predominence in both it is believed that the combination would be irresistible.

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"TIME SPENT IN RECONNAISSANCE"

(AN UNLIKELY STORY.)

By PORTHOS.

"My object all sublime . . .
. , . To let the punishment fit the crime."

THE MIKADO.

AMBROSE MARKHAM had the reputation of being a bad man to cross; at polo or in any other walk of life. In the course of time an opportunity inevitably seemed to present itself for adjusting the balance of any little account that he had outstanding; and when the opportunity came Ambrose grasped it with both hands. There was nothing crude about his methods, indeed each little affair was marked by an artistry that was all his own.

At the time of this story Ambrose, who was a captain in the Royal Tank Corps, was serving in India with an Armoured Car Company, the said Company having recently arrived in the brigade commanded by one Brigadier John Rasper who, one regrets to relate, was not a popular officer. When, therefore, word went round that Ambrose and Rasper had been at cross-purposes over a small matter of a travelling allowance claim, submitted by the former and turned down by the latter, there was a thrill of agreeable anticipation. Ambrose would most certainly settle the account. But when? And how?

In order properly to appreciate the subtlety of his revenge it is necessary to go back a little and review the matter of the rejected claim.

A Very High Authority had said "Let there be manœuvres." Before this lofty sentiment could be translated into action it became necessary to examine certain areas with a view to their suitability for manœuvring and in due course several brigade commanders received orders to "submit a report on the area marked on the accompanying map with a view to its suitability as a manœuvring ground for a force which, for the purposes of this report, may be taken to consist of . . ." and so on. Like all reports, it was wanted in a hurry; at once if not sooner, and in any case by the 25th. Among others, the brigade commanded by Brigadier John Rasper

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was called upon for one of these reports. He pencilled across the letter, " Turn this over to the A.Cs. They've got to get to know the country—J. R.", and forgot all about the matter ; that is, until he was unpleasantly reminded of its existence the following Monday morning by the District Commander who rang him up to point out that his report was due that day, that it had not arrived, and to ask " Why ?" Apparently the powers that be were really in a hurry this time and would he please give the matter his personal attention. Feeling very hurt Rasper hung up the receiver and screamed loudly for blood. His Brigade Major was able to pacify him somewhat by appearing with the missing report all ready for dispatch, but he was bidden to demand a full explanation from the Armoured Cars who had been the guilty party in that the report had not reached the Brigade early enough on Saturday to catch the outgoing mail.

Now what had happened was that the reconnaissance had been handed over to Ambrose and a sub-section of cars. The party had bivouacked out for two nights. The second night had been spent at a spot only about twenty miles from X——, the Brigade Headquarters station, and Markham had intended to run this distance on the early Saturday morning and so have his report into Brigade by noon. On setting out in the morning it was discovered that the road, some two miles from camp, was crossed by a dry watercourse that proved a very effective obstacle to the passage of the party, the leading car being badly stuck in a heavy sand-drift that had blown clean across the road. This was a stroke of sheer bad luck. The same watercourse had been crossed twice higher up in the course of their wanderings and there had been nothing to show that it would give trouble lower down. To return by the way they had come was not possible as they had not enough petrol. Leaving his subaltern, who was with him, to extricate the wreck, Markham, grasping his precious report to his bosom, set out for the nearest village visible about half a mile down the road. There he proposed to hire either a pony or a tonga which would get him into X——in time to hand in his report and send out relief cars with more petrol.

The next part of the story follows on lines familiar enough to anyone who has ever tried the impromptu hiring of transport in the East. The village apparently boasted one magnificent saddle horse which would have carried the sahib at a gallop

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into X—— in less than two hours. Unfortunately the lambardar* had gone off on it and would not be back till nightfall. The only other steed in the village would have been classed as undersized at a Shetland pony show and Markham incontinently rejected it. He rode over twelve stone. After considerable delay a trotting bullock tonga was produced from the next village and the expedition started. Two miles down the road the wheel came off. Luckily this calamity appeared to come under the heading that the book calls " first line repairs," for it was put right by the driver, but what with one delay and another it was past four when Markham, very hot and weary, at last handed his report into the Brigade Office. The Brigade Major had gone off on a week-end shoot, the one post of the day had gone out, and the report was sat on till the Monday when, as we have seen, tender inquiries were made from above as to its whereabouts.

The pith of the above story was sent in to Brigade by the Armoured Car Company but Rasper, having been bitten himself, was not so easily pacified. Personally wielding the pen he wrote :—

" The Brigade Commander directs that Captain Markham should be informed that he is not satisfied with the explanation offered. In a case of this nature, where time was a factor of importance, there was no justification for relying on a country road being passable by armoured vehicles. Its feasibility should have been verified by personal inspection. ' Time spent in reconnaissance is rarely wasted.' "

" Fancy his having the nerve to quote that aged tag at me," was Ambrose's comment on receiving this mark of official disfavour.

Three days later he presented his Company Commander with a travelling allowance claim for the cost of the bullock tonga he had hired to bring him into X——.

" My dear Ambrose," said his Major, Thorpe by name, " do you really think that the Brigade Commander will countersign this after his last letter ?"

" Perhaps not, but I am going to give him a chance of expiating his offence. If he signs this we'll call it quits."

As had been anticipated the claim was not allowed.

" In the circumstances the Brigade Commander considers that the expenditure involved was directly due to the negligence

* Village headman.

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of the officer concerned and is not, therefore, a fair charge on the State. He regrets that he cannot sign the claim."

Ambrose received the decision without comment; but no one for a moment supposed that the affair was over.

Such, then, is the story of the quarrel.

II.

Some few months later a practical examination for promotion to captain was ordained by District Headquarters. Brigadier Rasper to be President and the examination to be held at X——.

Rasper turned it over to his Brigade Major.

"We'd better have an advanced guard scheme. Stuff in armoured cars and all the usual trimmings as there are sure to be officers from all units taking the examination. Get out the rough draft and solutions and show it me before the examination comes on. I'll come out on the ground and give it a look over when you've got it ready."

The scheme was in due course prepared and vetted and, then, two days before the actual examination took place Rasper received a momentous telephone message from the G.S.O.1 at District Headquarters:—

"The General is not satisfied with the results we have been getting at these practical examinations and he is coming down himself to attend the one you are holding. He will be there purely as a spectator, of course, and his presence in no way affects your duties as President of the Board. He just wants to watch the candidates at work."

Now, Rasper had had a slight difference of opinion with the District Commander some months before on this very subject of advanced guards, so, pondering on this news for a while, he sent for Wilberforce, his Brigade Major.

"I think this scheme is quite O.K., but I will come out with you myself to-morrow morning when you take out the members of the Board and just make quite certain everything is in order." And then he added, as an afterthought, "And ring up the Armoured Cars and ask Major Thorpe if he would be good enough to come out with us too. I should like to have his expert opinion on the task we have given the cars."

Having put this apparently innocent afterthought into Brigadier Rasper's mind, Ambrose Markham's guardian angel took wing to Major Thorpe's quarters where she invoked a peculiarly sharp attack of malaria on that unlucky officer's

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head. Well satisfied with a good morning's work, she took the rest of the day off. Guardian Angel is a good job.

At the rendezvous the next morning then, the Brigade Commander was greeted by Captain Markham. " A letter from Major Thorpe, sir. He sends his compliments and asks if you will excuse him this morning. He had a very sharp attack of fever last night and still has a temperature. He has asked me to answer for him."

" Ah !" said Rasper, glancing through the chit. " I'm sorry to hear Thorpe is seedy. However, Markham, you will do just as well I expect. Now, Wilberforce, will you take the rest of the Board away and explain the scheme and the arrangements for the questions. Markham and I are just going to have a look at the armoured car problem. Now, Markham, you will understand of course that all this is confidential until the examination is over . . . " and he proceeded to unfold the task allotted to the armoured cars. " There you are," he concluded a few minutes later ; " that's the situation and that's the task we are asking you to perform. As you may know, the G.O.C. is to be here and just in case he asks any questions I should like to feel perfectly certain that our solution has the blessing of experts."

" Well, sir," said Markham after a moment or two of cogitation, " a bold scheme, a very bold one, if I may say so. But in the circumstances essentially one which gives you the fullest benefit from your cars. It gives just that dash of cavalry handling to the cars that the mechanically trained mind is so apt to miss."

Rasper, an old cavalry officer, swelled visibly to the naked eye. " Very glad to hear you say it, Markham ; very glad you appreciate it. So many of you young fellows think that when you have learnt to drive a Ford you know all about war."

" There is, I think, sir," said Ambrose demurely, " one thing I ought to mention now. The scheme itself is, as I said, above criticism, but that road, sir——"

" Yes, what about the road ?"

" Well, sir, armoured cars couldn't possibly get along it."

" What do you mean, Markham, couldn't get along it ? There's no other road they could use."

" Exactly so, sir. Then in the circumstances you couldn't use your armoured cars."

" But my dear fellow, on a promotion examination with

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two Tank Corps officers attending how the devil could I ignore my armoured cars ?"

" I don't think you could, sir."

A strained silence ensued. Rasper paced furiously up and down the road. Ambrose gazed with apparently absorbed attention at some complicated agricultural evolution going on in a field a short way away. Eventually Rasper spoke.

" Well, I must thank you for your opinion, Markham," he said stiffly, " but it is too late to change the scheme now. It must stand."

" I shall be here, to-morrow, sir, as I am driving the General down and in view of what Mr. Lloyd George said in 1917——"

" And what the devil has Lloyd George to do with promotion examinations ?" interrupted Rasper.

" In connection with the Dardanelles Inquiry, sir, Mr. Lloyd George stated that when a military expert has given his advice on a point to a superior his responsibility does not end. He should, if the superior in his presence go contrary to that expressed opinion, undoubtedly get up and say so."

" You mean," said Rasper, " that you propose to attend this examination and spoil the scheme by raising a footling objection to that road. Well, that's quite easy. I forbid you to appear at the examination. You can make what excuses you like to the General."

" Very good, sir, but I suppose I can mention it to the General before he comes out ?"

* * * * *

Baffled at every exit, Rasper sought his Brigade Major and poured out his tale of woe.

" But it's incredible, sir," gasped that startled officer.

" Good Lord, man, don't make stupid remarks. Nothing can be incredible that has actually happened. We've got to get down and make a fresh scheme at the eleventh hour. What do you propose to do about it ?"

" We've got that scheme we roughed out as a stock solution last cold weather when we held that exercise for field officers in setting schemes. It's an A.G. scheme and with a little polishing I could get it ready in time to have it duplicated to-night. It's on the same map, too. I'm afraid it means our coming out this afternoon though."

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"Of course, it does," said Rasper, "but if we've got to toil, I'll make that young devil sweat too. Markham!" he called sharply.

"Sir!" came the cheery reply.

"Since you find yourself unable to approve of the scheme we have set, Major Wilberforce and I are coming out this afternoon to do a fresh one. You will honour us with your company and the benefit of your advice. You will be at my bungalow by two."

"I'm sorry, sir, but the General has asked me to go out with him this afternoon and look over the area where we are holding the combined cavalry and armoured car exercises next month. I'll send Jones with you. He is a very sound officer."

History records that Rasper made no reply. There is a proverb about the Last Straw.

* * * * *

His outing with the General over sooner than he had anticipated, Ambrose bathed, changed and hied him to the Club. Ambushing himself behind a clump of palms in the veranda he sat down to wait. It was still quite early. The tennis courts were crowded with agile figures and the interior of the Club was empty, when a dusty car drew up outside.

"All right, then," said Rasper, getting wearily out, "you get along and get the thing typed up, and be sure to let the General have his copy to-night. I'm going in for a drink." The car groaned away and a bowed figure staggered wearily inside. The figure behind the palms remained unnoticed.

"I'll give him two minutes," thought Ambrose; and at the end of that time he rose and went within. Pausing at the green baize doors of the bar he peered through the glass spyhole provided by a kindly committee for the convenience of suspicious wives. His quarry was within and alone. He entered and, advancing to the bar, ordered himself a whisky and soda.

"Good evening, sir," he said as he took his first sip.

No reply.

"I was out with the General this afternoon, sir."

No reply.

"We had a look at that road on the way home, sir."

No reply.

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"And on mature consideration we decided that if they used their planks at the nullah crossing at the near end, then armoured cars could quite easily use that road. I thought you would just like to know that you were right after all."

The swing doors of the bar had ceased vibrating before the power of speech returned to Brigadier John Rasper; and then only an empty glass on the bar beside him showed that he had ever had a visitor.

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A SEA CAREER IN NELSON'S DAY—A MEMOIR

ARRANGED BY COMMANDER C. F. JEPSON, R.N.

(*Concluded from page* 77, *April*, 1929, *number*.)

1801, *April*.—But after the Battle of Copenhagen public feeling rose high against the English and the prisoners were kept in close confinement. This, however, soon wore off, and in three or four months peace between Great Britain and the Northern Powers having been declared, they were released from captivity, and they had to get back to their native land in the best way they could. Our father landed in North Shields from a merchant ship, and thence *worked* his passage round the coast to Yarmouth roads in a collier. Hard times those!

His garments were in a shabby, almost tattered condition, with only a brass button here and there on his coat to show that he was a Naval Officer. Walking on the beach of Yarmouth one morning he espied a man of war in the distance, standing in under full sail for the anchorage. Hope revived, he was not kept long in suspense, it was his old weather-beaten frigate, the *Shannon*, returning from her long cruise in the Baltic. He hastened to the landing place, and there met with and presented himself to Captn. Pater, who started back with astonishment, having believed that his prize master had perished with all hands in the prize. He was most heartily greeted by all the Officers and received with much kindness and attention, especially by his brother "Mids." His widowed mother had also given him up for lost, and been mourning in crape for him, but now her sorrow was turned into joy. But he says, "How can I ever sufficiently acknowledge His care over me, in His Providence for the safety of His unworthy creature?"

Following this event our Father was appointed to H.M.S. *Princess Charlotte*, 36 guns, in Augt. 1801, as Master's Mate, but served as [*acting*] Lieut. on the Irish Station; and from her he passed to the *Phoebe*, 36 guns, as Admiralty Mate [*Admiralty Midshipman (O'Byrne)*]* in May, 1802. The peace of Amiens having been made in March, 1802, his appoint-

* W. R. O'Byrne's Naval Biographical Dictionary.

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ment was on the Peace establishment, but war with Buonaparte and the French nation recommencing in 1803, the frigate was sent to the Mediterranean. It was in the month of July of that year that the Ships' boats were sent to attack two armed vessels off Civita Vecchia. It was a most severe conflict, our loss in killed and wounded being about one out of five, Charles Tilly receiving two wounds from a boarding pike and a cutlass. The employment of such weapons shows that they fell to close quarters with the enemy. The 3rd Lieut. died of his wounds, and the death vacancy should have fallen to our father, but it was given to a stranger from another ship: interest and not merit prevailed. However he was passed on to the flag ship of the Mediterranean fleet, H.M.S. *Victory*, 100 guns under Lord Nelson with the promise that he should stand the 4th on his Lordship's list for promotion. In the *Victory* he served as an A.B. for a month, then midshipman for another month, and Master's Mate to the close of his term on board. These particulars form some of the " queer " things of the service. He had the honour of serving one year and 5 months under the command of the renowned Admiral, from July, 1803 to Jany., 1805, and it was during this period the French fleet was chased from Toulon to the shores of Egypt and back again to the blockade of Toulon [*The French did not go to Egypt. When they came out in February*, 1805, *Nelson went to the Morea and Egypt in search of them but they had returned to Toulon on account of a gale. When they finally came out on March 31st they went straight out of the Mediterranean.*], then upon a later report, away to the West Indies, from island to island, carrying terror with his name, recrossing the Atlantic with only half the allowance of water on board the fleet, and again to blockade Toulon [*not Toulon, but Cadiz*] and not a ship had gone into harbour for repairs for the space of 2 years. The presence of Nelson in his Fleet was accounted by the enemy to be equal to half his forces, and father's humble opinion was that it was more. He used to speak of the discipline of our ships as admirable, together with their skill and expertness under sail, taking many risks in threading narrow channels, and coming through safely. The *Victory* would reef topsails, and sling guns for action in the main and fore tops in 50 seconds, which operation would take the enemy 15 minutes. Captn. Hardy would put the *Victory* about, a 3-decker of 100 guns, on the opposite tack, by simple motions of his hand; everything was done in

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silence, and the Admiral would walk up and down the quarter-deck and shew by the quick motion of the sleeve of his amputated arm that he was highly pleased, and sometimes would turn to his Captain and remark, " Ah ! Hardy, you'll make her speak at last." [*The fine achievement of manœuvring a ship without spoken orders was then a novelty practised by few, among them Sir Robert Calder, the only Naval officer said to have been actively jealous of Nelson's prowess.*] Nelson felt kindly towards his young Officers, and would always invite a few from the cockpit to dinner. [*c.f. Secretary Scott's letter*, ". . . *there are always two officers from the Ward Room, and two or three Midshipmen.*] On one occasion seeing our father at table, he noticed his bald head, having lost his hair after the attack of yellow fever in the West Indies. This drew the question from the Admiral, " Mr. Tilly, are you married yet ?" " No, my Lord, I must wait for my promotion first." This was rather a broad hint to his Lordship to remember his promise of promotion. And truly he was not forgetful for early in 1805 he gave him an acting commission as Lieutenant and Commander of H.M.S. *Guerrier* [*late* " *Peuple Souverain*," 74, *captured at the Nile*] a Prison Ship at Gibraltar, the confirmed commission from the Admiralty being dated on the 7th October following. But before Lieut. Tilly could proceed to his destination, an event of great importance took place which turned his services into quite another channel.

The British fleet was victualling and watering at the Madalene Islands which lie between Corsica and Sardinia in the Straits of Bonifacio, when an announcement was made late one afternoon in January, 1805, which spread like wild-fire amongst the crews. The look-out frigates stationed off Toulon [*arrived and*] signalled [*at 3 p.m.*] that the French fleet had put to sea, and was steering for the south-west point of Sardinia. Our father has said that it was impossible for him to describe the effect of this news upon Officers and men. Immediately every ship was ordered to sea, and to steer singly for the open waters on the S. East coast of Sardinia. But this was a feat of the most difficult nature. Night was coming on, a whole gale of wind was blowing, and each ship of a fleet of 11 sail of the line, besides smaller craft, had to steer singly and in quick succession through a winding and intricate passage, crooked and narrow, the rocks even with the water's edge and no sea breaking on them to show a line of breakers, because the wind was off the shore. It was an awe-striking

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sight to anyone who knew the risk to see these ships by their lights, for many miles in single file, threading up the straits on a dark and stormy night running nearly before the wind, without room to turn in the confined space should any have struck ; and again, once safely through [*at 7 p.m.*], formed in close order of sailing, pressing forward under all plain sail to bring the enemy to action. [*Sir J. K. Laughton* (" *Nelson,*" *pp.* 193-4) *speaks lightly of this feat as being one of everyday occurrence. Captain, afterwards Admiral, Sir Robert Stopford, who commanded the " Spencer," wrote as follows : " . . . the signals to prepare for sailing, to unmoor, and to weigh, as fast as flags could be hoisted. We just saved our daylight to push through a most intricate and narrow passage in which Lord Nelson had made up his mind that some ship must have been lost." The fleet passed between the Island of Biche and Sardinia.*]

But where was our dear father in all this ? Not in the *Victory*. It happened that H.M.S. *Tigre* of 80 guns, commanded by Captn. Ben. Hallowell, had only arrived the day before from England, and no one on board knew the navigation of the Straits of Bonifacio. [*The " Tigre " had been away for some months in Egypt and at Malta but she was off Toulon with Nelson by November*, 1804.] Application was made to the Admiral's ship for assistance, when Lord Nelson was pleased to select Lieut. Tilly for the important service of piloting this Line of battle ship through the intricate passage. He has sometimes related this transaction *viva-voce* to his children.

The *Victory* was in the throes of all the excitement and pressure of getting under weigh, when Captn. Hardy sent for him, and ordered him to proceed at once on board the *Tigre* for the purpose mentioned. Being taken aback from the suddenness of the order and not knowing the probable length of his employment in that ship he asked if he was to take his chest with him. " Go down into the boat immediately, Sir," thundered out the Flag Captain, and away went the young Lieutenant upon his onerous duty. He found Captn. Hallowell impatiently waiting and showing by his anxious looks, and a certain inevitable sign known to all on board the *Tigre*, viz : trying with finger and thumb a possible junction between his hooked nose and chin, that something was stirring. [*Admiral Sir Benjamin Hallowell Carew, K.C.B., as he afterwards became, was well-known for his*

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eccentricity and severity, especially as an enforcer of his orders with his own right hand.]

They sailed carefully through the crooked channel and for a time all was well, our father conning the helm, and any word from him to the helmsman was repeated in stern tones by the Captain ; but, at a certain place a reef of rocks, unseen because level with the surface of the sea, ran out into the passage and would cause the ship to change her course. Our Pilot-Lieutenant knew this, and in proper time called to the man at the wheel to port his helm, but Captn. Hallowell, seeing no cause for it, counter-ordered by saying " Steady " ; but father knew the danger and called out again and louder, " Port your helm," when the stern commander, and one of Nelson's heroes of the Nile, (who sent the coffin made from the mast of the *Orient* to his Chief after the battle of the Nile) turned around upon him with a look of thunder and again gave the command to keep her " steady." But this was too much for father ; they were going at tremendous speed before the wind, full tilt upon the reef, and in a few minutes all would be over. With apparent disrespect but real loyalty, he shouted, " Hard-a-port, Sir, or the ship will be on the rocks ; hard-a-port ! " Captn. Hallowell was too good a sailor not to see that danger must be imminent, the wheel flew around at his command, and the *Tigre* sheered off just in time for all on board to see the wash of the water over the deadly reef.

Captain Hallowell could have taken no offence for he soon applied to the Commander in Chief for the blunt young officer to be appointed to his ship, which was done and the appointment to the *Guerrier* was cancelled in January, 1805. [*Tilly thus served nine years for his commission, no unusual length of time for one who had no influence. Collingwood was a midshipman thirteen years. Grey-haired midshipmen were common in the period of stagnation that followed the Peace of* 1815.]

As one of the junior Lieutenants then, he served in the *Tigre* for nearly three years, and was most prominently brought forward in warlike service at its close. It was in the spring and summer of 1807 that a British expedition landed in Egypt under the command of Major-Genl. Fraser, the second in command being Major-Genl. Stewart ; the Naval forces being commanded by Captn. Sir Benjamin Hallowell. The landing and the capture of the western lines

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of Alexandria was the first phase of the operations. In these our father was entrusted with the charge of landing the Field Artillery in the Ship's boats, which was successfully accomplished. He was then sent some distance into the offing to procure provisions from a transport for the army, as the men only had one day's allowance in their haversacks. This supply enabled them to advance on the city in the evening. He was then ordered back to his ship to fit up the launch with her brass carronades, in order to join in the attack on the morrow. He then took up a position between two rocks, and within musket shot of Fort Bien, lying at the mouth of the harbour, and there expended all his ammunition to the last shot in the locker, in blazing away at the fort, until the carronades, from overheating, jumped back twice or three times successively into the bottom of the boat. Then he returned on board. Upon the surrender of Alexandria, a few days subsequently, he " had the honour," he says, " to join in the procession according to my rank to take possession of the ancient City."

It was, however, indispensable that Rosetta should also be captured, so he was further employed in two severe but unsuccessful attempts to effect this object. He declares that the horrors of the carnage on both sides he had never seen equalled, the atrocities committed by the enemy were appalling ; the Turks (who fought in the French service) always decapitated, mutilated and exposed their victims, and the British soldier, on discovering the condition of his wounded comrade, retaliated with fearful vengeance so as to spare neither man, woman, nor child. It fell to father's lot to bring off the wounded and dying soldiers, a service which brought him into close contact with these painful events. But it was also an after appointment to [*the one*] he had in command of the boats and small craft on the Lake of Etko, during the attacks on Rosetta, and it was Major Gen. Stewart's opinion as expressed in his despatches to Genl. Fraser, that the exertions of Lieut. Tilly, R.N. were " so unremitting, of so active and intelligent a description, that he felt that the attack could not have continued against the town of Rosetta, nor the position occupied have been maintained, without such aid and incessant attention to an arduous duty." He further adds to this strong testimonial (which is amongst father's papers) that he protected the Lakes Mareotis and Maadie, with a flotilla of Disjermes, or country boats, which were fitted up for the purpose, the detail of the force being 2 mortar

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boats and 13 gunboats, which post, Father says, " I had the honour to fill up to the close of the expedition."

For all these services and for the former ones related in this narrative, although mentioned in despatches, he never received any specific acknowledgement or reward. There may be such a thing as a grateful country, taken as a metaphorical expression, but a grateful government has no existence ; it is the man who has friends in power who can afford to laud the gratitude of his country.

In March, 1808, Lieutenant Tilly was appointed to the frigate *L'Aigle* of 36 guns, and served at the destruction of a part of the French fleet in Basque Roads, when Lord Cochrane so much distinguished himself, and would have completely destroyed the enemy's shipping but for the irresolution of the British Admiral. [*Lord Gambier, whom Cochrane later publicly attacked.*] It was upon this occasion that Lord Cochrane in his frigate the *Imperieuse* signalled for assistance, being alone, when a few frigates were sent to support him, *L'Aigle* being one of them : and our Father, in narrating the event to his children, used to say, " We knocked a hole in a French two decker's bottom that you could put the jolly boat into." [*In August, 1809, Tilly was discharged from the " Aigle " to half-pay for three months, missing by a few days the Walcheren Expedition, Chatham's futile campaign. In the needless capture of Flushing the frigates were ordered to force the passage of the Scheldt between Flushing and Breskens. The " Aigle " had a very narrow escape from being blown up : a shell fell on board her, passed through the quarter-deck, main deck, and lower deck, and exploded in the bread room, missing the magazine by a few feet.*]

1809, *November.*—His next appointment was to the frigate *Curaçoa* as first lieutenant, and his cruising stations were the British Channel, the Cape of Good Hope and the Mediterranean Sea. There was some painful occurrence during this commission which appears to have redounded neither to the honor and courage of the Captain, nor to the reputation for patience of his first luff. No written record is to be found of the circumstances which called for the Court Martial, for C.M. there was, and to try the Lieutenant for his conduct, or for words used when the Captn. would not allow the frigate to go in and silence the enemy's battery which was playing upon the ship with much loss to the crew. The President of the Court, after admonishing the prisoner

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(probably for indiscreet language) returned him his sword with honour, and upon retiring from the room more than one Post Captain of the Court offered him a lieutenancy in his command, shewing their estimate morally of his behaviour, though the discipline of the service called for a reprimand.
[*The hero of "Peter Simple" underwent court-martial on a number of charges, the chief of which was similar to Tilly's; in each case the members of the court showed their personal contempt for the prosecutor.*]

1812.—However he was sent to join a line of battle ship, the *Rippon*, of 74 guns, as 3rd Lieutenent, and was in the action with the French frigate *Le Weser*, 48 guns and 400 men. After her capture he was put in charge of the prize, and having rigged her with jury masts, took her in safety to Plymouth. Upon the proclamation of peace in 1814, Napoleon Buonaparte being sent to Elba, the *Rippon* was employed in the conveyance of troops from the Garonne to Cork, and in August, 1814, she was paid off.

Here the war services of our gallant father terminate, and it may surely be chronicled of him, that during those 20 years, which were big with the fate of England and of Europe, he took a full and an arduous share, and evinced such untiring zeal, accompanied with a dash of cool gallantry as deserved some notice in the annals of his country: at least if cutting-out services, wounds, shipwreck, imprisonment may plead to be heard, and all the hardships which were encountered in climates where the extremes of temperature prevail.

It would appear that his skill in navigation was much appreciated, as narrated above in piloting the *St. of Bonifacio* and in having been frequently entrusted with the charge of prizes; but upon two occasions, especially, his navigating skill and knowledge saved both life and property. It was in the year 1812 that he was returning from the Meditn. in the *Ville de Paris*, a line of battle ship, 120 guns, having on board more than 1,000 men including invalids. The ship was going up the channel; it was close foggy weather, St. Alban's Head was mistaken for Dunnose Point, Isle of Wight, consequently the Captain and Master thought they would run into anchorage at St. Helens. But Father knew better; he knew, even in a fog, the peculiar shape of "Old Haven Head"—there could be no mistake in this remarkably detached, projecting point, so he informed them they were

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steering for Poole Harbour, and in a few minutes the huge ship would be hard and fast aground, for they were running at the rate of 7 knots an hour. The man in authority turned from him in silent contempt, but there must have been some on board who were wiser, for soon all hands were turned up to wear the ship round in less than 6 fathoms of water, and the "great mountain of bulwark with her living cargo," as father writes, was put under a press of sail to weather the Needles and gain an offing outside the Wight, and in the evening they were safely anchored at the Mother bank. The next day, on shore, the officers with one accord gave him their opinion, that he was the means of saving the ship.

22*nd Novr.*, 1815.—After the general peace in 1815 employment was offered him by appointing him to the "Placquet Boat" *Louisa*, which was employed on the Falmouth station to convey foreign mails to various parts of the world. It is not known how long his services were in request in this capacity.

[*About the year* 1822 *the Falmouth Packets were transferred from the control of "My Lords the Postmaster General" to the Admiralty "in order to obtain an efficiency and economy of management that a civil department could not be expected to maintain." The experiment was successful and in* 1837 *the packets working from the Thames and from Dover were also transferred. There were then* 30 *packets at Falmouth, six at Dover, and eight working from the Thames. The Thames packets were steamers. This transfer was something more than the grabbing by a strong ministry of some of the functions of a weak one. After every big war there is an epidemic of discoveries of departmental waste or corruption, or both. The Navy and Army had already provided a series of first-class scandals. When the Post Office was delivered to the inquisitors it was heavily penalised for its crop of revelations, and the Admiralty profited: in the packets a body of officers and men could be kept in training at sea, and a respectable little armed force held in readiness while the great fleets of war were laid up in obedience to the cry for economy. With eight steam packets at their disposal the Admiralty were able to test the new-fangled idea of steam propulsion, without having recourse to new construction.*

When Europe began to settle down the packets were made over to private enterprise, hence the Peninsula and Oriental

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Steam Packet Company, late Lisbon packets, and the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, late West India packets.]

In August, 1817, Tilly married. [*in his 42nd year.*] In 1828 he was appointed to the Ordinary, a civil appointment, having charge of such men-of-war as were laid up in harbour until they were commissioned for sea. His Stations were in the Medway at Sheerness and in the Hamoaze at Devonport, the term of service being 2 years and 9 months. In the latter harbour his children well remember the big ships in which they romped and spent some of the sunny hours of childhood, the *Invincible* and *Agincourt*, both 74 gun ships, being their names. [*Ships in ordinary used formerly to be under the immediate charge of the Commissioners of the dockyards, but after Lord St. Vincent's exposure of dockyard abuses they were placed under the superintendance of a captain at each port with other commissioned officers under his orders to ensure the proper ventilation and cleaning. It had commonly been found, when the international situation demanded a sudden "armament," that the ships in ordinary, the bulk of the fleet, in fact, were rotting at their moorings.*]

The next post in the public service was the command of H.M. hired "Pacquet" *Camden*, a brig of 6 guns, which he enjoyed from 1834 to 1837, conveying the foreign mails from Falmouth to the Colonies. It was during this term that the ardent longing of the sailor sought its gratification in settling his family on a small estate called Woodlands, in the parish of Mylor, about 3 miles from Falmouth and Penryn. He took the lease for 14 years but before the half of it had expired he found what so many before him had found, that a gentleman farmer, especially if a sailor or soldier, buys in a dear market to sell in a cheap one, and finally to lose the greater part of his savings. It was, however, a delightful place for his children, and to please and care for them was the strong desire of his heart; never had children a more anxious and affectionate father, but this was tempered with the wholesome restraints of discipline.

The rustic life and fresh air of the country were sometimes varied with a voyage on the high seas to one of the foreign stations; our sister Rose made two voyages to Lisbon, my brother took a voyage to Mexico, whilst Robert and I being then 14 and 12 years of age respectively were shewn the lions of Lisbon and thought the voyage to and fro an undertaking of great magnitude. This occurred in the year

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1837 and it was during the time the *Camden* lay in the Tagus, that the Channel fleet, presenting a magnificent sight, saluted with a royal salute the accession of Queen Victoria to the throne, after we had hauled the flags down to half mast the day previous for the death of William the 4th.

It was during the course of the Packet Service that the second instance of coolness of dear father in command and navigating skill was evinced which again saved life and property. The Admiralty had ordered him to proceed to Mexico in 1835 through the unfrequented route of the old Bahama Channel. When in this narrow and confined space, the very worst they could have been placed in to encounter such a disaster, a cyclone of great fury burst upon the old ship, at first from the North East and then from the South West. It was one of those terrific circular storms which prevail in tropical latitudes and under conditions inversely as the known direction of the wind, according as it may be raging in the northern or southern hemispheres. Whether dear Father had ever read " Reid's Laws of Storms " or the preceding authors on that subject I cannot say, probably not ; [*The subject was in its infancy in* 1835 *and remained so for many years. Reid's book was published in* 1849.] but he had had much experience of the climate of the West Indies, and he states that he was on the watch owing to the previous aspect of the weather, so that they were not unprepared. The result was that not a mast or spar not a stick was broken nor a sail lost, and after 10 or 12 hours the furious element exhausted itself, and again the old *Camden*, slow but safe and steady, proceeded on her voyage.

On April 15th, 1844, he received the commission of a Commander in Her Majesty's Fleet, his final step, having held the Outpension of Greenwich Hospital since the Peace. [*Presumably the outpension instituted in* 1807 *during Earl Grey's administration of the Navy. If so, Tilly was one of* 50 *Lieutenants receiving* £50 *per annum, and was more fortunate than hundreds of others. No doubt he was fully deserving. If he was unfortunate in not gaining early promotion he was at least given such a run of employment while a pensioner as few others enjoyed. A little more than a year after his promotion to the rank of Retired Commander, Tilly died, in his sixty-ninth year.*]

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NOTES ON FOREIGN SERVICES*

BELGIUM.—ARMY.

The establishment of an independent Air Force with a separate promotion list and a special uniform is said to be under consideration by the Belgian Government. Until the end of last year military aviation was connected with the artillery by a joint directorate, but a body called the *Direction supérieure de l'Aéronautique Militaire* was then set up, and this was generally understood to be the first step in the creation of an independent force.

FRANCE.—ARMY.

A very important decree has been issued reorganizing the Council of National Defence, and the full text is as follows :

Article 1.—The Council of National Defence is responsible for advising the Government on all important questions relating to national defence which involve the co-operation of several ministerial departments.

Article 2.—The composition of this Council is similar to that of the Cabinet Council, with the addition of the Vice-Presidents of the Army, Navy, and Air Councils, as well as the Vice-President of the Research Committee mentioned below, this latter having only an advisory voice.

Article 3.—A Research Committee, known as " The Research Committee for National Defence," is responsible for a preliminary examination of important questions which are to be submitted to the Council of National Defence, and is to propose to the Government a solution of inter-ministerial questions. A permanent Secretariat, known as " The Secretariat General of National Defence," is responsible for the preparation of the said questions.

Article 4.—The " Research Committee for National Defence " works under the direction of the Prime Minister, who appoints the Vice-President. It includes :—

The Vice-President.
A Councillor of State, representing the Minister of Justice.
The Secretary General, or the Director of Political and Commercial Affairs at the Foreign Office.
The Head of the Police, and the Director of Algerian Affairs at the Home Office.

* These notes will appear in each number of THE FIGHTING FORCES. Suggestions as to any particular items on which information is required will be welcomed.—ED.

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The Director of Commercial and Industrial Affairs, and the Director of Liquid Fuels at the Ministry of Commerce and Industry.
The Director of Agriculture.
The Chief of the General Staff, or a Deputy.
The Chief of the Naval Staff, or a Deputy.
The Chief of Staff of the National Air Service, or a Deputy.
The General Officer, President of the Advisory Committee for Colonial Defence.
A high official representing each of the Ministries and Under Secretaries concerned.
The General Officer, mentioned below, Secretary General for National Defence, and reporter to the Committee.
The high officials representing Ministries and Under Secretaries on the Committee are appointed by decree issued by the Prime Minister, on the recommendation of the Ministers concerned.

Article 5.—The Council of National Defence and the Research Committee for National Defence may summon, for purposes of consultation, any civil or military persons who may be helpful to them in their work.

Article 6.—The General Secretariat of National Defence is responsible for :—

(*a*) Centralization of all questions to be submitted to the Council of National Defence or the Research Committee.
(*b*) Preparing, co-ordinating, and carrying out all preliminary research for these questions ; compiling the reports to be submitted to the Research Committee and the Council of National Defence, drawing up the minutes of the meetings ; keeping the national defence archives.
(*c*) Notifying ministerial departments of decisions made by the Government, following opinions expressed either by the Research Committee, or the Council of National Defence, and following up the execution of these measures, in the name of the Prime Minister.

Article 7.—The General Secretariat for National Defence, the composition of which is laid down by decree of the Prime Minister, is directly subordinate to the latter, who is assisted by a General Officer appointed on the recommendation of the Minister for War, to direct the work of the Secretariat. This General Officer is known as the Secretary General for National Defence ; an Assistant Secretary may also be appointed.

Article 8.—Research Committees and permanent Secretariats for National Defence are organized in North Africa and the Colonies, upon application from Governors and Residents General. Questions dealt with by these bodies, which require Government authority, are submitted for consideration to the Council of National Defence.

Article 9.—This decree annuls and replaces those of November 17th, 1921 ; May 13th, 1922 ; November 23rd, 1926 ; and October

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2nd, 1928, relative to the reorganization of the Council of National Defence and the Research Committee and the formation of the Secretariat General of the Council of National Defence.

ITALY.—NAVY.

The following are some particulars of the new submarine *Ettore Fieramosca* :—

This is the largest and most powerful submarine of the Italian Navy, and has been built in the same shipyard as built and fitted out the *Mameli*, which in its final trials at Spezia submerged to a depth of 117 metres. The *Fieramosca* has a surface displacement of 1,500 tons, and when submerged of 1,800 tons. It is 84 metres long and 8.30 metres wide. It has a speed of 19 knots on the surface and 10 submerged. The armament is composed of 6 torpedo tubes, with a reserve that brings the number of torpedoes up to 14 ; 24 deep-water mines are carried, and there is besides a 120 mm. anti-aircraft and anti-torpedo gun, as well as some machine guns. On the bridge, forward from the turret, there has been fitted a large tube made completely of tin, resisting to a pressure of 10 atmospheres, equivalent to that which is met with at a depth of 100 metres. The tube will house when necessary a small hydroplane with folding wings, which will be able to take flight ten minutes after coming out of this hangar. The design is by General Engineer Curio Benardis.

In the same shipyard the following submarines have been built and already handed over to the Italian Navy—*Capponi*, *Procida* and *Tito Speri*, as well as the *Mameli*. After the *Fieramosca*, the *Brogavino*, *Filippo Corridoni*, *Settembrini* and *Ruggero Settimo* will follow. There are also in construction three other submarines for the Argentine Navy, and seven large and small motor-ships.

SPAIN.—ARMY.

Following on the disorders earlier in the year the artillery is now in process of reorganization. Practically all the old officers have applied for re-instatement, and this has been granted to the vast majority, exception only being made of those who were implicated in the conspiracies in the spring. The artillery brigades stationed outside the Peninsula were not affected by the dissolution of the corps as a whole.

A Royal Decree has recently been issued authorizing promotion to the rank of colonel of those who have gained

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commissions from the ranks, instead of only to that of captain as in the past. It is understood that this applies also to the Foreign Legion.

YUGO-SLAVIA.—NAVY.

A Yugo-Slav squadron consisting of one cruiser, six destroyers, and two submarines has recently made a cruise in the Adriatic. In Yugo-Slavia, as in France, naval needs have always been subservient to military, and in Belgrade the naval department is actually a branch of the War Office, but there is a tendency to-day to take the Navy more seriously than in the past, and this cruise may well prove to be the first step in a policy of naval expansion.

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AIR WARFARE

II.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF AIR FIGHTING AND WEAPONS.

By Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, O.B.E., *q.s.*, R.A.F. (Retired).

IT will help us in our study of air warfare if we turn our minds back to the Great War and so refresh our memories with regard to the early developments of air fighting and air armaments. The following is a chronological record of these developments :—

1914, *Outbreak of War*.—There was no idea of designing or equipping aircraft for air fighting. Pilots and observers carried a rifle or an automatic pistol.

October, 1914.—One flight of special fighting aircraft arrived on the Western Front. This flight was assigned a purely defensive role, namely, to prevent hostile air reconnaissance.

Summer, 1915.—Air fighting showed considerable increase. It became apparent that fighting in the air would be necessary *on an ever-increasing scale to secure liberty of action* for artillery, reconnaissance and bombing machines, and to prevent the enemy aircraft from undertaking similar work. The need for purely fighting aircraft followed.

Autumn, 1915.—One or two single-seater fighters usually attached to corps squadrons to provide escorts for artillery and reconnaissance machines.

Early 1916.—From this time onwards the expansion of the Air Force was almost entirely governed by the development of air fighting. Air fighting and the need for obtaining a decision in the air absorbed a very great proportion of the energies of all types of aircraft.

Early Spring, 1916. The first success in the struggle for air superiority was scored by the enemy (Germany) when he produced large numbers of single-seater fighters (Fokkers). The need for more purely fighting squadrons became for us more urgent, as did the necessity for faster types and better weapons.

Summer, 1916.—Extensive programme of development approved and an endeavour made to place our Air Force in a position, in the spring of 1917, to carry through the policy of an air offensive. This programme contemplated a proportion of *two fighting squadrons to each corps squadron*. In addition, a number of fighter reconnaissance squadrons

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were to be provided. The extent to which the development of air fighting had governed the expansion of the Air Force will be realized by comparing this programme with the one or two fighter aircraft allotted to each corps squadron and considered sufficient two years earlier, and with the programme of expansion for the spring of 1916 which contemplated only two fighter reconnaissance squadrons and one purely fighter squadron in each Army Wing, with two fighter reconnaissance squadrons under G.H.Q.

1917.—The experiences of 1917 proved to the hilt the necessity for the expansion of the numbers of purely fighter aircraft. The enemy also had taken steps to expand in the same direction. The result was an intensity of air fighting which increased at least 100 per cent.

1918.—The programmes of expansion are expressive of what had now become the dominant factor in warfare, and this may be summed up in the words " The primary factor in the design of all aircraft was fighting efficiency and the need for an increase in fire power." [Has there not been a tendency to obscure these lessons during the subsequent years of peace by thinking far too much of the potentialities of aircraft as bombers and the like? The table depicting the programme of construction for the last year of the war is illuminating and requires careful study and thought.]

Marshal Foch's widely quoted dictum* on what aircraft may achieve in any future war is one which might have been made by anyone less qualified to speak on the matter. But coming from so famous a military mind it has naturally been heralded as something inviolable and authoritative. I am inclined to think that Marshal Foch himself did not intend that this dictum should be taken too literally, but merely as a warning of what might, and probably would, happen to a nation ill-prepared to meet an attack of this kind. It was to be taken as a warning note and not as something to be blindly accepted irrespective of all the considerations and factors which enter into it. That dictum would remain substantially true so long as the power to bomb remained relatively greater than the power of defence. The question which must always be exercising our minds is how far developments in weapons and air fighting have affected the

* " Air attack, owing to its crushing moral effect on a nation, may impress public opinion to the point of disarming the Government—and thus become decisive."

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problem and how future air warfare will be conducted as a result of these developments. Is the power to bomb greater than it was and in what respect? Is air fighting more destructive and effective than it was? Have the defensive measures generally been materially improved in effectiveness and if so what, if any, are the advancements made in the tactics and defensive powers of bombing aircraft that can be said to counter such improvements? These and other equally important questions must first be fully investigated before a correct solution of the problem can be arrived at. I have set myself the task of trying to arrive at the correct solution of one of those questions only, the one which in my opinion is the most important of all and on which the answer to all others materially hinges—the question of the development of air weapons and of future war in the air.

At the commencement of the World War, aircraft were, as we have seen, both crude and unreliable, carrying no fixed weapons and regarded purely and simply as auxiliaries to other arms on sea and land. Their purpose lay in reconnaissance and nothing more. At that time also there was no question of specialization of types. After the first year of war competition forced improvement in design and special types made their appearance for special work. Along with the development of each new type fighting weapons showed a distinct advance. As a direct result of the adaptation of the machine gun with its synchronization gear, the development of the single-seater followed. As fighting aircraft became more formidable as regards both numbers and the weapons they carried, air fighting became the dominant factor. In proportion as this branch of air warfare grew in effectiveness so the other branches were tied more closely to it necessitating an all-round increase in weapons and fire power.

I have already referred to the fact that at the commencement of the war aircraft were designed and maintained for one specific purpose only—reconnaissance. The information in Table I indicates the enormous strides made in design, and the extent fighting armaments had developed during the comparatively short space of four years. Moreover, it will be seen that by 1918 specialization had become the order of the day, until to-day the stage has been reached where the design of land aircraft may be said to have become crystallized into a few fairly well defined types :—

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(*a*) Fighters.
(*b*) Bombers.
(*c*) General Purpose.

The following are a few of the more important observations to be made from a study of the information contained in Table I :—

(1) The great increase of fighting aircraft in proportion to other types and the emphasis laid on the necessity for an improved and more efficient fighting machine.
(2) The expressed need for long-distance fighters. Squadrons of these were found necessary in order to support the operations of long-distance reconnaissance and day bombers, whose work entailed covering distances over enemy territory beyond the radius of action and support of their own single-seater fighters.
(3) The necessity for a special machine for attack of ground targets. Apart from the need of a specially designed machine it was also brought about by the air situation which would no longer allow the single-seater fighter or other types to be utilized for this work.

Let us for one moment consider what effect the introduction of guns of heavier calibre will have. Firstly, it will widen the range at which effective fire can be opened, and, what is of still more importance, should prove of greater hitting power against aircraft as constructed at present. Bombers flying in formation and armed only with machine guns would not only be outranged but would present a most favourable target. It follows that the defensive powers of the formation will be negatived unless these aircraft are similarly armed. Secondly, it will lead to revolutionary changes in air tactics and air fleets as conceived to-day. Anyone who has closely studied the evolution of armaments at sea cannot fail to foresee the inevitable changes that would be brought about by heavier air armaments and their effect upon future construction. Those revolutionary changes are at hand. Thirdly, and as a corollary, armaments and the provision of armour become of paramount importance in the design and construction of ***all*** types. Our conception therefore of the utility of aircraft designed purely for bombing or some function other than

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TABLE I.

		Single-seater Fighters.	Corps Squadrons (Army Co-operation).	Fighter Reconnaissance.	Short-distance Day Bombers.	Long-distance Day Bombers.	Short-distance Night Bombers.	Long-distance Night Bombers.	Long-distance Fighters.	Long-distance Aircraft with heavy guns.	Aircraft for attack of Ground Targets.	Notes.
A. Programme of Expansion	Mar., 1916	10	16	10	6	—	—	—	—	—	—	An improved fighting machine an urgent necessity.
,, ,, ,,	Nov., 1917	40	21	15	10	25	10	20	20	1	15	1. Chief requirement an efficient single-seater fighter. 2. All fighter squadrons to be 24 machines instead of 18.
B. Fulfilment of Programme	Nov., 1918	37	20	—	14	3	6	8	—	—	—	
C. R.A.F. Squadrons ...	1928	12	11	26			6		—	—	—	

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fighting must undergo a radical change. In point of fact it is at once apparent that such aircraft will find no place in the air fleets of the future unless their armaments are abreast of the times, and this in turn can only be effected by sacrificing the load of bombs or other missiles to make way for an increase in weapon power and of armour.

Table II contains part of the demands put forward by R.F.C., G.H.Q., early in 1918 and the following points may be deduced therefrom :—

(1) The increase in the number of guns and of guns of heavier calibre.

(2) The large demand for fighter aircraft, such demand being no longer confined to the single seater but extended to multi-seater types of longer duration and armed with heavier calibre guns.

(3) The inclusion of armour. It was made clear that an armoured machine was a very definite requirement and it was emphasized that the design of such a machine was to receive constant study.

(4) The need for a special machine, fitted with armour to protect the vitals, for low-flying attacks on ground targets.

These demands may appear to have been somewhat in advance of the times so far as design and construction are concerned, but they indicate in no uncertain manner the trend of developments and thought resulting from the bitter experiences of war in the air.

TABLE II.

Type.	Armament.
(*a*) 2-Seater Fighter	3 machine guns.
(*b*) Gun Machine	1 quickfiring gun and 2 machine guns.
(*c*) Long-distance Gun Machine ...	Crew of 4—1 quickfiring gun and 2 machine guns with detachable armour.
(*d*) Single-seater Fighter	4 machine guns.
(*e*) Single-seater Ground Work ...	3 guns, pilot's seat and one petrol tank armoured.

The stark realities of war no longer are with us and they are soon forgotten. The developments foreshadowed in 1918 would have been far surpassed had the war continued but for two years longer. Peace places very definite restrictions upon developments. In the first place finance proves a very distinct stumbling block to progress. Funds being

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limited, there can be no such thing as re-equipping the Air Force at such short intervals as would be necessary to keep pace with latest developments of construction, which are both rapid and transitory. In the second place, our peace requirements in aircraft are dictated, to a large extent, by considerations imposed upon us by the need for meeting contingencies abroad. Provision has to be made for the air defence of this country and the defence of our overseas possessions. Each factor presents problems necessitating special features in design of aircraft, differing from those that would be required for a war against a first-class air power equipped with aircraft of the latest types for a war in the air. Thirdly, it is a trite but true saying that in peace construction lags far behind research. Similarly, development of air weapons leads to changes in construction and time must elapse before these weapons can be utilized and taken full advantage of. For these reasons it is necessary and of vital importance that we should always look ahead in order to decrease, so far as is humanly possible, the inevitable gap between research and development and that of construction. The principle by which we must be guided is that if our Air Force is to be small it shall be in the van of progress.

There have been many experimental types of aircraft designed and produced since the war to carry guns of heavier calibre and details of one such type produced in this country—the " Westland Westbury," designed mainly to experiment with a big gun—were published early last year.* A twin-engined biplane it was designed primarily to carry two heavier-calibre guns, one forward and the other behind the main planes. The total weight of this aircraft was 7,877 lb., and considering that it was an experimental machine carrying big guns *as well as other gear*, its performance is said to have been very satisfactory. It would seem, however, that in a big-gun machine, as indeed in all types designed primarily for fighting, everything else should be subordinated to making the aeroplane a gun platform pure and simple, and in that way to securing the maximum of performance with long range of fire power. This point is of considerable importance for it has been common practice to subordinate the guns to a purely defensive role and to design machines for functions other than fighting. That there should be difficulties in the way of any very rapid progress is but natural and these difficulties are mainly connected with the design of the guns

* " *The Times* Trade and Engineering Supplement."

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themselves and of their mountings. But this is all a matter of experiment and the big armament firms of this country are quite capable of solving these difficulties provided they are given sufficient encouragement and inducement to do so.

That heavier calibre guns for aircraft are engaging the attention of most countries is a course of events too obvious perhaps to mention. But equally obvious is the fact that this question is so vital a factor in any future war that it is encumbent we should make it our business to study the problem and that there should be very close liaison between the armament firms and aircraft manufacturers.

Weapons and later, armour, will form the main factors in the design and construction of all aircraft in any war of the future. The weight of bombs or other such missiles which aircraft would otherwise be enabled to carry, will thus be decreased to an ever increasing extent. Consequently, it is logical to assume that air bombardments and similar operations by aircraft conducted against ground targets will become more and more dependent for their success upon surprise. That being so we may expect these operations to be confined mainly to the hours of darkness, and by day only when the weather conditions, such as the prevalence of cloud, make surprise possible. It is important to remember that development in aircraft construction continues to be rapid—and it shows every sign of being so for many years to come—and whilst this is so there can be no finality in equipment. For this reason also no air force can remain armed with any one type for more than a short period without seriously sacrificing its efficiency for war. The same arguments apply equally to the development of its fighting equipment, but with this important addition that development here will in all probability become still more rapid.

Conclusions

1. Superiority of weapons means superiority of offensive power, and the lack of this superiority in the air will be the direct cause of failure in all air operations.

2. As is always the case, the positive power of one invention creates the negative power in another—*e.g.*, aircraft negatives the power of the submarine and supplants it in its power to attack shipping which it can do not only with torpedo but with the bomb and gun fire.

3. In our study of the past we must not fall into the error of excluding the future, consequently, the conditions in which the next war is likely to be fought must be grasped, otherwise

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we shall be the ones to be surprised, not so much by the enemy's guile as by our own lack of foresight.

4. If we imagine that the same tactics as were employed in 1918 will meet with the same success in the next war, we little understand the influence of weapons on tactics. Admiral Mahan has pertinently remarked: "The student will observe that changes of tactics have not only taken place *after* changes in weapons, which necessarily is the case, but that the interval between such changes has been unduly long. This doubtless arises from the fact that an improvement of weapons is due to the energy of one or two men, while changes in tactics have to overcome the inertia of a conservative class; but it is a great evil. It can be remedied only by a candid recognition of each change."

There will be many who will disagree with these conclusions, but I would ask them to turn their minds back to the war and to study closely the progress and development of air warfare. If this be done and further study directed to a careful analysis of the practical evolution of air weapons, I feel convinced that the majority of those who are now in disagreement with the views I have expressed will at any rate modify somewhat their own views on this all-important problem. There is little doubt that the war left us with a number of fixed ideas—a too common legacy of all wars—but history has many lessons to teach of the disasters which subsequently have followed through the mistakes made as the result of such fixity of ideas. It is here that I would again lay emphasis on the point made in my opening remarks to the first of this series of articles in which I said that the principal object of these articles was to apply the lessons of past history to present-day problems.

We are loath to dispossess ourselves of anything in the nature of optimism concerning the offensive powers of weapons which we are to wield in war and in this connection there is a very grave danger that the optimistic views very generally held regarding the potentialities of aircraft as agents of destruction will lead to the inevitable result of neglect in our preparations for a war *in* the air. It is to this aspect of the problem that I wish particularly to draw attention and I shall hope to have achieved some good, whether or not readers agree with the views expressed in these articles, by directing more thought to this increasingly important problem.

(*To be continued.*)

"Air Warfare III" will deal with Low Flying Attack Aircraft.—ED.

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THE TABLE IN THE CORNER

By Commander F. E. Byrne, R.N.

THE table interested me. On the many occasions when I dined at the little Soho restaurant I noticed it tucked away in secluded privacy in the alcove beyond the big, old-fashioned fireplace.

Always vacant and unlaid, with the " engaged " card standing out warningly on the white cloth. No matter how crowded my little restaurant was, no matter how important the customer, the table remained unoccupied.

" I am sorry, m'sieur," Madame would say with a shrug of her expressive shoulders, " that table it is engaged."

I had been away from London on business for some months, and on my return hastened to Soho to taste of Madame's delicious sole meuniere with the crisp pommes gaufrettes which, together with an omelette aux fines herbes and a bottle of the excellent Saumur, was a meal fit for the gods.

Madame welcomed me with her pleasant smile. My favourite table had been reserved for me, and, as I sat down with pleasurable anticipation, I glanced inquisitively round the room. The table in the corner was at last expecting guests. In the centre a spray of graceful long-stemmed La France roses raised their delicate, half-open blooms, and on the table in front of the seat facing me, a bunch of dark blue violets gave out their sweet fragrance, and in their heart was a single snowdrop.

The table was laid for two, and at one side in a plated cooler stood a small bottle of champagne.

At last I was to see the mysterious patrons of the corner table.

I went slowly through my excellent dinner: the restaurant filled, but the table in the corner remained unoccupied; time went on, I lit a second cigar, but still they did not come.

The last diners (a young couple so engrossed with each other that the time had slipped past unnoticed) left and I was alone. My curiosity still unsatisfied; in despair I sent a message to Madame requesting to see her on some trivial excuse.

Soon she came, smiling and charming as usual.

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" M'sieur requires me ?" she questioned, in her soft, musical voice.

" Madame," I pleaded, pointing to the table in the corner, " my curiosity can stand no more, have pity and explain to me the mystery."

Pulling out a chair, she sat down at my table in her friendly manner.

" Many people have asked me that question, m'sieur, but I do not speak ; but you are somehow different ; you I look on as my friend, therefore will I tell you the story of the table in the corner :

" It was the summer of the year before the war that the young naval officer first come ; he so big and cheerful ; jolly he was and of a manner so charming. Many times he come and always he praise my little restaurant, and his favourite table was that one in the corner by the big fireplace.

" One April he came to me and speak. ' Madame,' he say, ' to-morrow I bring an angel from heaven to dine with me ; we must have flowers ; is it not so ? A spray of half-open La France roses on the table, for she is of their delicate colouring, and graceful as their long stems ; also in front of her seat there must be a bunch of the darkest violets to match her eyes and in their centre a snowdrop to represent her little white soul. Madame, she is sparkling and golden. I will require the champagne, and you, Madame, shall arrange the menu. I leave that in your so capable and charming hands.

" ' Au revoir, Madame, remember to-morrow the 4th of April, I bring my angel, and it will be her birthday. Are we not lucky, Madame, to be able to entertain an angel on her birthday ?' he added with his so pleasant smile.

" Next evening, m'sieur, I had all as he desire, and at eight o'clock he arrive, he and the exquisite little mademoiselle. He was an artist this big naval officer ; the flowers he had chosen described her most perfectly, and she was golden and sparkling like the good champagne. So chic and yet so gentle, with the purity of an angel glowing in her sweet face.

" They sit at the corner table, m'sieur, and I know from the look in their eyes that they love—she with a sweet tenderness and he with so great an adoration ; but they laugh and are gay, and when the coffee come he beckons me and presents me to the little mademoiselle. Then they both praise my poor efforts. ' Madame,' say the big officer, ' unless it is impossible, always will I bring my angel, Mademoiselle

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Audrey, to dine in your restaurant on her birthday, and when we marry, Madame, you must honour us by attending.'

" They come many times that summer, m'sieur, but always to dejeuner, never to dinner. Then came the terrible war and I did not see them until the spring, when towards the end of March I received the letter asking me to prepare the table for the birthday.

" It was with a great joy that I greet them and wish mademoiselle the compliments of the day.

" He had changed but little, except that he had the strained look in his eyes of those who have seen sorrow and death.

" She, m'sieur, was perhaps a little more serious, but oh ! so sweet and chic even in the plain uniform of the Naval Ladies—' Wren,' I think you call them. The monsieur look very fine in his uniform, so strong and big he was.

" They greeted me as an old friend, and as usual praise my little restaurant and the small dinner I choose for them. The little lady she call me over and show me the ring of betrothal, made from a single pearl so beautiful. I congratulate mademoiselle and praise the so perfect pearl.

" Monsieur, he smile, and looking at mademoiselle with his adoring eyes, he say, ' There is only one perfect pearl in the whole world, Madame, the others are in most cases but poor imitations.'

" Next year they come again, but in the terrible spring of 1917 they not come ; and you remember, m'sieur, the winter of that so anxious year when the influenza added its clutching hand to the death devils of war.

" M'sieur, I feel sad when they not come ; then come the Armistice and the dreadful war it finish, once again I hope and in March, 1919, I smile again, for do I not receive the letter to prepare the table. It was with so great a pleasure that I get ready, although at the time it was difficult to get the viands.

" I all excitement wait, and at eight o'clock a taxi drive up and monsieur the naval officer arrive. He held the door open for mademoiselle and smile, but no one follow.

" M'sieur, I get such a big shock when I see him, his hair it is so white, and a big furrow of pain is in the middle of his forehead ; he limps a little, too ! But it is his eyes, m'sieur, that make me place my hand to my heart—they are so strange and yet so calm and gentle.

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" ' You see we arrive once more, chère Madame,' he say. ' My angel and I are glad to see you so well. Ah ! how good of you to have the table and the arrangements so perfect in this so difficult time. Come, sweetheart, you will take your old seat and we will once again enjoy the so excellent fare of Madame.'

" M'sieur, a tear roll down my cheek, but I try to smile, and to humour him I address the sweet lady who is not there.

" Monsieur, he insist that each course be served to the vacant seat, and when he finish he say the bill is too small and insist he pay more.

" Each year towards the end of March I get the letter to prepare and on her birthday evening he arrive and dine with his so sweet ghost.

" At last, three years ago to-day he come and I notice how tired and sad he look. Again he hold open the door and speak to me of mademoiselle as though she were with him.

" It was after the coffee that I hear him ask the permission to smoke ; then he light a cigarette and leaning across the table he talk in a whisper to the—to me—vacant seat.

" The other patrons in the restaurant at the time watch him with puzzled curiosity, but, m'sieur, my heart was torn at the so terrible tragedy.

" Suddenly, m'sieur, he stand up and, stretching out his arms, he cry, ' Audrey, Audrey, sweetheart, I am coming,' and collapse in his chair.

" He was dead, m'sieur, when we reached him, but his face was so peaceful and happy.

" No, m'sieur," ended Madame, the tears streaming down her cheeks, " no one may ever sit at that table, and each year when the first spring flowers are opening in my beloved France, and her birthday arrives, their spirits will find that Madame has not forgotten ; the table in the corner will be ready."

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IT'S A WAY WE HAVE IN THE TERRIERS

By T. Champain Hill.

YOU all know what "Terriers" are, especially after the recent death of Lord Haldane. I'm going to try to tell you something about their life at camp.

I'm only a *very* young sub., and it was my first camp. After marching to the station, with the band playing and feeling very important indeed, we entrained, and finally arrived in the country, where hot and dusty London seemed but a dream. There were a good many old war-soldiers in our company, and listening to all the old-time songs, and the swing of the feet along country roads, made me feel very military.

Tents were already pitched, all spick and span, when we arrived in camp. We heard that our Brigade Major, a Coldstream Guards officer, had been down himself, attired in an old pair of grey flannel "bags," to help pitch them.

Nearly every Territorial unit has a Regular Brigade Commander, though a few brigades are commanded by distinguished Territorial officers.

Each brigade has a Regular Brigade Major, Staff Captain and Intelligence Officer, attached to it for camp. Ours were a ripping lot, a famous Irish Guardsman, two from the Coldstream, and a Tank officer making up their number.

Our Brigade Commander is the youngest colonel in the British Army, an international miler, a good cricketer and footballer, and an expert linguist.

I will give you a rapid outline of our usual day's programme.

My servant brought tea to the tent that I shared with another officer at 6.15 every morning. Half an hour later, I took an early morning physical training parade. At 7.30 the men had breakfast, while I got properly dressed, went to the Mess for food, and was on parade at 8.45.

The day's exercises then took place, of whatever nature they happened to be.

At 1.30 we were back for lunch and then changed into mufti, this being the privilege of officers and warrant officers only; after lunch we could do what we liked till dinner.

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Occasionally, I must admit, I slept until tea-time, then borrowed a horse and went for a long ride, getting back in time to change for dinner.

Sometimes, however, I would go to the Officers' Club, of which the Regulars kindly made us members, and where I happened to meet a good many friends from among the Regular units.

Then there was always the polo to watch, and there were excellent tennis courts at the Club.

Those who had cars could get away anywhere they liked, and kindly friends in neighbouring country houses often allowed us to use their bathing pools.

The only time you could not leave camp was when you were Orderly Officer. This means all sorts of duties, ranging from inspection of the men's meals, the cookhouse, the lines, to mounting the guard and turning it out in the middle of the night.

The fearsome part was having to march your guard and piquet on to the Brigade parade ground, and there, under the eyes of many onlookers, go through the parade and then march your men back to their duties.

On my first spell of duty we had Brigade guard as well as Battalion guard, and massed bands. As it happened I was first and right hand officer. Thank heaven I had sweated up the job well and did not make a fool of myself before the Brigade Staff—whom I saw watching from in front of their Mess.

Turning out the guard is rather fun. It's all dark, but for a possible moon and some stars, and you can see the sentry pacing up and down in front of the guard-tent.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he cries with levelled rifle.

"Officer of the guard."

"Advance, Officer of the Guard, and be recognized."

You go up, and the sentry salutes you on seeing who you are. At his word, out tumble the guard, you inspect them, and "To the right" dismiss them.

Then you walk back through the night to your Mess, feeling a real soldier, and wishing it was your life for more than a fortnight of the year.

Dinner is the only formal meal in the Mess, and after that is the time for amusement.

Until the port has gone round, and the Mess President has given the signal to smoke, you are still on parade—after-

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wards you go back to your childhood days, even the Colonel and other "big noises." The most awful songs are sung, stories are told, while all sorts of games, such as rugger with a waste-paper basket, are played in the ante-room, much to the detriment of our nice green patrol-jackets.

One evening I met a friend, a well-known international rugger player.

"Come along, Ian," he said, and I jumped into his car. First we went to a big house in the neighbourhood, the residence of some friends of his. There we had a most amusing time, sang to an organ, and imbibed much refreshment. On the way home we killed an adder, a big one. We took that round to three Messes in order to celebrate the occasion. After that I asked Colin to come to our Mess. We arrived in time for the last two rounds of the wheelbarrow race, which we won. We celebrated that also.

I went with him to his Mess, where a great many very large men in kilts said to me, "Pit it doon, mon." As they were so very large, I did as requested. At half-past two, we were all singing Scottish songs and dancing a reel in the middle of their anteroom floor.

After this, I showed Colin the way to his tent. We fell inside, but although I was, of course, perfectly sober, I simply could not find a candle. About half an hour later I extricated myself, whereupon Colin, whom, I regret to say, was slightly intoxicated, insisted on showing me the way back to our lines a few hundred yards away, though he departed hastily when a sentry challenged us. However, he evidently managed to find the way to his own tent, because that night he woke up and found that it was on fire.

Quite undismayed, he decided that the best thing to do was to extricate his things, as he did not think he could put the fire out. Accordingly he took all the drawers out of his chest of drawers and put them on the grass outside—by the time he had done this, the fire had died away.

He got back to bed, but when he woke in the morning, he thought that it was unusually light. Then he realized that, while he had the complete equipment of a tent around him, there was no canvas, and that he had been sleeping under a bare and blackened tent pole!

The Sergeants' Mess night is always a great occasion. In the Terriers the officers have to be tactful. You must not be too familiar, for the men would not stand that; but on

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the other hand, you must not be too stand-offish. It's very hard to hit the happy medium.

All the sergeants stood up when we came in after our own dinner, and then we settled down, each one with the sergeants from his own company, and the Commanding Officer with the President of the Sergeants' Mess. This was more formal than the other sing-songs which we had attended, where all ranks were present, and we just had our own circle of arm-chairs.

The proceedings began with one of those very sentimental eighteen-versers, beloved by the British Tommy. In the middle the Brigade Commander and Staff, who had been invited, came in. We stopped the song and stood up again. The Commander apologized for this, and said that he would have waited for the end of the song if he had known. I wish he had, because they started the same one all over again!

Later on, however, things began to brighten up. Stories were told which made even me blush. The fat jolly little Brigade Padre rocked with laughter at them.

Then we had speeches, and finally they sang: "For they are jolly good fellows," which was rather ripping, and made me feel frightfully proud to be there.

The next night was our Guest Night. At 7.30 I was in our Mess, where guests were arriving—very important men, with tons of pips. I was dishing round drinks, and had a sherry and a cocktail myself.

I can't tell you how many glasses of champagne I had during dinner, nor how much other wine. At the port stage I was capable of rising to my feet with the others and saying, glass in hand, "Gentlemen, the King!"

Followed liqueurs, then the show. It consisted of a low sketch, songs, stories, and a rough-house. I was helping to offer drinks round all this time, and having one or two myself.

Half-way through I was offered a job next day on the Brigade Staff, for the big field day, if I could get our Adjutant's permission. I took him a strong whisky and soda and he gave me permission, and I was so glad that I had a strong one myself.

After that we had a race, completely over the Mess. This meant climbing up a rope, scrambling somehow over the Mess, and letting yourself down another rope on the other

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side. The race consisted of five of our officers against five picked guests. The guests beat us, the Brigade Commander finishing a short head up.

I created two records that night—one by going over five times in all, two by doing it in record time twice. I couldn't believe it next day.

When I staggered to my tent that night, at half-past two I knew two things. One, that for the first time in my life I was very nearly intoxicated ; and two, that I was the only one of the whole lot in that condition.

Just before 5.30 my servant woke me with hot tea, and within an hour and a half I was fully dressed, had seen the men's breakfasts and dismissed the guard, had eaten what breakfast I could, and had reported to the Brigade Mess for my duty on the Brigadier's Staff. I was to stick to our Staff Captain—May—but the young Coldstream Intelligence Officer was motoring me out. He was only twenty-one, and only had one pip, which was rather comforting among all the " big noises " that day.

He had a large wooden box with him, into which he would not let me look.

" No, I'm Intelligence Officer, and that's my secret box," he would answer. It turned out later that it contained a map and several drawing pins ! Several times I was completely fogged as to our position on the map, and each time he showed me where we were without a moment's hesitation.

At last we arrived at the most " fought over " country in the world—not too distant from Aldershot. Suddenly things began to happen. Zero hour, and so forth.

I don't know when I have ever admired a man as much as I did the Brigadier that day.

He made us all come into a wood. We could see no troops, but he knew exactly to a man where all his forces were. Aeroplanes were humming very low over the trees, so low that they seemed to touch. Not a soul did he allow out of cover. A number of generals and staff colonels came round that day ; he saluted them, but apart from that he had eyes only for the battle. Everywhere he went within a few seconds a signal station had sprung up. Never did his complete control of the whole situation relax during the entire day.

In the wood we had a preliminary conference, and the whole staff was there. He was issuing his orders, which the

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Brigade Major and Staff Captain were taking down, with seven duplicates. A message came in.

" " A " Company late in position. Make a note of it." That was all he said, but it impressed me very much.

He waited five minutes for the Sapper commander to appear before he began ; this gentleman came in ten minutes late. The Brigadier did not lift his head.

" Sapper Commander late. We had to begin without you."

I've never seen a man go redder. From my position, perched on the root of a tree, watching humbly, I was very thankful that I was not in his shoes.

Several senior officers joined us ; then came the " Press " and three cinemamen. The Brigadier was very courteous to them all, explaining how the Army had come up in 'buses, as a mobile force, had debussed and were in position for the attack. Told them when the tanks were to come into action, where the bridge across the canal was to be built, and the bridgehead formed, where the best pictures could be taken.

May came up to me and took me by the arm.

" There's Captain X," he said, " the most famous war correspondent of modern times—written seven military books. He's in a very bad temper ; be polite to him, as he can do us a lot of good or harm."

I talked to Captain X for twenty minutes. I knew his reputation, but found him a most charming fellow, and as for being interesting ! I'm glad to say we had a ripping good report in the paper next day, though I, to my disappointment, did not figure therein.

The day wore on. Headquarters were in a pub, well down the road by now. Troops kept coming past, to be diverted this way or that. Aerials were erected ; never a moment but messages came in. Cavalry, gunners, ambulances, all passed through our hands. Hugh, the Intelligence Officer, and I were kept busy on everything odd that there was to do. He had to drive the Commander backwards and forwards also.

There was a lull, so I looked into the Brigade car and missed the luncheon box—I could not find Hugh either !

I walked past the sentry, quietly entered the pub and peeped into the " council room." The Brigade Major caught sight of me.

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"Hullo, what are you up to? Come in." I went in. "Beer?"

"Please, sir." I went and got three.

"Spill the stuff anywhere else you like, but not over the Commander's attaché case," he remarked, as I tripped.

I sat down humbly in a corner. Hugh came in plus box and sat beside me. I collected some lunch, put my cap and the lunch under my chair and started to munch. At that moment the Brigadier came in. I jumped up and got some beer for him. Next moment goodness knows how many Rolls-Royces appeared, and very important-looking spectators and others also. The Brigadier welcomed them all, shaking them by the hand. They sat down on my cap and lunch, and I did not dare to rescue them, but was kept busy getting eighteen more beers. I put one down beside the Commander, but a general took it. I don't think the Commander noticed it. He did not eat or drink the whole of the day.

Hugh and I went outside and bought some pea-nuts, which we ate or offered to all the "not-quite-such-big-noises" who came out. Presently I heard a pebble whiz by me as I stood in the doorway, trying to evade a pet wasp that had followed me all day. It was the Staff Captain who had thrown the pebble.

"Buses are lost," he said. "Somewhere about here"—he swept over the map. "Take an orderly, go in the side-car and find them. Mark the position and report here, will you? I want some lunch."

After a big skid, the orderly told me that he was on a new machine about which he knew nothing; but we found the buses, gave them their orders, and got back in safety.

"Would you like to observe in one of the aeroplanes?" said an Air Force officer.

"Just wouldn't I, sir." I signed forms stating that I didn't mind being killed, or something of the sort. We taxied out, and the pilot turned to me. "All right?"

I had a funny sensation as we left the ground behind us, and away we went.

He frightened me when he nearly touched a tree, and a bit when he switched off and banked in some clouds.

We did our job, and then had a look from above at the lunatics in Broadmoor walking round in circles. We were two thousand feet up.

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" I'll give you a nose-dive down, to show you what it's like ! " He switched off and shouted. I did not particularly want to know, but I kept silent.

We turned nose down—and fell ! Acceleration, 32.2 ft. per second. I seemed to have left my stomach miles away behind me, as the ground came slap up at us.

" Good Lord, surely he isn't going to land now ! " I thought suddenly. People below threw themselves flat. I wasn't frightened, because I thought it was all part of the game, but he told me afterwards that he had missed his landing. Another two seconds and we should have gone west. As it was, he managed to circle round, pick up, and land properly.

Yes, it had been very thrilling !

We were nearing the final attack now, and tanks had wheeled to get into action.

" Would you like to do the final attack in one of them ?" asked Captain May.

The next half hour was one of the best, but the most uncomfortable, of my life. A famous sergeant was fighting my tank—one of the few who not only had won medals, but also the right to wear the special lanyard on the right shoulder.

We went over the worst ground imaginable, really appalling. The front was open, so brushwood, prickles and many other things came straight into my face. Several times I hit the ceiling. Several times I hit the floor. Something was digging me in the spine, and I got both hands bruised while holding on. But I could see men rushing away in all directions, and cinema cameras clicking all round. Then the bigger gun began to fire, and the inside filled with blue smoke. I ducked to avoid the swing of the machine gun, and several shell cases from the bigger gun fell on my head. At last we stopped.

" Is it really over ?" I gasped.

" Yes, sir." The big sergeant grinned, and let me out.

" Do you really care for that sort of thing ?" I asked.

" We live for it, sir."

They were quite right, it had been worth it. I thanked the officer in charge of tanks (I hope it sounded sincere), and wended my way back to G.H.Q.

The Staff Captain came up to me and, laughingly, put a finger on my face and showed me the grime he had removed.

" I hope you weren't very attached to that suit of khaki ?

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Here's a medal for you, anyhow," and he gave me a small bit of tank, which had come off when one of them broke down.

I kept that. Also a bottle-opener (ginger-beer) belonging to the Brigadier—souvenirs !

I helped to " embuss " a battalion, gave the word to start, and then climbed into the back of the Brigade car. The important flag which it was flying gave me an awful thrill.

The Brigade Major offered me a cigarette. I remembered hearing him ask if I was going to be a Regular later on—and then, I regret to say, I fell asleep.

Nor did I stir, even when they halted to reorganize the bus column, until we arrived at camp, where I vainly tried to thank them for what had been, possibly, the most enjoyable day of my life.

A day or two later, I was saying good-bye to them all at the Brigade Mess. As I shook hands, one of them turned to the Brigade Commander.

" Well, we've shown him life—we've sent him up flying, and we've put him in a tank, but still we haven't managed to kill him."

" Never mind, we'll see what we can do next year ! " replied that gentleman with a smile.

As I walked home from Headquarters in London next day, I went past Buckingham Palace—rather despondently, because, after camp, it all seemed very dull. Suddenly I saw one of the Guards slope arms. I realized that I was in uniform—after all, I had been a soldier too, and for my brief moment was one still.

Throwing back my shoulders, I looked him full in the eyes, and answered his salute—answered it, I hope, as well as any Guardsman.

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THE LIGHTER SIDE OF CHANAK

By Lieut. J. D. Taylor, M.C., R.A.

NOT long ago The Fighting Forces published "Impressions of Kelia," so it seems only fitting that this should be followed by a description of Kelia's companion-piece, Chanak.

Chanak was one of those episodes which might have been tragic, but actually turned out to be rather comic, as viewed in retrospect, and as the tragedy did not occur I will not dwell on its serious aspects, but rather on the lighter side.

The reader knows, of course, that Turkey, though far from recovered from the war (in 1922), was goaded to desperate action by the Greek occupation of Smyrna and its hinterland; and finding a leader in Mustapha Kemal raised an army which swept the Greeks into the sea and recovered Smyrna. Flushed with victory, the Turks continued their triumphant advance, this time in the direction of Constantinople and Gallipoli. It looked as though they meant to cross both the Bosphorus and Dardanelles and carry the war into Europe.

Their road was barred by slender British forces, remnants of our one-time Army of the Black Sea. At Chanak stood one lone battalion of The Loyals, who met the Turkish vanguard, and by bluff and diplomacy, halted it without a shot being fired.

Reinforcements were on the way. The *Glengorm Castle*, carrying out a routine voyage as troopship, found its role entirely changed on arrival at Malta. Non-combatant passengers bound for Constantinople and Alexandria, wives going out to join their husbands, details for units in Egypt, all were bundled ashore to make room for units arrayed in fighting kit. Directly the ship touched the quayside, Maltese carpenters swarmed aboard and erected horse-boxes on the deck. Cranes were kept working all night hoisting heavy guns and horses on board. On the morrow she sailed for the scene of the possible conflict. Warships passed at full speed. The officer of the watch about midnight made a friendly signal to a destroyer as she hurried past.

"*Glengorm Castle*. Who are you?"

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" British man-of-war. Good-night ! "

These reinforcements, and others, arrived to find their comrades at Chanak maintaining a precarious foothold on the shore of Asia Minor. The area held was a bridgehead enclosing Chanak, Nagara, and nothing else. In fact, it did not quite enclose Nagara, for on the left there was a gap from the Cham Burnu Ridge to the sea. If attacked, there could be no yielding of ground, for close behind was the Dardanelles. The field batteries were in close support, they had to be. The heavy artillery and half the medium were across the Straits on Gallipoli, and their range would not have been excessive had they been called on to fire from there. Battleships anchored in the Straits would also have brought their fire to bear.

Compared to the total strength of the force and the number of " bayonets " in the line, we had a strong array of artillery. The Turks, on the other hand, had none, thanks to the state of their roads, and this fact cancelled the value of the observation posts he possessed. A massive hill to the south of Chanak overlooked the whole scene and gave the Turks a bird's-eye view of the sector. But without artillery it was not of very much practical value.

I think it was really British prestige that stopped the Turk. The memory of Palestine and Baghdad was too recent. The British had beaten him in the war. This he freely acknowledged. The Greeks, so he asserted, had not. This would explain why the victors of Smyrna thought twice about fighting at Chanak. Their attitude was provocative, but they showed no inclination to fire the first shot. On our side there were strict orders that no one should fire the first shot. So British and Turkish sentries stood on opposite sides of a road and glared at each other, while a few yards away section posts had dug in and made every preparation for defence but not for attack. For days the situation was critical. Trenches were dug and barbed wire erected. A continuous line was manned from the water-front south of Chanak to Cham Burnu Ridge, east of Nagara. Here was the left flank battalion, The Highland Light Infantry, but on their left was a gap perhaps half a mile wide where the scrub covered sides of Cham Burnu sloped down to the shore of the Dardanelles once more.

It was through this gap that the Turks attempted peaceful penetration one night. The Highland Light Infantry

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tried to head them off. Dawn rose on a scene of amazing confusion. Several hundred men were playing a game of hide and seek in the scrub. Sentries faced in all directions. Groups were seen like islands amid the throng of the enemy. By tacit consent no bullets were fired. By tacit consent one respected an opponent armed with the bayonet. If he barred the way one sought a way round and kept at arm's length. A Turkish officer strode up and down with angry mien and gesture. His men were persistent and stolid. The Scotsmen were stubborn and dour.

But already, in fact some hours before, General Harington and Mustapha Kemal had signed a convention at Mudania by which Kemal agreed to withdraw his troops ten kilometres inland. Somewhat tardily, to be sure, this withdrawal was carried out. Like two boxers after a round of feinting, but without a blow having been struck, each side went to its " corner."

After that, of course, there were many false alarms, but nothing came of any of them. The Royal Fusiliers and Rifle Brigade having arrived just at the end of the crisis, the Sherwood Foresters were enabled to re-embark and continue their voyage to India. The Gordon Highlanders were withdrawn and sent to Thrace. There remained at Chanak the King's Own Scottish Borderers, The Royal Sussex, and those mentioned above. Later the Buffs came from Thrace. There was also one squadron of the 3rd Hussars.

This collection of units was known as the 28th Division and had its own divisional staff. The units on Gallipoli opposite were in the nature of corps troops, and Kelia was a well-organized base.

There was nothing much to do but mark time during the protracted and seemingly futile conference at Lausanne. Anatolian winters are rather severe, and the Dardanelles is like a funnel when Pandora opens her box. One night in the midst of a blizzard the Rifle Brigade burnt some of their billets, what time the C.R.A., marooned on a warship, watched anxiously the whirling clouds of sparks and snowflakes which threatened to spread the blaze to his billet and mess. When the winter broke up and the mountain snows melted, the Koja Chai, a mere trickle in summer, came down in spate, carried away a German-made bridge, broke the bund and flooded half of Chanak. What a comical sight were the pack gunners, leading their mules about in the search for

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an *island* of some sort. To them it did not seem so funny, no doubt.

The Mut, too, was rather a trial. This gentleman was appointed by Kemal to be *Mutesarif* of the *Sanjak* or Province of Chanak, but this interesting fact was not known to the stolid British sentry group which controlled admission to Chanak through the north-eastern gap in the barbed wire obstacles. Late one winter's afternoon this sentry group viewed with amusement the slow approach of a caravan which appeared to be a mobile harem with plenty of baggage. The gap had been closed for the night, the procession came to a halt at the wire, and the Mut and his retinue had to retrace their steps to the nearest village. I don't believe the Mut ever forgave us.

Eventually, of course, he was admitted, and while it would be flattering him to say that he proved a thorn in our side, his policy of pin pricks was annoying at times. His subordinate, the Chief of Police, was a soldierly type of man who apologized for the Mut's narrow mindedness and petty policy.

Another trial were the Circassian brigands. These men, fleeing from Turkish vengeance, were known to be making for Chanak a city of refuge while held by the British. The latter, however, could not afford to assist them under the circumstances. It was obvious that they would be a nuisance and their approach was viewed with alarm. Our posts were instructed to shoo them away. As luck would have it they were rounded up by the Turks (gendarmes, not troops) within sight of our lines. One Circassian escaped and hid himself until night when he crept unobserved into Chanak and reported himself to our Military Police. We could not turn the poor wretch away, so he was harboured until there was a chance of getting him safely out of the country. The Turks were after his blood and suspected his whereabouts, but their demands for his release were not complied with.

Both the French and Italian generals made separate visits to Chanak before the evacuation and extended their trip to the ruins of Troy. General Pelle landed from a destroyer, and found several cars ready at the pier to take him and his party straight on to Troy. The occasion, however, was rather marred by a wretched Armenian chauffeur, who chose this inopportune moment to change his tyres. General Mombelli presented our Divisional Commander with an

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autographed portrait of himself and sent a long letter of thanks for the hospitality he had received, mentioning everyone of the divisional staff by name, coupled with a suitable adjective, not forgetting the " sympathetic A.D.C."

The summer at Chanak was not unpleasant. Polo was played regularly, a horse show was held, there was pig-sticking (once) on the plains of Troy. Bathing facilities were plentiful, but costumes were not, and on one occasion the Military Police had hurriedly to clear a pier, where numerous bathers were basking, on the approach of a motor boat containing English ladies.

Trips to Troy were a popular pastime for those who could secure motor transport. One party went *à cheval*, and their friends felt a little anxiety when three or four of the horses arrived back at midnight with rugs on.

A practice camp for field and pack artillery was held near Chanak, a destroyer acting as mobile observation post to enable one of the range officers to observe from a flank. On another occasion Army officers were invited to go aboard H.M.S. *Resolution* while the latter carried out target practice. On weighing anchor it was found that *Resolution's* anchors had fouled a part of the old Turkish anti-submarine net, and a mass of debris had to be hacked away before the battleship could get under way.

Merchant vessels passing through the Straits were subject to the usual examination service, but this was considered beneath the dignity of the Royal Navy and was delegated to the French and Italians, who took it in turn for three months at a time. The Frenchman, an armed trawler, was very saucy and fired her gun on the least provocation. If two or three rounds of blank failed to bring the offending ship to a halt, this was followed by live shell without hesitation. The first time this occurred it happened to coincide with a period of tension at Chanak, and naturally there were those who assumed that our warships had opened fire.

Ships frequently ran aground in the Straits and one or two salvage vessels were always on the spot.

All our transports had to unload at Kelia, on the Gallipoli side. There was much traffic across the Straits and a regular ferry service. Kelia reached such dimensions and was constructed so thoroughly that the natives and aliens in British employ smiled, and told themselves we meant to stay there. The evacuation, therefore, came as rather a shock to

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them. The hutments and fixtures at Kelia were sold to the Turkish Red Crescent at of course a mere fraction of their real value. The non-British races in our service included Russians, Kalmucks, Greeks, Armenians and Jugo-Slavs, and they were employed respectively as labourers, grooms, muleteers, watermen, interpreters, mechanics and watchmen. The Russians and Kalmucks were mostly survivors of Wrangel's anti-Bolshevik army. We played the game with this polyglot crowd by arranging their expatriation from Turkey, a special bureau being set up to handle the details. This bureau, of course, was promptly dubbed the S.P.C.A.—" A " meaning Armenians. Some of the Russians migrated to Canada, after an interview and selection by a Canadian representative.

Quite a fleet of transports were employed in evacuating our garrison from Chanak and Constantinople as well. Units of all shapes and sizes and bound for various destinations had to be fitted in, and this meant a lot of staff work. " Q " had a hearty laugh when a subaltern, commanding certain " details," informed them that he " concurred " in certain changes, of which he had been notified solely for his information " and necessary action."

The Turks marched into Chanak on our heels, in fact the Highland Light Infantry were still at Nagara when Turkish troops were installing themselves in forts Medjidieh and Hamidieh. The Chief of Police had persuaded the somewhat reluctant Mut to be at the pier to bid a polite *bon voyage* to our Divisional Commander on the latter's departure. This touching episode might be said to mark the end of the " Chanak incident."

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TOLD AT THE "47"

By Commissioned Gunner W. E. Davey, R.N.

AT the "47" Club in Queen Victoria Street the debate after the annual reunion dinner had aroused much keener interest than usual. Amongst the ex-naval officers who formed the Club, Commander Quainton's verdict on any subject was usually accepted as final. To-night, however, his opinion was openly challenged by the youngest member of the Club.

The commander had, as he thought, concluded an argument in favour of capital punishment on the field of battle, and had added "—— and any lad in the training college or training ship who shows signs of lack of courage should be removed from His Majesty's Navy, instead of being sent to sea."

The next moment they were all electrified to see young Lieutenant Brierton spring to his feet, and with a set white face exclaim: "Commander Quainton, I can't agree with you, for it seems to me that you are confusing cowardice and fear. I personally know of one man who suffered from fear, yet he acted in the most courageous manner possible. I expect there are many such men, who have helped considerably towards the building of the glorious traditions of the Navy."

"Story! story!" was heard on all sides, and after a brief pause, Lieutenant Brierton began quietly:—

"I think you will all remember that affair in 1920 when H.M.S. *Desborough* sent a naval landing party after the brigands who had killed the British Consul at Mupandia and carried away some very important papers.

"The brigands were mostly deserters from the Turkish regular army, and when they attacked the little town just to the north of the Susurlu River, the Turkish authorities were so busy with their own internal problems, that they didn't even attempt to punish them.

"Lieut.-Commander Spring was the gunnery officer of the *Desborough*, and he was given a company of 130 men and ordered to recapture the papers at all costs, and to inflict as heavy a punishment as possible on the brigands, who were estimated to number about 200 well-armed but badly dis-

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ciplined men. As usual, the enemy's strength had been underestimated—they proved to number nearly 400.

" For the purpose of my story, I must briefly introduce to you two officers and two men.

" Spring, whose death you all know occurred in the China affair last year, was the Commanding Officer.

" Sub-Lieut. ' X '—you'll learn later my reason for hiding his name until the end of the story—was Adjutant to the C.O., an all round athlete, light-weight boxing champion of the Mediterranean Fleet, and up to every mad prank imaginable. It was often laughingly said of him that if it were desired to kidnap the Devil from Hell, ' X ' would volunteer to do it.

" Petty Officer Kilton, a native of Pentavy in Cornwall, who was the gunner's mate of the company, and Leading Seaman John Carbis, also of Pentavy, who was the C.O's. orderly.

" To appreciate the story fully, you must know just a very little of the past life of Carbis, as told later by Kilton. At eleven years of age, just before his father died, he had won a scholarship for a secondary school. Almost the last words of his father were ' That's right, John, stick to your figures, they won't blacken your eye or bruise your precious hide. It's the only thing you'll ever be unafraid of.'

" This was said sneeringly, because of the lad's timid nature. All his schooldays he had been teased and bullied, and when he left school at the age of sixteen, it was with the feelings of one who is frightened of everybody.

" A few months later when he joined the Navy the stigma seemed to follow him, and he suffered untold indignities in his younger days, rather than fight. He was afraid of physical hurt—that fact is undeniable.

" By sticking to his studies, however, he had by now been promoted to Leading Seaman, and although as such, he enjoyed a certain amount of immunity from the men, yet the other Leading Seamen took no pains to hide their contempt for his lack of courage.

" I think he would eventually have become a Warrant Officer, but for the brave act which cost him his life.

" The company was landed about 6 a.m. Spring had no difficulty in learning from the local inhabitants the direction taken by the bandits, and he followed them inland along the right bank of the river.

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" By nightfall the advance scouts had reported the enemy in sight in large numbers, resting. They had encamped on a hillside about twenty-four miles inland, and were evidently not suspecting any attack.

" It was decided that the *Desboroughs* should come up under cover of night and encamp on an adjoining hill, from whence, after resting, they would attack about 5 a.m.

" Even had they been seen by the enemy as they commenced the descent next morning, they were outside rifle range, but as they crossed the little valley between the two hills, they were greeted by such a volley from above, that when they reached the natural cover on the other side, they found nine men missing.

" That attack proved a stiff test for even the stoutest heart, for in addition to the natural difficulties of a rough ground strewn with boulders, a continual fire was poured in from an enemy rarely seen by them. Moreover, the sailors were tired, while their enemies were well rested.

" Before noon, Spring had realized the impossibility of success under such unfavourable conditions, and had sent Carbis to order the various officers to retire simultaneously at 12.30 towards the encampment of the previous night, where fresh plans would be made.

" ' Curse the fool ' snapped Spring, as he saw how cautiously Carbis proceeded on his mission, taking far more caution than was really necessary. ' If he doesn't hurry, he won't reach the end section in time, and they'll be left behind when the rest retire. Twice to-day I've had to curse him for taking overmuch caution. I believe the man's afraid.'

" ' Shall I cut across and give the order, sir,' asked the sub., but he was curtly told to shut up, at which he appeared to be rather relieved than angry.

" It was but a few seconds from 12.30 when the ' understood ' signal was flashed from the end section, and Spring breathed a sigh of relief when he saw that the orderly had arrived in time.

" In spite of the gruelling fire to which they had been subjected, the men were as reluctant to obey the order as the officers had been to give it. The brigands had seen the sailor's movements, but did not follow as they suspected a trap. They had suffered very heavily that morning at the hands of the Britishers, and being unused to such resistance,

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had actually been contemplating flight when the *Desboroughs* began to retire.

" When Spring had mustered his company at the top of their hill, he found that he had lost 11 killed and 26 so badly wounded that they would be of no more use to him. Many others had wounds, but declared themselves to be quite fit to carry on. Sentries were posted, and the remainder flung themselves down under cover of the trees and bushes to rest.

" In consultation with his officers, Spring expressed himself sorely perplexed. It wasn't the odds against him that he was considering, but whether it would eventually be found to have been worth while to have thrown away precious lives, and perhaps even then not recover the papers.

" It was the latter possibility which decided him, and an hour later his own white shirt had been tied to the branch of an olive tree and was exhibited in full view of the enemy. Some time later the bandits showed that they had understood, for a white flag of sorts was waved from their camp, and immediately lowered.

" In the meantime a message had been written in English, French and Spanish, stating that if the stolen papers were returned, the *Desboroughs* would return to their ship. Many rebellious looks had been directed at the Commanding Officer at the hoisting of the flag and the giving out of the nature of the message, but when he explained his motive, all were agreed.

" ' For,' said he, ' the brigands are sure to take that as a sign of defeat, and will probably attack us at once, in which case, we shall be in a more equal position, and will give them a few lessons on war.'

" He then called all his officers and petty officers and again explained his views on the probable results of the note, and added :—

" ' I want one officer or petty officer to volunteer to convey this note under cover of the white flag, but I warn you—if the brigands have destroyed the papers, or if they think us beaten, and decide to attack, whoever volunteers will be kept as a prisoner, or else shot straight away. Any volunteers ? '

" Somehow, all eyes appeared to converge on the Sub-Lieutenant, who was obviously uneasy, but nothing happened

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for a full five minutes, during which time no other word was said, then :—

" ' I'll volunteer, sir,' Petty Officer Kilton said quietly, ' but I would like to add, sir, that if I *do* get swiped, I'd be grateful if you'd see that my wife and kids get their pension from the Government without a lot of bother.'

" Spring stepped forward and gripped the petty officer's hand, and then proceeded to give him his instructions. Kilton gave up his rifle, doffed his equipment, and then started off on his self-imposed task, carrying the shirt on the branch over his shoulder.

" After what appeared to be an interminable time, the officers watching through their field glasses, saw him reach the outskirts of the enemy camp, and hand the note to one who appeared to be the leader.

" Anxious moments followed, during which the watchers saw their enemies holding a consultation, then the whole group sprang upon Kilton and after a brief struggle he was overpowered and bound. One of the group then donned the shirt over his own clothes, and knowing that he was out of rifle range, advanced to the open and commenced to dance to the intense disgust of the Commanding Officer.

" All that day careful watch was kept for the bandit's attack, but none came. As a matter of fact, they had decided to attack, night or day, as soon as the Britishers began to retire, which the bandits evidently expected.

" As the sun was setting, Carbis approached the Commanding Officer and made a proposal in trembling tones, with a white strained look on his face, but with evident determination in his heart. He had been studying the ground, he said, and thought that perhaps he could get into the enemy's camp under cover of darkness, and release Kilton. He described his proposed route, pointing out various danger spots and advantageous covered approaches.

" He proposed to carry a pistol instead of a rifle, with an additional one for Kilton if he succeeded in releasing him. If he failed, and there was an outcry or shot, the *Desboroughs* could attack from the opposite quarter to his proposed route, as this would serve the double purpose of giving him a chance to get away and would take the enemy's attention away from the new point of attack.

" Spring had previously remarked that he thought Carbis lacking in courage, and was at first inclined to doubt

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the motive, although he realized that the scheme was a very sound one.

" One of the officers standing by, who had heard the proposal, said : ' Sir, why not accept the scheme, but send ' X ' instead of Carbis ?'

" But the Sub. had also been listening, and hastily said, ' I'd gladly attempt it, sir, if it were at all a possible scheme, but personally I don't think this at all workable, and it's a foolish game to throw away one's life unnecessarily.'

" Spring gave him a look, and then after a pause, said, ' Carbis, I believe your scheme is a sound one, but do you realize the risk ?'

" ' Yes sir ; but I am willing to take it if you will permit me. You see, sir, Kilton is a ' townie ' of mine.'

" ' Very well, you shall go. Go now and lie down for an hour, and I'll see that the pistols are ready and that you are called when I think it is dark enough for you to start.'

" The young leading seaman could not rest, and was within easy call when sent for. When he had gone, Spring said, ' Well, I thought that man was afraid, and in fact he still gives me the same impression, but he is evidently putting up a big fight against his feelings, to save Kilton. I hope he is successful.'

" News had gone around the camp of Carbis' mission, and whilst every man expressed surprised at his courage and at the refusal of the Sub. to volunteer, yet all wished him success. The hours passed slowly, and anxious eyes and ears were strained for sight or sound, but the tension was not relieved until about 3 a.m.

" In the meantime, Carbis had safely crossed the valley and had ascended to within a quarter of a mile of the enemy's camp. His first sign of danger was the hearing of a muffled cough from the far side of a clump of bushes which he had been approaching on hands and knees. Realizing that a dead sentry would cause alarm when it was his turn to be relieved, he retired a few yards and, making a wide detour, eventually succeeded in getting on the opposite side of the sentry.

" As he realized that he was now actually inside the enemy's lines, his heart began to beat pitifully fast and he was sorely tempted to turn and fly, but the thought of Mrs. Kilton grieving for her husband kept presenting itself to his mind, and he fought down his panic and proceeded.

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" He had passed through three lines of sentries without being seen, and it was the sentry patrolling the outer edge of the sleeping brigands who eventually saw him, but too late to give the alarm, although in his death struggle he gave Carbis the wound that proved fatal.

" The sentry had got tired of carrying his rifle and had rested it against a boulder. Carbis, from his hiding place near by, noticed that each time the sentry passed he paused a moment to glance at his rifle, and then passed on. Awaiting his chance, he crept to this boulder and hid on the ' blind ' side of it. Not daring to use his pistol, he had removed the lanyard from it, having in mind to strangle the sentry.

" Tramp ! tramp ! quietly came the approaching footsteps, and judging his time, the sailor sprang from his hiding-place, and before the brigand had time to cry out the lanyard was around his throat. Seeing the uniform of his assailant, the sentry's hand flew to his bayonet, and during the brief struggle he gave Carbis a jab in the stomach which appeared a slight wound, for although it was painful, it did not immediately affect him much.

" Fortunately the ground was grassy and soft, and the sleepers were tired, so that no one had been awakened by the struggle ; and it was but three minutes before the sailor stood panting for breath over the dead body of his foe.

" Making sure that the man was dead, he passed quickly among the sleeping brigands, until he saw Kilton bound hand and foot to the trunk of an olive tree, sleeping in a sitting position. Going up to him, the lad placed one hand over the Petty Officer's mouth and awakened him. Kilton stared in amazement, and would have cried out for joy had it not been for the hand over his mouth. Then, nodding his head to show that he understood the need for silence, the hand was removed and he was cut free.

" Handing him a pistol, Carbis whispered :

" ' Quick and quiet ; but first, do you know where the papers are ?'

" ' Yes, in that bag, but too heavy for us to carry far,' Kilton replied, pointing to a fodder bag.

" ' Let's take it a little way and hide it,' suggested his rescuer, and between them they picked up the bag and passed unmolested between the sleeping men.

" Once amongst the trees again, they decided to leave the bag in the first convenient hiding-place, owing to the

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need for caution in getting away. Here fortune favoured them, for they happened across an old disused sheep-well, such as is frequently found in that country, with a few feet of stagnant water at the bottom.

"'Better wet than in their hands,' whispered Kilton, and down went the bag.

"Carbis was leading the way back on hands and knees, and now began to complain that he felt faint and dizzy. This perhaps accounts for the fact that he made rather a loud noise in passing through some bushes.

"Suddenly a shot rang out, and in front of them appeared one of the outer line of sentries in the act of reloading. He had heard them approach, and had fired at, and missed, Carbis. Before he could finish reloading, Kilton had shot him through the neck. All the other sentries appeared to open fire in order to give the alarm, for shots rang out on all sides.

"The two sailors took to their heels and dashed down the hillside regardless of noise, but although much shouting and shooting could be heard from behind them no one else had actually seen them, so they got clear away.

"One half of the company had been sent to a point in the valley nearly opposite Carbis' route, with instructions to attack as soon as the first outburst of firing occurred, and these now advanced swiftly up the hillside. They were evidently not expected from that quarter, for they were enabled to approach to within very close range before they were compelled to open fire; the attention of the enemy was apparently directed towards the line of flight of their late prisoner.

"Spring led the other half of the company, and attacked from yet a different point. The result was that the brigands, evidently not expecting to be attacked, and now seemingly engaged from three different quarters, were quite demoralized. For a short while they put up a poor fight, then in a panic took to flight.

"In the early light of dawn, occasional glimpses could be seen of the brigands streaming across the country below in disordered flight, whilst in what had been their camp a crowd of nearly one hundred men, disarmed and very dejected, stood huddled together, guarded by a number of bluejackets, whose chief concern seemed to be to find out what had happened to Carbis and Kilton.

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" Both British and enemy wounded were placed on improvised stretchers and carried down to the valley below by the prisoners ; the other prisoners being marched close behind, the whole halting in the valley between the hills awaiting the return to the ship.

" During the attack Kilton had returned to the British camp uninjured, and had reported that Carbis had collapsed, and that he had left the lad in a concealed position and come for assistance to fetch him. As Spring reached the camp to prepare for the removal of the others back to the ship, Kilton and the three men who had gone back with him returned, carrying Carbis on a stretcher, which they had taken with them.

" It needed but a glance by the surgeon who had accompanied the expedition to tell him that Carbis was past hope, the wound having been in a vital part of his stomach.

" ' Is it all up, sir ?' the lad gasped, seeing the grave look on the surgeon's face.

" It was Spring who chokingly told him the truth, and then began to apologize for having thought that he was afraid.

" ' Don't say that, sir,' Carbis panted, ' for to tell you the truth I *am* a coward—at least where——pain is——about. But I'll be glad——if you'll tell my mother that——her boy ——isn't afraid to die——give her my—— '

" He faded into unconciousness, and half an hour later while being borne swiftly but gently towards the ship, Carbis faced man's biggest enemy with a smile on his lips, while Kilton walked beside the stretcher, holding his dead rescuer's hand, and sobbing like a child.

" You will remember, gentlemen, that they recovered those papers that time, and that was why Spring jumped everyone else for promotion, and got his brass hat so quickly. Kilton received the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal, and Mrs. Carbis received a substantial monetary grant with her son's decoration.

" But, gentlemen," concluded Brierton, " to prove the truth of my story, I need only add just one thing. Sub-Lieutenant ' X ' retired soon afterwards, having been promoted to Lieutenant in the meantime, and is to-day shown on the list of retired officers as Lieutenant Edward Snow Brierton."

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A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE JHELUM

By Lieut.-Colonel S. H. Kershaw, D.S.O.,
The Northumberland Fusiliers.

MY wife had been in Gulmarg for four months, three weeks had been enough for me. We had played, talked, eaten, drunk, and were beginning to dream golf, until we longed for something more simple and restful than this highly civilized centre of amusement.

The family was the difficulty; it still was too hot for them in early September in the Vale of Kashmir, but my wife had a brilliant idea, which we put into practice at once.

We would maroon the family, June aged 8½ and Bob just 7, at Gulmarg with our English nurse, and spend a fortnight boating, fishing and bathing—than which last nothing is more restful—on and in the Jhelum.

There were difficulties—the landlady protested that her hotel was not a crèche, and her feelings and pocket had to be considered; but at last it was all fixed and September 10th arrived.

Our start was scarcely auspicious, we reached Tangmarg to find that our motor had been pirated by some rascally agent. Our own agent had gone in Srinagar for another, could not be back for three and a half hours, and no other conveyance was available!

Anyone who knows this dak bungalow will appreciate the joys of our three and a half hours' wait.

Whilst we are waiting I'll introduce you to the party. First, my wife, keen on all forms of sports, especially fishing and shooting, a lover of country, delighting in travel and above all in dogs and puppies, and knowledgeable about flowers and trees. Myself, sick to death of all things civil and military, which represented duty, work or Indian club life, after four long years mainly in the plains. Keen on shooting, fishing, birds and butterflies, just mad to get away with my wife and spend some weeks right away from the trivial round, the common task.

Thirdly, Abdul Aziz, our bearer, a native of Dinapore, where he was champion at wooden sword and target play, and a dangerous man for any other Indian to cross or obstruct. A sailor by trade, he knows the coasts of both Americas,

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China, Japan and Australia. Can find his way in Limehouse, Tilbury, Hamburg or Bremen with equal facility and equanimity. Possesses a slight knowledge of most Mediterranean and continental tongues and a detestation of the Maltese which I suspect conceals a story. A dignified, deep-chested Mohammedan with a Captain Kettle beard, and a master of vituperation.

The Memsahib wishes a hot bath! The overworked bhistie of the hotel is tired, obstructive and insolent in his repartee. Four or five short sharp shattering blasts, Lewis-gun-like in their intensity and deadly even in their pauses, and Abdul emerges with hot water, then and thereafter for us and for any sahibs to whom he extends his patronage. Lovable and delightfully gentle with children, especially his Missee Baba and Baba Sahib; he is sensitive to ridicule, but has a never failing sense of humour which pulls us all through.

Lastly, but not least, Teddy—June's rough-haired terrier. A light-hearted, lovable, restless, clumsy bunch of life and enjoyment. Always choosing a foot, the edge of a step or a brick to sit upon with a portion of his body, whilst the rest of his legs and body hang over the edge, like a man sitting on a stile and swinging one leg. He once sat on the blade of a paddle which projected over the shikarra side, but that is another story. Resolutely determined that his help is always necessary, and that the wetter, dirtier and more covered with burrs he is, the warmer will be his welcome, he adds comic relief to every situation.

"That's us," and as Abdul appears with the defaulting motor agent, it is just as well that I have finished with description.

A storm of abuse greets the agent for the failure of his arrangements, but the joy of leaving Tangmarg quickly is too great to allow bitterness to last. As the agent has a tongue like melted butter and accepts recrimination with salaams and apologies, throws all the blame on his rival, and has produced a good car, we forgive him.

In spite of this, he tries to charge a lady going down with us double fare, but fails! After a speedy run, the first thirteen miles with petrol cut off, we reach the Dal gate and make our choice amongst the gondolas of Srinagar—the "shikarras"—elongated flat-bottomed punts, upturned and sharp-pointed at bow and stern.

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Cushioned, palaquined and adorned according to taste and use, it can be transformed in ten minutes from a homely fishing or shooting punt to a curtained and bedizened saloon worthy of Henley.

Four paddlers are the normal crew; six or more can be used if speed or display is required.

The light kit accompanies us, the heavy baggage follows with Abdul in a more soberly decorated boat.

We found our houseboat, the *Ramash*, tied up close to the Dal gate, but as water and banks were extremely dirty, we sent for coolies to pole us up to the *Primrose*, the name of the houseboat containing two subaltern friends, in whose company we were to cruise.

A late but hearty tea on the *Primrose*, followed by drinks and chat over future plans, passed the time until the *Ramash* was ready for us.

The skipper or mangi was a cheery old man and had a clean boat and moreover a clean cookboat. His ménage was all his own kin, and none was afraid of work.

A sharp little Khitmagar, who could paddle a shikarra or pole a houseboat, a bhistie and other menials equally adaptable, and a Khansamah whom we afterwards tried to cajole or bribe to leave Kashmir, completed the crew, with the exception of Fatima, the tiny three-year-old daughter of the Khansamah.

The cooking of this Khansamah and his catering generally we still look back on with delight and regret. Everything clean, everything hot, everything good. He cooked game, birds or fish all equally well; and his pastries, puddings, cakes and scones were such as we never tasted before or afterwards in India. But enough of this gourmandising and resupping at bygone feasts.

We decided to stay for three or four days before starting on our travels to Ningal where we were going to fish. Bathing, visits to Nishat and Shalamar Baghs, and on Tuesdays watching the races at Gagrabal of the boats of Mr. Tyndale Biscoe's College, passed the time very pleasantly. In addition, we laid in stores and got our fishing licences. On September 14th, with six coolies, we started down through the Chenar Bagh and the seven bridges of Srinagar. We were the heavier boat and couldn't go through the short cut by the palace, so the *Ramash* was to start a day before the *Primrose*, which would catch us up at Shadipur.

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Teddy was in his element. There was a small gangway, with no rail, round the *Ramash*; and Teddy's pet game was to see in how many ways he could get round the boat without using the same window (should it be scuttle?) or door. He had fallen into the water out of every window and door, and off every inch of the gangway, dived out of every boat, and narrowly escaped death between the houseboat and the shore scores of times.

The old part of Srinagar looked gorgeous as we slowly drifted and poled through it. Distance and morning mist lent their enchantment, and temples and pagoda-like buildings, roofed with homely kerosene tins, shone in the sun like silver. The Chenar Bagh, with its grassy banks and magnificent plane trees, was a delightful contrast to the town, and the curiously Chinese effect of the stone-filled timber bridges was most attractive.

At Chattabal Weir my wife and I strolled across to watch the fish jumping up the lasher and see the big fish lying just below. Miles Wigram, we heard later on, lay down on the lasher footway and held his hat out to the fish! The fishery watcher anxiously hurried to him crying "Sahib! Sahib! if you do catch one, you will put it back again. You must not fish here!"

Below the lasher we swept into flat open country with the Baramula Road on our left hand, and by 6 p.m. we came in sight of the famous Chenar tree standing right in the middle of the river, which marks the "marriage of the waters" at Shadipur.

When poling, and sometimes when towing, the Kashmir boat coolie likes to call on his gods for assistance in getting the boat along. The headman coolie calls out the name of a god. The other coolies repeat the name, or any other word with the same rhythmical value, in rhythm with their pace as they walk from bow to stern. The result is like a very emphatic repetition of the chorus of that well-known Devonshire ballad—I mean the "Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, etc." part. "Breitdùr, Rustùr, Wokùr, Dasgìrr, Reitìrr, Kashmìr," are samples, varied by "Lat Sahib ko," "Lady Sahib ko." We got to know the gods fairly well when we stuck in the shallows. Vomposh and Dasgìrr were favourites when any hard work was to be done, whether for their metrical value or for their affinity to Hercules and other strong men I don't know.

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From Shadipur my wife and I walked down the Jhelum towards Ahateng, the hill overlooking the Manasbal Lake, and, cutting across to Wokur on the way back to Shadipur, we followed the embankment of an ancient aqueduct bringing water from the Sind River to a ruined Mogul garden, which flourished, according to local tradition, some two hundred years ago. The first thing which drew our attention to the Naran Bagh was the discovery that the aqueduct, which we had thought to be a flood bank, changed suddenly from earth to masonry, just short of a magnificent Chenar avenue, and ended abruptly ten feet in the air. Just below the masonry lay a huge slab of stone deeply carved to make the water ripple as it flowed down from the aqueduct.

Once we had found this stone, it was easy to trace the outline of fishpond, fountain and water runnels. The garden was still well stocked with magnificent old pear and apple trees, and ended in a wide terrace overlooking a beautiful landlocked jheel.

The local fisherman told me that the jheel was good for fishing in July, and that the fish took a spoon or phantom well. His shikarra, from which we bathed, was redolent of fish, rotten weeds and stale water, and the bottom of the jheel, when stirred up with the punt pole, produced an appalling output of marsh gas.

We walked round the northern end of the jheel through some clean and tidy hamlets, through groves of willow and poplar, interspersed with orchards, and then cut across to Shadipur.

We found the *Primrose* had got in half an hour before, and were met by Miles Wigram. We bathed early next morning and left about 9 a.m., slipping down easily on the current, with an occasional push to keep the boat straight, the *Primrose* keeping excellent station about half a mile astern.

At Asham we turned left-handed into the short cut to the Wular Lake via Haigam Jheel, passing a sahib playing a good fish close to the bridge at the entrance. For miles the stream was like a backwater on the Thames, fringed with poplar, willow and a tree closely resembling an alder. Hardly ever straight for two hundred yards, the depth of water was very uniform, the water clear and the bottom hard sand—all of which fairly screamed for us to have a second bathe.

Somewhere near Khui Sultanpur we ran ashore, not once but many times. The minutes ran by, the coolies summoned

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Dasgirr and Vomposh in vain ; they tried to push, to pole, to pull, and even to lift the *Ramash* by putting planks under her, all to no purpose ; and to add to the confusion a houseboat came up the stream and also grounded alongside.

Then a happy thought struck the memsahib. George (I don't know his Kashmir name), the Mangi of the *Primrose*, must be made ganger of the salvage operations.

He set the coolies to work away the sand with poles and planks, and in about ten minutes, amid torrents of invective and appeals to the gods, the *Ramash* floated clear. By this time it was late afternoon. We tied up just beyond Haigam Jheel about six miles from Ningal.

George's success where he had failed rather annoyed our bearer, and he was all out to get George down a peg or two.

Leaving at 4 a.m., we soon reached Ningal and tied up about half a mile below the Forrest Rest House at the mouth of the Ningal water.

The fishing at Ningal is roughly divided, by a line north and south through the Forrest Rest House, into the Upper Reach for chirroo and the lower for chush and mahseer. Our hopes ran high, as the week before a 53-lb. mahseer had been caught, and as we passed down, a well-satisfied fisherman was being photographed with a 17-lb. fish which he had caught early that morning.

The fishing is all from boats with spoon and dead bait or phantom and frog in early morning or evening. Tackle must be strong and reels run easily, as there is no need to strike unless it be in the case of very small fish. All necessary tackle except reel and line can be bought in Sopore. A scream and a whirr and some seventy yards of line have gone out and you are into a fish or have been broken. Two rods fish from one boat, and the method is trailing and not casting.

The boat crosses the stream diagonally, always turning upstream at the end of the beat to gain ground.

Our first few days were disappointing, and then we abandoned the mahseer water as the water was falling fast, and devoted ourselves to the upper reach and chirroo. My wife caught a nice $2\frac{3}{4}$-lb. fish and followed it up the following morning with a 10 lb. chirroo and a smaller one. Just before John Andiell had hooked a good fish, which proved to be a 9-pounder. Miles Wigram was consistent with catches of $3\frac{1}{2}$ or $2\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fish, but did not have the luck to land a big one.

We bathed and found that to swim across the Jhelum

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and back was all that we wished to do, after fishing, to get a final appetite for lunch. The width is very deceptive and the current under the right bank very swift. We filled in the days with duck and pigeon shoots, picnics to Kiuhnus in the Wular Lake, tramps to the hills near Rampur and in watching fish spearing in the Wular Lake.

Fish spearing in the Wular Lake deserves a mention in more detail. Some sixty or seventy village boats, each with one or two men in them armed with a fish spear (like a bunch of knitting needles at the end of a slender ten-foot pole) form a circle some three quarters of a mile in diameter. They close in, prodding the bottom of the lake blindly as they go. Occasionally a fish is speared. It is thrown into the bottom of the boat, caught by a small boy, killed, split open and placed on a wide board to dry in the sun. When thoroughly cured it becomes a Wular kipper, for consumption in the cold weather when storms make it unsafe to venture on the lake.

As the circle narrows more and more fish are speared, until the boats are some 100 yards apart. Then the decorous slow advance, prodding as we go, ceases. A wild yell and a rush towards the centre, a jumble of boats all mixed up and bumping one another, spears stabbing in every direction into any open patch of water, and amazing result—masses of fish caught, from sprats to three and five-pounders. For some five minutes the fishermen never cease to ply their spears, and it was noticed that the small fry were caught on the spears of the boats in the centre but the bigger fish mostly met their fate on the outskirts of the mêlée, some time after the first clash.

Then the boats separate again to form another circle in the same or another part of the lake, leaving the fish hawk to circle over on the chance of a fish which has been pricked but not landed coming to the surface.

On the 26th we started back for Srinagar. The river had fallen, and as we could not get the *Ramash* upstream through the short cut, we poled through the Wular Lake almost to Kiuhnus and up the main stream. We crossed the Wular Lake and then a following wind got up, and whilst it helped us upstream it continually blew us either into the bank or across the stream. We made about one mile an hour. Just short of Hajan we met a houseboat occupied by a Major (R.E.C.S.) and two subalterns (G.) and (H.) of my battalion. We swapped lies, told the latest fishing news from Ningal,

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and heard the latest local shikar reports anent snipe and chikor.

The *Ramash* had tied up some two miles above Hajan and we walked on later to overtake her.

Next morning we started about 5.15 a.m. and made very good time. We reached Asham by breakfast time, and my wife and I walked on to look at Manasbal Lake in its gorgeous situation between the hills of Ahateng and Tragbal, then back to Symbal bridge, opposite which we got on board. Thence to Shadipur we made excellent time, reaching the tree in midstream about 1.30 p.m. The wind, however, got higher and higher, and we had to tie up frequently after lunch. Still we passed a big houseboat, and our coolies and particularly the crew led by the Khitmagar, who was the best sailor of the lot, worked like Trojans. By 7 p.m. we had done twenty miles and reached Bazinara where we tied up for the night.

During the night of the 28th it blew a gale, and by 7 a.m. the hills were white with snow almost down to the level of the plain. At 10 a.m. the wind moderated and we started.

Gradually we made progress, still against a fierce wind, at times the coolies were knee-deep in icy water in rounding a shallow corner, but the straight line of poplars on the Maramula-Srinagar road drew nearer every minute. By 12.15 p.m. we were at the big road bridge about one mile short of the weir, and I picked up a car to Gulmarg to bring down June and Bob.

We moved to Nasim Bagh the next day, taking the short cut from the Dal gate through Gagrabal and Kraliar villages, with their temples and the papier mâché workshops of Gulam Houssain. Narrow, winding, and extremely beautiful are these waterways, bordered by huge willows, poplars and chenars, with the morning sun sparkling back from the metal roofs of the temples, and the deep orange and purple of the seeding spinach contrasting sharply with the grey of the willows and the varying green of reeds and rice. At Nasim Bagh, reputed to have been laid out by Akbar Badshah, we saw some gorgeous chenars, in the treble gridiron of its main avenues. But the fruit trees, the terraces and flowers have vanished long ago ; most of the facing stones of the terraces and of the building, of which only some arched cellars remain, having probably been taken to build the steps of temples or the Masjids at Hasratbal where a hair of Mahommed is treasured. The fruit trees have gone.

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Nishat and Shalamar Baghs were within easy reach, both have their own especial charm, and are still well-kept gardens. I think the terraces of the former appealed to us most, but the general outlay and buildings astride the watercourses of the Shalamar leave little to be desired.

On Sundays the fountains play, but you will hardly be able to move, because of the enormous crowds of Indian and Kashmiri holiday-makers. Go on a weekday and take lunch or tea and you will have the whole garden for your own to wander in and enjoy.

Just short of the Nishat Bagh on the Bod Dal is an ideal tying-up place close to a bridge in the high bund. The water is clear, the bottom is stony, and you can get any depth for bathing or fishing from two and a half to twenty feet.

June, when the mulberry is ripe, is the best month for fishing in the Bod Dal. Good fish were caught there on this bait. In October, dead bait may catch a fish occasionally, but the water is icy cold below three feet depth.

Kingfishers, both black and white and red blue and green kinds, are innumerable. The latter are most friendly, sitting for a portrait, within a couple of feet, or using one's rod as a resting-place to transfer a small fish from the position of capture across the bill to the head-first position suitable for swallowing. The green and blue kingfisher hovers as his black and white brother does, but in only one case have I seen the blue and green make the vertical nose dive of the pied kingfisher, nor is the gaily coloured one so keen on going deep into the water for his prey as his more sober-hued relation.

A visit to the Hardawar trout hatchery filled one day.

On October 8th we moved back to the Srinagar end of the Dal Lake, and the cruise of the *Ramash* as far as we were concerned came to an end. Provided that one does not stick closely to Srinagar it is an ideal way of spending the autumn months in Kashmir.

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YACHTING

ONCE again the yachting season in Home Waters is in full swing. This year it has started under extremely good auspices, not only as far as the perfect spell of late May weather was concerned, but also by reason of the unprecedented enthusiasm in the various classes—in fact, in the sport as a whole—doubtless as a result of last year's wonderful summer. Racing proper, by which is meant the racing in the larger classes—this without any disrespect to the smaller local one-design classes—began at Harwich on May 25th, and will pursue its pilgrimage round the coasts of the United Kingdom till the close of its season at Dartmouth at the end of August. The class which always attracts the most interest, doubtless on account of its size, is the " big " class, or as they are now apparently to be called, the " 21 to 24-metre class." This group is exceptionally strong this season, comprising the new Nicholson designed Bermudan cutter *Candida* (Mr. Andreae), *Shamrock*, *Lulworth*, *White Heather*, *Astra* and *Cambria*. H.M. the King's *Britannia* will, unfortunately, not be racing this year—her thirty-sixth by the way. The new Bermuda cutter makes the third to be so rigged in the fleet, and is of no little interest, since her length is some four feet more than last year's new craft, *Astra* and *Cambria*. These latter two boats did not seem to do too well on the aggregate of last year's season, and have now had their masts lengthened and are carrying a slightly larger sail plan. Later in the season the class will reach a strength of seven by the addition of Mr. T. B. Davis' schooner *Westward*. This powerful ship is not putting in an appearance until the Falmouth fixture on July 19th.

The next group of large yachts is by no means so strong and, consisting only of Mr. Paul's *Sumurun* and Sir E. Iliffe's *Mariquita*, will have to join forces with the 50-tonners and ex-15-metres to make a competitive class. Of these latter, fortunately, there are quite a few, *Atalanta II*, *Nanette III*, *Dorina*, *Lady Anne* and *Cestrian*.

Despite the aesthetic appeal of these larger vessels, undoubtedly the cream of the year's sport will once again be represented by the 12-metre boats, of which it is expected there will be a fleet at least thirteen strong, including the new

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Fife-built *Moyana* (Mr. Leuchars), and the new Nicholson boat *Flica* (Mr. C. Fairey). The class will include the seven-year-old veteran *Vanity*, *Iris*, *Rhona*, *Zinita*, *Iyruna*, *Cerigo*, *Modesty*, *Mouette* and *Dreamchild* (ex-*Noresca*) and *Amity* (ex-*Moyana*). *Mouette* was last year's crack boat, and it will be interesting to see if she can still hold to her place in face of the newcomers, one of which, *Flica*, should evoke no little interest. She is a longish craft, quoted in Lloyds as being 44.5 ft. on the waterline or rather more than 3 ft. longer than the veteran *Vanity*; and it will be most interesting to see how she performs against *Iris*, the well-known heavy weather performer built by Mylen's to Sir T. Glen-Coats' design.

From the " twelves " one passes naturally to the " sixes," and here again one finds a strong class, a popular class, and a class that is steadily expanding in numbers. It is very strong on both the Clyde and the Solent, and down at Falmouth it is also intended to start a small class of these as the nucleus of a West Country International Class. It may be noted, by the way, that a feature in this year's " eights " is the large number of newcomers, which include *Anthea*, *Emily II*, *Caryl*, *Sulaire II*, *Sagitta*, *June* and *Sposa II*.

The 6-metre class, as ever, is up to full strength, and this season should see about thirty-seven boats racing, including the two new Fife-built " sixes," *Corale* and *Felma*. It might, perhaps, have been expected that the class would have grown even bigger, but there does certainly seem to exist a feeling that it is too expensive—and yet there is very little alternative for the man who finds owning and racing a local one-design not quite up to standard. The average cost of a British-built " six " is in the region of a thousand guineas, while even in France it costs about £800 to get one from a reputable board. This, in spite of the admitted sailing and weatherly qualities of the " six " and its thoroughbred appearance, is perhaps a trifle steep for a ship whose waterline length is only somewhere about 22 feet. The whole question, possibly, is that, like everything else, the cost is regulated by questions of supply and demand, and since the demand is small in a crack, hard-racing class the cost will be proportionately high. Furthermore, all attempts to force down the price by cheaper construction or by going elsewhere than to the three or four front rank designers seem doomed to failure. Undoubtedly there is need for some half-way class between the " sixes " and the one-designs, yet, rather than encourage

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the demand, there seems to be a tendency in some circles to shout it down. This is all the more to be regretted, as there exists in the *Skerry Cruiser*, or " 22 square metre class," just the sort of ship which would apparently solve the problem. It could be built in this country for about £500, and is, in fact, being built on the Continent for considerably less. In general size and length it differs but little from the 6-metre, although, of course, it is a much lighter vessel; while helmsmen who have handled the type speak in glowing terms of its sailing qualities. Already both in Sweden, Germany, and over in America the class is beginning to make headway, and it is to be hoped that the pointless conservatism which seems to lie in its path over here will soon get up and move on.

On the season's programme itself very little comment is needed. It was settled at length by the Y.R.A. at their winter meeting. As usual there will be a division of interest. While some craft will race at Ramsgate in the middle of June, and then cross over for the Continental series of meetings,—a fleet, incidentally, which will include the majority of the " twelves "—the " big " classes will stick to their own class, and follow the coastwise course: Harwich—Southend—Swansea—Dublin—Clyde—Belfast—Falmouth—Solent and Cowes. Here, at the Mecca of the sport, all sorts and conditions reunite about August 3rd before moving on for the grand finale down in the West. As far as can be seen at present the West Country this year should have a record yachting season. It is certainly high time that this was the case. Some thirty years ago yachting in those parts enjoyed an unprecedented boom, and then, for some almost inexplicable reason, it fell away and fell away, until the war almost seemed to strike the West its death blow. Since then, however, due largely to the energies of small-boat sailors in Plymouth and Falmouth the prestige of the West has revived, and, all other things being equal, this season will see a return to the golden age. Plymouth, in fact, has been chosen as this year's venue for the Prince of Wales' Trophy for 14-foot international dinghies—a race which has, very justly, been dubbed the championship of open boat sailing. This class, which has already attained a numerical strength of over 190, should make a very strong appeal to Service-men on all grounds, but especially on account of the seaworthiness of the boats themselves and the intensely keen competition in the class.

It is, perhaps, a far cry from small 14-footers to the giant

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Shamrocks, but one ought not to let the occasion pass without commenting upon the fact that once again Sir Thomas Lipton, through the Royal Ulster Yacht Club, has issued a challenge to the New York Yacht Club of America in a determined effort to bring back to this country the America's Cup. Incidentally, and without pedantry, it is not inopportune to observe that this trophy never was known as the *America* Cup, as some of our newspapers seem to believe. If the challenge is accepted, presumably the races will take place off Long Island or Sandy Hook in September, 1930, but at the moment no news is available as to the attitude of the American defenders. Many of the conditions which hedge the cup in so effectively are well known, especially that one which requires the challenger to sail across the Atlantic for the races. There is one far more important point, however, which frequently escapes notice. The rating rules of the New York Yacht Club are distinctly peculiar, in that any variation of length in the vessel makes very little difference to its rating figure, and an increase of length naturally affects displacement and sail-carrying power. The normal corollary of such a factor, therefore, is to build a number of vessels of varying lengths and try one out against the other and eliminate all but the best—and that the American defenders may do. The challenger, on the other hand, is only permitted by the rules of the cup to build and enter one boat. This is a serious handicap, for the defenders may build as many as they like and need not necessarily select the actual defending vessel until the day of the race itself.

Departing from the racing element, one enters at once the equally absorbing realm of cruising—yet upon this branch of yachting it is very difficult to make any comment other than that it marches very steadily forward, growing in strength and popularity with each season. One or two new, independent cruising clubs have recently been formed, and there is now yet another branch of the increasingly popular Little Ship Club down at Dartmouth, where it should prove a boon to Service-men in the West. In connection with the Service-man's yachting requirements, it is also opportune to call attention to the Cruising Association, a body of keen sailing men who work hard in the interests of the cruising yachtsman. In their London headquarters there is a really amazing library of the sea, while in addition to publishing a number of useful small charts and a periodical bulletin of club doings, the

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Association also issues to its members quite a useful book of sailing directions.

Apart from the usual forms of coast crawling and passage-making, however, it really would seem as though the tendency of serious cruising men at the moment is to lean towards speed and sea-keeping competition. In addition to the original ocean racing matches from the Solent round the Fastnet to Plymouth, and again round Cherbourg Breakwater and back, there are, this year, two more "ocean" matches—one from Plymouth to Santander, and the other a stiff cross-Channel match to be sailed under the auspices of the Royal Thames Yacht Club. A race across the Bay of Biscay has its attractions, of course, but, strictly speaking, it calls for rather more leisure time than the average man has at his disposal to waste upon one event. The new Channel match should, therefore, prove infinitely the more popular of the two. The latter race will be for a challenge trophy and for a sum of £30, the match to be open to all yachts regularly used for cruising (as distinct, presumably, from racing), and will take place on July 20th over a course Ryde—Needles—Cherbourg Breakwater—Nab Tower—Ryde.

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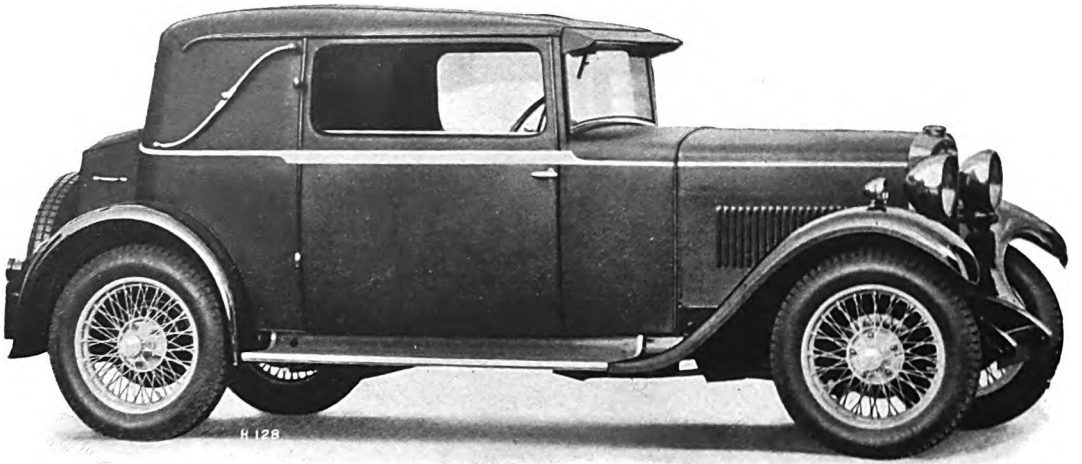

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CARS FOR THE SERVICES

II.

SINCE last quarter's article was written another Budget has made its appearance and once more the motorists' hope of some form of taxation relief has been still-born.

Not only this, but the petroleum combines have seen fit to add insult to injury by increasing the price of petrol by 2d. per gallon. Prior to the Election politicians of every shade of colour from the deepest die hard blue to the most sanguinary bolshie red, solicited the votes of the nation, yet despite the many creaky or rotten planks to party platforms, we have still to hear of any candidate who attempted to appeal to the motoring public by taking up a firm stand for reduced road taxes on private cars. Heaven forbid that one breath of party politics should enter these chaste pages, but surely this is a case where common equity demands that a new system of taxation should be adopted. No system can be a fair one unless the taxpayer pays in proportion to the amount of wear he takes out of the roads.

A very large proportion of the cars on the road at the present time are not strictly speaking private cars, but are owned by business firms and used by their commercial travellers. This type of car does a far greater annual mileage than that of the private owner. An annual mileage for a business car may be anything between 20,000 miles and 30,000 miles, whereas there are probably few private cars that exceed 10,000 miles a year and many whose annual mileage is nearer 5,000. Yet the road tax is the same for all. That cannot be right. Again, the numerous owners of the ubiquitous charabanc seem to get off pretty lightly and to flourish like the green bay tree, to boot. For instance, a fourteen-seater bus with pneumatic tyres incurs a tax of £24 per annum. For the same period the owner of a Morris-Cowley pays £12 though he does not take, probably, one quarter of the wear out of the roads as does the charabanc owner and moreover is not profiting financially by his use of the roads. The only solution to the problem seems to be that a proportion of the tax should be raised by placing a tax on petrol. Quite apart from benefiting the private owner, in that he would probably pay less in the end and the payment would be by easy stages instead of one fell blow,

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it would also stimulate the sale of British cars of low fuel consumption at the expense of the more thirsty American and continental cars.

The method by which his car is cleaned probably interests the average officer but little, provided the batman's demands for cleaning material are not too frequent and the result is satisfactory. But if you value your car at all and take any real pride in its appearance it is just as well to make sure that results are being obtained in the right way, for it is perfectly astounding to find the ideas some people have on the subject. As an illustration of what may happen the following case, which actually occurred recently with a chauffeur-driven car, is quoted. The owner had had his car repainted by a well-known firm of bodybuilders. After using it for a few weeks he brought it back with the complaint that the paintwork was dull and apparently coming off. The man who had repainted the car inquired as to how it was being cleaned. The owner replied indignantly: "Oh, my chauffeur's a splendid fellow, he knows how to clean a car, he only uses hot water and paraffin." If a chauffeur can do this what can the ordinary batman achieve? Nowadays the market is flooded with preparations that are claimed to make car cleaning the easiest thing in the world. Admittedly some of these preparations do give an excellent finish to paintwork and also preserve it, but the car must be thoroughly cleaned first and every speck of grit removed. In order to do this cleaning part of the operation there is nothing so safe and satisfactory as the old-fashioned ingredients of plenty of cold water, several chamois leather rags that are frequently wrung out, and finally heaps of elbow grease.

After this has been done one of the preparations may be used which has a similar effect to that of beeswax on a floor, *i.e.*, that forms a wax skin over the paintwork. This type of preparation is excellent and makes future cleaning much easier, but let me repeat—beware of the "lightning cleaner" brands. If you do use them do not be surprised if you find the dirt and paint coming off together on the cleaning rag.

I have recently had the opportunity of seeing various Hillman models demonstrated and it has had a most lamentable effect on me. Since then I have not ceased to break the Tenth Commandment and to be hopelessly fed up with my own box of tricks. Although Hillman are now producing a "straight eight," which is a most fascinating car and,

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considering all things, extremely moderately priced, at about £500, I propose to confine my remarks to the four-cylinder 14 h.p. model, the price of which probably approximates more closely to what the majority of readers—and their bankers—consider they can afford. This car will undoubtedly appeal to the very large number of people who are unable to afford the price demanded for the more swagger makes and yet want to own a car of a certain amount of character and originality, and which they will not have a great difficulty in identifying in a car park. The Hillman " 14 " fulfils these demands, for whilst its price is not greatly in excess of that of some of the more common mass-production cars, its appearance, performance and constructional features do definitely lift it from the ruck.

The bodywork possesses several features that are worth noting. The mounting of the body on the chassis is carried out in quite an original way. The body instead of being " perched " on the chassis frame actually overlaps it, so that at the sides it is flush with the running boards. This obviates the necessity of the superfluous and often unsightly vallance.

Bodywork has been specially constructed with a view to making it a suitable base for cellulose paint. It will have been noticed that this type of paint has a tendency to crack and peel on bodywork with pronounced beading and where the mouldings are constructed separately from the actual panelling. On Hillman bodies pressed steel panels with integral mouldings are used. In other words the bodies are of a " one-piece " nature and the cellulose paint is therefore not encouraged to crack. The colour schemes employed with this paint are quite exceptionally attractive and distinctive. This bodywork is placed on a chassis that has been especially designed to give that much desired low outline and which, at the same time, has the practical advantage of a very low centre of gravity. This latter feature has been obtained by employing flatter type of springs and by underslinging the rear springs.

The engine has an R.A.C. rating of 13 h.p. and is of the side-by-side valve type. Its outstanding feature is the excellence of the lubricating system which is quite out of the ordinary for a car of this price. This is no " chuck and chance-it system." Crankshaft bearings, big-end connecting rod bearings, and camshaft bearings are lubricated by pressure, the oil being forced by a gear pump through a hollow crank-

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shaft and camshaft. The quantity of oil passing to these bearings can be regulated by means of an adjustable relief valve on the oil pump. This system of lubrication is both more efficient and more economical than the more common " splash " method. The lubrication of the valves is effected by no half-hearted means. When the outside valve cover is removed it can be seen that the crankcase is open on the valve side so that the latter do actually operate in a constant oil vapour. There should be no sticky valves for Hillman owners.

The gearbox provides four forward speeds—by no means usual in 14 h.p. cars. This extra gear is a real boon. How often on cars with three speed gear boxes does progression become a tedious and noisy grind after changing down from top to second gear. Under similar circumstances the third gear on the Hillman provides a far more lively and silent medium and 40 m.p.h. is still well within its power.

The brakes, both foot and hand, are silent and efficient and have the added virtue of being capable of ready adjustment by the laziest and most unmechanically-minded of drivers. The footbrake is, of course, a four-wheel brake, the central adjustment for which is by means of an easily accessible thumbscrew on the pedal pull-rod, which is immediately under the floor board in front of the driving seat. The handbrake operates on drums on the rear wheels and here the central adjustment is even more handy, as it can be done whilst in the driving seat, by means of a thumbscrew in the head of the hand lever. On both sets of brakes individual adjusters, again by thumbscrew, are provided on all wheels.

The electrical equipment is most adequate and shows certain practical commonsense features.

Ignition is by means of the familiar high-tension magneto. For starting and lighting a 12-volt dynamo and accumulator are provided. The charging switch on the dashboard provides for a summer and a winter rate of charging. This, is a most sensible idea, as during the summer, what with longer daylight and less sticky engines, far smaller demands are made on the batteries than during the dark and cold winter months and a lower rate of charging is not only sufficient but desirable for the sake of the " life " of the batteries.

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The instrument board (which has all essential gadgets) is most effectively lighted from behind. On the centre of the steering wheel there is a switch which cuts out the offside headlamp when all lamps are on. This provides a safe and sensible solution of the dilemma which arises when driving on country roads on dark nights—*i.e.*, whether to keep your headlights on and earn the curses of an approaching motorist or switch them off and drive into a bottomless ditch.

The points that have been discussed are common to all 14 h.p. Hillman cars, and although it does not by any means exhaust them, sufficient has been said to convey the impression that this car at prices from £295 to £325 would satisfy most people. For the sybarite or the speed lover there are Weymann saloons, Segrave saloons and Husky models, the most expensive of which is £385 and all of which are desirable.

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"The Fighting Forces" INQUIRY BUREAU

(1) The Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects.

Questions on Heraldry can also be answered, and, in fact, any military question which requires research.

(2) Inquiries about Yachting, Hunting, Shooting and Fishing will also be dealt with, as heretofore. Also inquiries with regard to Motor Cars.

(3) Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

All inquiries must be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon, which will be found at the end of this number. A stamped, addressed envelope must also be enclosed, if an immediate reply is required. The nature of the inquiry should be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, *i.e.*," Fishing, Cars, Education," etc.

Answers to inquiries, except Education inquiries, will appear in the following number.

The following inquiries were received during the past quarter :—

Fishing.

1. I am going to Devonshire next month (May) for two weeks' trout fishing. What are the best flies to use there ?

You do not say if you are going to fish a river or a lake, but the following flies will be found to be the best :—March Brown, Olive Dun, Wickham's Fancy, Blue Upright, Hare's Ear, Coachman, Greenwell's Glory, Coch-y-Bondhu.

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2. I read your interesting article on fishing in your last issue, and wonder if you can explain what I am doing wrong. I have never done any salmon fishing before this year, though I have done a good deal of trouting, and I find that I miss salmon after salmon. They rise to my fly but I seem to be unable to hook them.

I expect you are striking much too soon. You must not strike until you feel your fish. Then strike hard, so as to get the hook well home.

3. Where can I get some trout fishing, not too expensive ?

There are several hotels that have good trout fishing. If you will let me know where you wish to go, and, approximately, what terms you are prepared to pay, I shall be able to help you.

4. While fishing, I have been badly bothered and bitten by all kinds of flies this year. I got some stuff from a chemist, but it evaporated so quickly that it was not much use. Do you know of any good stuff ?

Yes, Paris & Greening, Church Street, Hove, make an excellent mixture, and it does not evaporate quickly.

5. I have just been appointed to the Police in Nigeria. Is there any fishing to be got there ?

Yes, you can get the Niger Perch, and Tiger fish, a very sporting fish, which runs to a large size. You want strong tackle, and I should advise you to consult Farlow or Hardy about your requirements.

Hunting.

1. I shall be home on leave during June to September this year and should be much obliged if you would send me all available information about the Devon and Somerset Stag Hounds.

The following information will, I hope, meet your requirements :—

(*a*) *Subscription.*—£12 12s. the whole season for one subscriber only ; £8 8s. a month or £1 1s. a day for Stag Hunting ; £5 5s. for the whole Hind Hunting season, or 10s. 6d. a day.

(*b*) *Accommodation.*—Lion Hotel, Dulverton, is recommended. Run by an ex-service man who had thirty-two years' service in the Army. Hotel has been recently done up, is comfortable, and charges moderate.

(*c*) *Stables.*—At the Lion Hotel. The stables are run by Mr. Charles Allen, who is whip to the Dulverton Hunt.

(*d*) *Cost of Horse by Day.*—The normal terms during the months of August and September are £3 3s. a day, and it is improbable you will get any reduction on this. But during the rest of the period Mr. Allen would be quite prepared to consider reduced terms to anybody staying at the Lion Hotel for a long period.

(*e*) *Number of Horses Required.*—Most people make one horse per day suffice, and as you are a light weight you would no doubt do so. As you probably know, the line of a stag is much more difficult to foretell than that of a fox, and there is no question of a regular series of coverts to be drawn, so that in any case a " second horse " is somewhat of a problem.

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(*f*) *Name and Address of Hunt Secretary.*—Captain E. C. Lloyd, "Pitsworthy," Exford, Nr. Taunton.

(*g*) *Transport.*—There is a Garage at the Hotel, or you can hire a car from the Hotel or a hack if you wish.

(*h*) *Fishing.*—There is trout fishing free to visitors at the Hotel.

Shooting.

1. I should be much obliged if you could give me some information about guides for Wild Fowl shooting in Norfolk.

The best guide I know of is Percy Barrett, Wells-next-the-Sea, Norfolk. His fee is 10s. per diem. The best time to shoot is from November to February. The Manager of the Crown Hotel, Wells, will give you all necessary information.

Motoring.

1. I am expecting to go to India early in the forthcoming trooping season, and I should like to take my car out with me provided I can get it taken as "indulgence" cargo on a troopship. To whom should I make an application for this purpose, and should I do so now or wait until I receive my embarkation orders?

I will answer your questions by taking the second one first. Do not apply now. Permits to take private cars as indulgence cargo are determined by ballot, and no notice is taken of the date of application. When you receive your embarkation orders a pamphlet will be included which contains all possible information as to whom, how and when to apply.

2. I am coming home from India on six months' leave. I want to buy a new car on the understanding that it will be taken back from me at a certain figure at the end of my leave. What firm do you recommend?

Try University Motors, of 7, Hertford Street, W.1. The Service Manager, Capt. R. M. Millar, was formerly a Regular Army officer, and has a kindly feeling for all serving officers.

Yachting.

As the season is well advanced, it will be as well to anticipate inquiries with regard to Yacht shipments, etc., by drawing attention to the advertisement, in this issue, of Messrs. Charles Atkins and Nisbet, Ltd., who for some years past have made the shipment and insurance of Yachts and Motor Launches, etc., to all parts of the world a special feature of their business.

Yacht shipments are conducted under the personal supervision of Mr. Percy Nisbet, late Paymaster Commander of the London Division R.N.V.R., and a well-known member of several Yacht Clubs. On application Messrs. Charles Atkins and Nisbet will send a special form showing the necessary details required to enable them to quote an inclusive rate, which saves much correspondence. This firm is one of the oldest firms of Shipping and Forwarding Agents in the City of London, having been established in 1815; incidentally, they have of late devoted special attention to Commercial Aviation, both for Passengers and Goods, and have their own office at the Croydon Air Port.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

18.—NOVA SCOTIA FOR THE EX-OFFICER.

By Beatrice M. Hay-Shaw.

" Every man has a secret dream
Of where his soul would be ;
Mine is a lovely, lonely place,
With sunshine and the sea."

Laurence Hope.

MORE than twenty-five years ago, as a young and untravelled girl, I passed through the Nova Scotia valleys which skirt the shores of the Bay of Fundy, at the time when the apple blossom was at the very zenith of its beauty. It was just a glimpse that one obtained of the orchards as the train ran by, *en route* for Yarmouth, where we embarked for the United States, but the memory of the scene remained with me throughout many varied and changing scenes and experiences, until at last my ambition was realized, and I not only saw it again but actually lived in it, from the time that the trees were in bud, until the crop was garnered, shipped and stored. And so there remains with me through life the conviction that earth holds no lovelier spot in all creation than the apple growing districts of Canada's Atlantic province.

I have no axe to grind in recommending Nova Scotia not only for its beauty, but for its openings and its homeliness—nothing but the genuine love that I feel for it, and I am not over-stating the case when I say that, if it were necessary for me to make my permanent home in Canada, and were I able to choose my own " location," I should undoubtedly select a corner in that country of " deep harbours and warm hearts."

There is no grandeur in Nova Scotia, there are no towering mountains, no awe-inspiring torrents of water or forests of immense trees—no rapids and no vast stretches of cultivated land. It is a smaller, daintier, more wistful and more secretive country than any other part of Canada that I have been in during the fifteen years of my residence in the Dominion ; and though there are emphatically no fortunes to be made in it, I am perfectly confident that there are good

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and profitable openings to be found there by people who are prepared to take the country as it is, and be content with things on a small and individual scale. For it is a place of little lakes, of little farms, of little homes and little industries as compared with the rest of Canada.

Nova Scotia has another great appeal to the English settler in that, with the exception of New Brunswick, it is closer to Great Britain than any other Canadian province, and this is a great consideration when the cost of migration is considered, and if secret hopes of visiting the home country or sending children over for finishing touches to their education are cherished in the hearts of the prospective migrants.

As to the cost of settlement, land is comparatively cheap throughout the province, but varies considerably in richness. Consequently, extreme care must be exercised by anyone who meditates purchasing farm land before finally committing himself. Most of the farms are of a mixed type, though through the Cornwallis and Annapolis Valleys apples are the staple industry. Round Truro and in the Musquodaboit Valley, where the soil is peculiarly rich, dairying is the most profitable branch, while in Antigonish and Pictou and other northern sections sheep do well. The land which skirts the Atlantic Coast is, as a rule, of a poorer type, and rarely pays for cultivation, but is good for poultry production and yields a harvest of berries and small fruits.

Small properties may be bought from £150 upwards, according to acreage and locality, and as the buildings are never estimated in the sale value of Canadian property, one may be lucky enough to obtain a place where there is a good modern house, equipped with ordinary conveniences in the way of running water and central heating for the same price as they would pay for a farm with a dilapidated shack. We ourselves, during the three years we spent in the province, had opportunities to buy :—

1. A property of 260 acres, chiefly pulp wood, with a substantial house and fairly good outbuildings, situated on a main road. This place was particularly suitable for poultry raising, the land being too poor to be worth clearing, the pulp would have covered the cost of purchase ; the property itself was beautifully situated in the heart of the moose country, and good sea and river fishing was close at hand. This could have been bought outright for £400.

2. An excellent small farm, with an apple orchard,

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kitchen garden and outbuildings for cows, horses and pigs, with about fifteen acres of land and a large three-storeyed modern house; the whole being situated within two miles of one of the best educational centres in the province—offered for £600.

3. A small place about a mile from Annapolis Royal of one and a half acres, comprising an excellent ten-roomed house with all conveniences, a small orchard, good outbuildings and garage, and a field—offered at £200.

I know also of an ex-officer who bought an ideal little property in Yarmouth County for £150.

The Nova Scotian small town is usually a progressive enterprising place, and the summer visitors keep it in touch with the outside world. It is easy and not expensive to get across to Boston by steamer from Yarmouth, and the automobile traffic throughout the summer is very heavy; while people who live in the country, and are not too proud to take in summer boarders, can get all they want by advertising in good time.

For those who are expecting to make quick returns in their investment Nova Scotia is not a place to settle in. It takes time to discover exactly where the best openings for one's individual talents lie, and it takes time to understand the climate, the soil, the conditions and the people. Nova Scotians are slow to take the newcomer into their circle, and are more inclined to hold off until they are satisfied that their advances will be appreciated than to be overwhelming in their overtures of friendship. Once one knows them, however, there are no kinder, more hospitable people in the world.

In speaking of the "people," it is necessary to explain that there are several races dwelling within the sea-girt shores of Nova Scotia. There are the Scotch settlements in the North and in Cape Breton, once a separate province, but now united with the main body of the Peninsula; there are the descendants of the United Empire Loyalists in Annapolis, Yarmouth and Shelburne Counties; there are the French Arcadians in St. Mary's Bay, Yarmouth and other sections; and there are as well the Saxon Germans of Lunenburg, the negroes, whose forbears came over with the United Empire settlers during the Civil War, and who are now received in the public schools, colleges and professions on equal terms with the whites; and there are the Micmac Indians, numbering

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about 1,500, living in reservations—a peaceable, honest and incorrigibly lazy and interesting tribe of Redmen. So that the atmosphere, as it were, of different places is surcharged with the traditions of the people who have been settled there for centuries, and who cling to their heirlooms, their speech and their ancestry with an almost ferocious tenacity.

In writing of Canada, I always think it is a great mistake to try to mitigate or evade the matter of the winter. The Canadian winter is something like the nettle, grasped firmly and sensibly it loses half its terrors, handled tenderly it undoubtedly retaliates by freezing you for your pains. That the winter is rough and long and cold throughout the province there is no gainsaying. It begins in November and lasts until the end of April, and the heating problem is the one that must be tackled practically and thoroughly and from the outset or disaster will inevitably result, disaster that is in the way of physical suffering, sickness and even death. Proper stoves, proper fuel and proper clothing are essential, if people are to get through the long months in any sort of comfort or health, and it is as well to realize that one cannot apply English ideas to Canadian weather conditions.

But if there are storms and blizzards there is also bright sunshine, and blue skies, excellent outdoor skating for those who like it, hockey being the universal sport for everything male that is able to stand on its feet—and a good many of the younger females as well—tobogganing and sleighing. Skiing, as yet, has not become vastly popular, perhaps because Nova Scotia is a hilly but not a mountainous country. The temperature varies considerably during the winter—sometimes the thermometer does not drop to 5° below zero, sometimes it goes as low as 30° below, but in any case the cold never has that peculiarly damp penetration that is characteristic of the cold in inland cities like Montreal and Toronto. And as for the summers they are ideal. However hot the days may be, the nights are always cool and fresh, for one can never get far enough away from the sea to entirely lose the tang of the salt ; and usually from late May until October the weather is exhilarating and sunny, with occasional heavy thunderstorms and rains.

In and about Halifax the old time residents are chiefly descendants of the officers from the Army and Navy who at different periods during its colonization settled there, bringing out their entire families and household goods and

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chattels. The land in this county is poor for farming purposes, but there are good facilities for sport of all kinds, and there are over 1,000 lakes within its borders. Being a railway and steamship terminus, there is constant movement, and the generation of enterprising young men now coming into control of its affairs are laying themselves out to bring business and development into the town, which hitherto has been hampered by its traditions of past grandeur, when it was one of the leading naval and military centres of the British forces. It has good schools and colleges.

It would take too long and too much space to enumerate the various centres of activity in the province and describe their individual advantages and the reverse. But if any reader is sufficiently interested in what I have said so far to think it worth while going more fully into the question of the opportunities and openings for the ex-officer in Nova Scotia, I shall be more than glad to place all knowledge or information I have at his disposal, reiterating that I have no personal axe to grind, no personal interest in any one spot over and above the other, and am actuated wholly and solely by the fact that I love the province for its own sake, and believe in its latent possibilities through the information I gained while I lived and worked there. If Fate should ordain that my work should again call me back to the Mayflower Province, it would be with genuine gladness that I should hand my railway ticket to the conductor of the " Ocean Limited."

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CORRESPONDENCE

[In the April, 1928, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES, there appeared an article, Settlement in British Columbia: Kootenay Valley. This article, which formed one of the "When the Harness is Unbuckled" series was written by a Mr. B. S. Westbury, who had been a resident in British Columbia for over twenty years. The article was sent to us through the good offices of the Migration and Overseas Settlement Bureau, of Park Place, St. James's Street, London, who are doing such invaluable work on behalf of those who contemplate settling overseas. An officer in India who had read this article, wrote to a brother officer, who had retired and was living in Victoria, for confirmation of the reports given about the Kootenay Valley. Extracts from the reply, the nature of which will be gathered from the letter given below, were published in *The Pioneer* of January 31st, 1929. We brought the matter to the notice of the Agent-General for British Columbia, who was good enough to send us the following letter for publication.]

OFFICE OF THE AGENT-GENERAL FOR BRITISH COLUMBIA,
BRITISH COLUMBIA HOUSE,
1 & 3, REGENT STREET,
S.W.1.
March 9th, 1929.

To the Editor of "The Fighting Forces."

DEAR SIR,

Replying to yours of March 4th, in which you enclose a cutting from *The Pioneer* (India), of January 31st, 1929.

I have read carefully the cutting in question, in which extracts from a letter from a retired officer in Victoria, British Columbia, to an officer in India are quoted. The general impression that it conveys is that ex-officers of the British Army should keep away from British Columbia.

He complains that the propaganda about British Columbia is a scandal, and that something should be done to stop such deceptive accounts being spread; that the Province is over-run with Englishmen who have been persuaded to go there, invest their money, and who are now unable to realize on their investment, and leave the country.

He refers particularly to the Kootenay district as one where making money by growing fruit is an "absolute washout." The island of Vancouver, he admits, possesses a nice climate, and for those who do not wish to make money it is a delightful place to live in.

Reference is also made to some "wretched men" who have with great manual labour cleared and prepared the land, but who became disheartened and finally lost the fruits of their labour.

It is difficult to answer a criticism of this character without making my letter too long. The facts are that every effort is being made by the Government of British Columbia, and its officials, and the officers of companies interested in emigration to provide information that is in accordance with the facts and without exaggeration.

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Settlers going to British Columbia are invariably advised to thoroughly acquaint themselves with conditions and values, and not to invest their money until they have been some time in the Province.

The fruit-growers of Kootenay, really, are perhaps better off than any other fruit district in British Columbia, as they grow excellent late cherries which command a good price in the prairie market.

It is quite true that the general market for British Columbia fruit this year was not as good as we would like it to be, owing to the competition from the United States.

General conditions in British Columbia were never better than they are to-day, and as values in Real Estate are advancing in consequence, there should be no difficulty in anyone realizing on their investments who are not satisfied to remain in the country.

A great number of British people are going to the Province because they believe that the conditions of life there are easier, the climate good, and that there are more opportunities for their children.

In a country of such varied resources a settler can choose many other occupations besides that of growing fruit—a pursuit which requires expert knowledge and considerable industry.

British Columbia has been largely built up by the British race. Its foundations were laid by them, and during the last fifty years they have created a magnificent Province which is recognized as one of the most desirable parts of the Empire in which to live. Like all new lands a settler must have either money or labour, or both, to participate in its development.

No part of the Empire to-day is progressing more rapidly, and thousands of British settlers are glad that they dwell in such a beautiful and interesting country. It is not an Eldorado. Fortunes cannot be had for nothing, but it is a land where industry finds its own reward, and the future looks bright indeed.

Yours faithfully,

F. A. PAULINE,
Agent-General for British Columbia.

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THE BOOKSHELF

HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR BASED ON OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS.

THE MERCHANT NAVY (VOL. III). By SIR ARCHIBALD HURD. Murray, 21s.

This, the third and last volume of the official history of the British Merchant Navy in the Great War, is unquestionably the finest of a fine series, and is a very great achievement indeed. In a foreword His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales, as Master of the Merchant Navy and Fishing Fleets, gives the keynote of the whole book—the deathless heroism of our merchant seamen. The period which Sir Archibald Hurd covers in this volume is that from February 1st, 1917, when the German Emperor authorized the commencement of an unrestricted submarine war, until the end of the sea drama in November, 1918. Throughout this period of danger and strain our merchant seamen continued about their lawful occasions of sea transport undaunted by threats of capture and death. The picture presented is a strong design: on the one hand, "herosim and endurance unparalleled in history" on the part of the Merchant Navy; and on the other, is the cold-blooded callousness of many of the German submarine commanders. The bitter tale of inhumanity at sea is continued from the two earlier volumes, but in an ever-increasing crescendo from that first day of February when the new epoch of sea war was opened with the loss of the *Essonite* with ten lives. Throughout its various phases, as the standard of submarine conduct sank lower and lower, the heroism of our merchant seamen rose until at last, unable to break their spirit, and also under the pressure of our counter measures, the submarine menace degenerated to a mere phantom bogey—leaving a nation shamed and discredited and a naval service with a blot upon its escutcheon which even the cleansing hand of Time can never efface. Stage by stage, Sir Archibald Hurd leads us through the successive counter-measures adopted. We see the Regular Fleet send its destroyers as escorts, arm trawlers for similar duties, and finally guard convoys with its cruisers: hydrophones, defensively armed merchantmen, depth charges and nets all are employed, in turn and together, to counter the menace, and, finally, as the submarine's chances of a successful attack dwindle so are his very sea activities bounded and curbed by minefields. The fruitless nature of the U-boat's errand was still further affected by the deteriorating morale brought about by the blockade in their own country—and at last the terror was broken, from within and without. The author vividly recalls the developing stages of the horror from its essential doctrine of *spurlos versenkt* to the culminating crimes of the attacks upon hospital ships. This is history, and history with a rare beauty, for, interwoven with horror there is a steady weft of sacrifice, dogged pluck and a bravery unbelievable by men and women. At only one section of the book is it at all possible to cavil, and that is the chapter which sets on record the sufferings of our merchant seamen imprisoned and interned in Germany.

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These sufferings, admittedly, were appalling to the last degree, yet one might be excused for wondering what useful purpose is served by recalling them at this long interval. Perhaps, though, it is right that posterity should be made aware of the external horrors of a war conducted with only *Kriegsraison* as its principle, and in such case surely an official history such as this is the right place, for here is but cold fact deprived of all the rancour or bias.

One point of outstanding interest in this volume is the care with which the progress and work of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron has been traced out. This squadron of armed merchant cruisers, manned almost entirely by officers and men of the Royal Naval Reserve, "carried on undaunted by gales, fogs and Arctic conditions: their task was to hold the northabout route between Iceland and Scotland—the Blockading Squadron—and they did it." Upon their shoulders rested much of the success of our whole policy for the economic exhaustion of the enemy, and though assailed by submarines and raiders, their task was accomplished beyond all expectation. Feature by feature, the development and work of this force is limned in, till at last, when, after the entry of America into the war, much of the blockade routine was transferred from the North Sea to the quays at Halifax and elsewhere, we see the squadron disbanded, and its units relegated to the all-important task of convoy protection.

THE OFFICIAL HISTORY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN (VOL. I). By BRIGADIER-GENERAL C. F. ASPINALL-OGLANDER. Heinemann, 15s.

The author of this volume is to be warmly congratulated upon his success in writing accurate military history in an agreeable style, and it is not too much to say that this book will prove as acceptable to the general reader as to the specialist. In no single case is it impossible to see the wood for the trees, and General Aspinall-Oglander never once loses the main thread of his narrative in a knot of detail. In fact, this is military history as it should be written, and the present volume is truly a model of its kind.

In this book the author describes the Gallipoli campaign from its inception to the end of the Second Battle of Krithia, when it had become obvious that the original plan of a rapid thrust to seize the Narrows had failed. If he has little new to say, he shows a remarkable power both of vivid description and of placing events in their proper perspective. It is quite clear from the documents quoted that the Admiralty and the War Office must bear an equal share of the blame for the failure of the campaign—the former because it was responsible for the attempt to force the Narrows with ships alone, which lost the Allies the advantage of effecting a strategic surprise, and the latter because, to quote General Aspinall-Oglander, "the whole tenour of his (*i.e.*, Lord Kitchener's) instructions was such as to rivet Sir Ian Hamilton's attention more firmly upon the gleaming minarets of Constantinople than on the rugged heights of Gallipoli."

In one respect, however, the author is not entirely convincing, and it is in his argument against landing at Bulair; indeed, one cannot help suspecting that he has not quite made up his mind on the subject

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himself. Disembarkation there could not have been more difficult than it was in the Gallipoli Peninsula, while once landed the Allies would not have been restricted to the narrow front which was the real cause of their ultimate failure. Moreover, although the Turk is an excellent fighter in a defended position, as at Plevna and in Gallipoli, he is nothing like so good in open fighting, and that would have been the very type of warfare to which a landing at Bulair must have led.

For the rest, had the campaign been undertaken a couple of years later the development of aircraft in the interval would probably have enabled it to succeed. On almost every page of this book there is evidence that the principal cause of failure was ignorance, both of the nature of the ground and of the Turkish dispositions. A comparison with the landing at Alhucemas ten years later serves to show the difference that air observation would have made, for in that case the disembarkation at " Y " Beach would have resulted in the capture of Krithia, and " the gleaming minarets of Constantinople " might well have been decorated with the Union Jack before the end of the month.

THE HISTORY OF GOVERNMENT. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BT. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

Government—the rule of man over man—is as old as the human race. It is impossible to conceive of any body of persons living together whether under family or tribal conditions amongst whom there is not some will, be it that of one man or more, overriding the will of the separate individuals. Between the governance of the patriarch Abraham, the " beastly " Vitellius, and a twentieth century Ministry there is a difference of degree only and not of kind. Within those limits " the whole history of government is the history of a pendulum swinging, now in the direction of liberty, now in that of authority, as the circumstances of the time demand. . . ." The principal theme, and it must be admitted the most interesting part, of Sir Charles Petrie's " History of Government " is the swing of that pendulum in the direction of democracy followed by its almost immediate recession therefrom.

To counteract the dislocation consequent upon the break-up of the mediæval world and to master the new factors, forces, and ideas brought into play by the Reformation and the discovery of America, the New Monarchy, or, as it came to be known, Enlightened Despotism, was called into existence; and for a period it fulfilled its task admirably. Few men have ever put in more real and devoted work in the course of their lifetime than Philip II of Spain, Frederick the Great of Prussia, and Joseph II of Austria. But the irony of all instruments of government is that like Prima Donnas they never know when the moment has come to make a graceful exit. Instead, they cling obstinately to life and become in turn a greater problem than that which they were originally called upon themselves to resolve. Enlightened Despots utterly unable to cope with the new conditions brought about by the Industrial Revolution gradually gave place, via the French Revolution, to Democracy.

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Future generations will probably place the apogee of Democracy rather more precisely than Sir Charles Petrie has done, to the decade immediately preceding the outbreak of the Great War. But just as forces were at work undermining Enlightened Despotism for many years before its demise, so had Democracy long been sapped before the process had become noticed. To these forces the author with his very complete knowledge of European politics rightly assigns the vanguard to the group of Catholic and Nationalist writers who flourished in France between the death of Zola and the birth of the present century. It is an old saying that "When France sneezes Europe catches cold." The infection spread to her nearest neighbours, and to-day it is not a mere coincidence that the two foremost dictators in Europe govern countries contiguous to France.

The Great War accelerated the progress. So far from "making the world safe for Democracy" the war has intensified the danger. It was, as Sir Charles Petrie rightly points out, "one of the most popular conflicts which have ever taken place and as it came at the end of an era that had seen democracy go from strength to strength it is hardly surprising that it should have raised grave doubts as to the virtues of a form of government which failed so signally to prevent such horrors." Moreover, by aligning on the side of authority the press which had hitherto been the most jealous defender of the democratic ideal, and by accustoming the citizen to defer without question to the commands of the Executive, the Great War obscured and blurred the pre-war conception of Democracy. We do not need a Joynson-Hicks to tell us we can no longer live the free-and-easy life of our fathers. We are rapidly losing the wish and even the will to do so. "Efficiency, not liberty, is what is demanded of government to-day, and if the two are ever found incompatible it is the former that will be preferred."

"The merits of government," wrote Lecky many years ago, "depend much more upon the character of man than upon the framework of institutions." Hence the folly of elaborate constitution-making; hence the barrenness of political philosophers who, it is the complaint of Graham Wallas, "analyse institutions and avoid analysis of man." The truth of the matter is that in the long run man usually gets the type of government he best deserves. Improve the man and you will in time improve the type of government. The reversal of the process is a fallacy that governments will probably never learn.

UNDER THE RED JACK. By C. H. J. SNIDER. Martin Hopkinson. 12s. 6d.

At last there has been presented to the lover of sea literature, no less than to the ardent student of naval warfare, a record of the work of the privateersmen from the maritime provinces of Canada during the unfortunate War of 1812. Some such monument to both ships and men has for long been needed lest the very names of the ships which in those days struck terror into New England hearts—*Retaliation*, *Sherbrooke*, *Liverpool Packet*, *Black Joke* and the rest—should be forgotten. Mr. Snider has done his work well and truly, for in the

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pages of his book both ships and men live again. Of the ships, nothing now remains; the men are dead and forgotten; and, of the trusty armament which made them so formidable all that survives is "a pitted gun-barrel here and there, up-ended at some waterfront corner to fend off crowding motor trucks."

Mr. Snider presents his series of pictures so clearly that the whole scene comes to life. At a time when the Royal Navy was desperately engaged in every sea and in every ocean, the Canadian privateers fought out this War of 1812 with the weapon of America's own choosing, and struck a death-blow at her commerce. Generally, in the composite histories of this war, one reads with something akin to dismay of the American privateer's depredations upon our own merchant shipping, but "Under the Red Jack," shows clearly that in this direction the American ships had anything but a monopoly. "Grass grew on American wharves. Dismantled argosies were replaced by 'four-wheel fleets,' slowly plodding along the execrable turnpikes from Boston to Pittsburg. There, goods had to be transhipped to rafts and flat boats. Thanks to the British Navy, all America was in a state of siege. Thanks to the privateers from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the British Navy was able to press that siege until the American capital was in ashes and America was ready for peace."

It could not be possible in one book to tell the story of every adventure and every capture; only sufficient instances of typical episodes have been taken, picked at random from the affairs of the privateer fleet. Out of the record thus amassed stands the privateer himself, the personification of the cool-headed, dogged seaman: a chivalrous gentleman who treated his captures with complete humanity, abiding always scrupulously by the "ancient law and custom of the sea," and able, with a clear conscience to close his log-book at night with "and so ends the sea day: all well on board. God Save the King."

MAKING THE FASCIST STATE. By H. W. SCHNEIDER. Oxford University Press. 21s.

This is undoubtedly one of the most important studies of foreign politics that has appeared during the past few years, and its value is all the greater for the impartiality with which it is written. It is, as the author claims, essentially a laboratory study of one of the great problems of the day, and Mr. Schneider is to be congratulated upon a very real contribution to knowledge. Many books have been published on the subject of Fascism, written for the most part in a frankly propagandist spirit, but this is the first which is at once objective and complete.

Fascism, as Mr. Schneider very clearly shows, did not spring from the single brain of Signor Mussolini in the form in which it exists to-day, but was a plant of much slower growth than is generally realized by foreigners. All over Italy the Communist menace in the years that immediately followed the war had caused the formation of patriotic groups with different names and objects in each locality, and the genius of Signor Mussolini lies in the fact that he united these various bodies under the Fascist banner. The unification of Italy

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is still very far from complete, and Fascism has consequently assumed extremely varied forms, ranging from something very akin to reaction in one district to something not far removed from Socialism in another, and during the period of consolidation it was only the personality of the Duce that held the movement together.

Not the least interesting part of this book is the account which the author gives of the incorporation of Syndicalist doctrines in the Fascist programme. In one respect, however, some readers may be tempted to differ from him, for while he rightly stresses the influence upon Italian thought of the economic and political theories of the *Action Française*, he attempts to draw a distinction between them and Positivism, thus ignoring the fact that M. Maurras is the high-priest of Comte, and that it is for this very reason that the *Action Française* has been condemned by the Church. This is, however, but a small point, and it in no way detracts from the value of the author's painstaking account of the growth of Syndicalist ideas in the Fascist State.

Mr. Schneider has apparently no doubt that Fascism has come to stay, and the evidence he gives of its influence upon the youth of Italy certainly lends support to this belief. Of special interest in view of the recent settlement of the Roman question is his contention that the Church is losing ground to the Fascists, and the pages which the author devotes to this question contain the significant remark that "Cardinal Gasparri may yet find that friend Mussolini is more than a match for him." On the intellectual side Fascism has still to prove its worth, though the support of Signor Gentile has undoubtedly provided a stimulus in this direction which would otherwise have been lacking.

This is a book which not only the student of international politics, but the general reader, cannot afford to ignore.

REMINISCENCES. By ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD TUPPER. Jarrolds. 18s.

Whatever other marks Sir Reginald Tupper has left upon the sands of Sea-Time—and these must indeed be many—it is certain that none will prove so ineffaceable, and so permanent a monument to his name, as his earnest and ceaseless endeavours throughout a long, varied, and distinguished career to bring about that perfect understanding and co-operation between the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy which service to the same master, on the same element, should engender. Instances of his efforts to attain this goal abound in this admirable volume of reminiscence. Down the chain of years, since early days as a lieutenant, it appears that this rapprochement idea was at the back of Sir Reginald's mind all the time—an idea which was at last to see complete fruition under war conditions when the gallant admiral assumed the complete command of the Tenth Cruiser Squadron—the blockade squadron of the Grand Fleet—a force composed entirely of merchant ships and officered and manned almost entirely by merchant seamen. The first-hand knowledge of ships, men and conditions which he had gleaned then stood him in good stead—as the amazing record of this squadron's work under circumstances of incredible difficulty shows. For the rest, the book deals in the pleasantest, breeziest manner possible with the incidents of a sea career

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which, belonging almost to a past epoch, cannot well be repeated in our more prosaic age. South Seas schooners, punitive expeditions against head-hunters, marches against native stockades, the intimidation of foreign potentates, principalities and powers all flit across this panorama of sea-life—and the result is more than just readable. Every incident is one to be enjoyed and almost lived through. Step by step, the reader follows Sir Reginald from China to Iceland, from Australia to the Cape, through all the vicissitudes of a long and distinguished career—until one reaches the last phase—and on that the admiral is silent. One could have wished that he had told us something of the great work which he did for the Empire in Ireland, where he was in supreme naval command during the "bad times." Alone of all the book, this adventure is dismissed in half a dozen words no doubt for personal reasons and on grounds of delicacy. Nevertheless, it is to be regretted—for the admiral's personality and wit, as displayed throughout this entertaining and valuable book, must have shed light even upon that dark spot in our history.

THE SPLENDID ADVENTURE. By THE RIGHT HON. W. M. HUGHES. Benn. 21s.

This study of Empire problems by the war-time Prime Minister of Australia, comes very opportunely at a moment when another Imperial Conference is almost in sight, and it is none the less valuable because the author profoundly disagrees with some of the tendencies that showed themselves when last the statesmen of the Empire came together. Mr. Hughes believes that unity alone is strength, and he has little use for those Dominions who wish to have their own representatives at foreign capitals. Nor is he a partizan of defining in any detail the relations of the Dominions to one another and to Great Britain, for he holds that the very absence of such definition goes a long way to prevent friction.

Not the least valuable contribution Mr. Hughes makes to the study of Empire problems is his insistence upon the fact that the strongest centripetal force at the present time is science, for wireless and the aeroplane are doing more to bring the British race together than all the achievements of the politicians. In fact, on more than one occasion, he shows how political considerations act as a definite bar to progress, and he considers that the "dole" alone is responsible for the decline in emigration. Mr. Hughes concludes upon a note of interrogation, but his book as a whole gives grounds for a sane optimism, and his views deserve a wide public.

THE WESTERN WAY. By F. J. STIMSON. Scribners. 12s. 6d.

This book is an attempt to sum up the achievements of democracy, particularly in Great Britain and the United States, and to see how far the past may be taken as a guide to the future. The author, who has been both a Professor at Harvard and United States ambassador to the Argentine, is singularly well equipped for his task, and his work is a solid contribution to the study of a very important problem.

Mr. Stimson finds that one of the most marked characteristics of democracy in the Anglo-Saxon countries has been the progress in

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law-making, and this in its turn has led to an ever-increasing invasion by the State of the liberties of the individual. In Great Britain, however, State interference has hitherto mainly taken place in the field of economics, and in the United States in that of social and family life. Then, again, in the movement towards sex equality the author sees many dangers, for he believes that women have no sense of civic liberty, and he cites American evidence to prove that they favour Socialistic experiments, though, it must be admitted, such has not hitherto been European experience of the emancipation of women. Mr. Stimson also points out the danger of the growth of states within the State, and shows how this movement may threaten the very existence of democratic government. The book closes on a hopeful note, but it is impossible not to be impressed by the gravity of the problems it raises.

FOCH TALKS. By COMMANDANT BUGNET. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

The personality of a great man is always interesting, and in the case of one so recently dead as Marshal Foch it is doubly so. Unfortunately the author of this book did not become the Marshal's aide-de-camp until three years after the war, and so his story is deprived of much of the importance that it would have possessed had it contained a first-hand account of Foch's views when hostilities were actually in progress. Commandant Bugnet's style, too, does not lend itself readily to translation, and the result is that, apart from the perennial interest of its subject, the book is on the whole disappointing.

Perhaps the most amazing revelation it contains is that in the critical March of 1918 it was actually proposed, we are not told by whom, that M. Clemenceau should become the Allied Commander-in-Chief with Foch as his Chief-of-Staff, and the "Tiger's" version of this incredible story will be eagerly awaited in his forthcoming book. More important, though less sensational, are Foch's strictures upon the slowness of the Allied pursuit after the Battle of the Marne, though he does not seem, in retrospect at any rate, to have taken into account the exhaustion of both the British and French armies after the long retreat. In short, this book adds but little to our knowledge of Foch as a commander, though it will not fail to appeal to those who are interested in him as a man.

THE ENGLISH KING. By MICHAEL MACDONAGH. Benn. 10s. 6d.

As a work of reference this book supplies a real want, and the author is to be congratulated both upon the amount of information it contains and upon the form in which it is presented. It is, indeed, unique in its completeness, for it treats of the monarchy and the monarch not only from a constitutional, but also from a social, point of view, so that it should prove as acceptable to the general reader as to the student of political science.

Mr. Macdonagh's account of the rise and fall of the Republican Movement in England in the seventies is the more valuable in that he is one of the very few writers to mention it. To have made his narrative complete, however, he might have mentioned the pamphlet

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" What does She do with It ?" which concentrated attention upon the cost of the monarchy, while as evidence of the way the wind was blowing there were one or two cartoons in *Punch* citing the example of France as a warning to the wilder spirits who were talking of overturning Queen Victoria's throne. On the social side, there are several chapters dealing with the life of King George V, and contrasting it with those of his father and grandmother, while the significance of the various Court functions is discussed at length. Not all readers, perhaps, will agree with the author in some of his deductions, but as a whole the book can be thoroughly recommended to all who wish to understand what the monarchy means to the Empire to-day.

DEEP-WATER CRUISING. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER E. G. MARTIN. Oxford University Press. 12s. 6d.

Mr. Martin's name is extremely familiar to all yachtsmen, both as a writer on yachting topics and also as a practical cruising man of great experience. In this, his latest, book he deals briefly and modestly with almost the whole range of salt-water cruising— a veritable garland of sea-wisdom culled from his own almost unrivalled experience.

One could have wished, perhaps, that there was more of this book so engrossing is it. Yet, when the last page is reached, one is forced to the conclusion that nothing has been left unsaid, and not an unnecessary word has been used. It is all there, just as it should be, from one seaman to another. The first part of the book is devoted to a sound discussion upon the various types and rigs, a subject seldom handled so open-mindedly and yet without a trace of dogma. In Part II Mr. Martin describes passage-making in his well-known ex-French pilot cutter *Jolie Brise*. Here again the reader has the benefit of essentially practical experience, for in this craft Mr. Martin sailed across from the West Countree to New York, took part in the New York to Bermuda yacht race there, and then returned under sail to his own home waters in time to take part in our brand of Ocean Race—a subject to which the last chapter of this admirable book is devoted.

BOLIVAR: EL LIBERTADOR. By M. B. VAUCAIRE. Constable. 7s. 6d.

This book will supply a want that has long been felt, although it is something of a reflection upon English historians that it should be a translation of a French work. M. Vaucaire, however, gives the reader an excellent picture of the adventurous life of the man who freed South America from Spain, and of the difficulties with which he had to contend, while tribute must also be paid to the translator, Miss Margaret Baines Reed, for her competent rendering of the author's vigorous French.

Bolivar is a figure who is almost unknown to the general reader outside the Spanish world, and yet he was almost certainly the greatest man that America has so far produced. He had far fewer advantages in his favour than Washington, for not only did no foreign powers come to his aid, but the Royalist party was far stronger in the Spanish than it was in the British colonies. In fact, as M. Vaucaire points out and as so many other writers have forgotten, the emancipation of

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Latin America was accomplished as the result of a civil war between Spaniards, in which the native population played no part save as occasional cannon-fodder for the contending parties. Probably at no stage of the world's history have campaigns been carried on in such difficult country, and the reader who peruses M. Vaucaire's work with an atlas before him will learn much.

A word of praise is also due to the publishers for the attractive form in which M. Vaucaire's book makes its appearance.

THE NAUTILUS LIBRARY (No. 5, SEA VENTURERS OF BRITAIN; No. 6, THE CRUISE OF THE "ALERTE"; No. 7, THE STORY OF H.M.S. "VICTORY"; No. 8, STRANGE ADVENTURES BY SEA). Philip Allan. 3s. 6d.

It is always somewhat difficult to do more than one thing at a time, especially when it comes to reviewing more than one book in the same notice. With the four latest volumes of the Nautilus Library, however, this is not the case. There is here a wide choice, a wide range of selection, which should appeal even to the most difficult taste. For the reader who craves the strange and mysterious there is *Strange Adventures by Sea* by Mr. J. G. Lockhart. Herein is to be found the story of old favourite adventures such as the wreck of the *Grosvenor*, or the *Mary Russell*, and a range of escape "by floe and field" sweeping from Elizabethan John Fox, the gunner of the "Three Moones" to the adventures of the landing party from H.I.M.S. *Emden*, or the amazing boat-journey of the *Trevessa's* ship's company. *Sea Venturers of Britain* by "Taffrail," on the other hand, provides charming historical pen-portraits of the Elizabethan voyagers, of Anson, of Captain Cook, and of the Arctic and Antarctic explorers. In Mr. G. F. Knight's *Cruise of the Alerte* we have a reprint of a very old favourite—the true story of a genuine hunt from a yacht for buried treasure—a buried hoard of Peruvian gold of fabulous value which was reported to be hidden under the Sugarloaf of Trinidada Island. What more thrilling and full-blooded than this could be needed?—the more so as it is but simple, "gospel" truth. Lastly, in this newly issued group of sea-classics there is Professor Geoffrey Callender's masterly study of H.M.S. *Victory's* life story. Originally published to stimulate national interest in the old Trafalgar flagship, and to inculcate the spirit that here was a veritable monument to be preserved and treasured at all cost, this new edition comes at a time when Professor Callender's dreams have materialized, and H.M.S. *Victory*, restored to her fighting trim, has become that national treasure which her associations entitle her to be.

To comment individually upon each book is unnecessary. Each is a staunch old friend in new guise, with an attractive binding, attractive paper and attractive print. It is indeed to be hoped that the publishers will receive the encouragement which their efforts at reproducing these sea-classics merit, and, stimulated thereby, will continue to furnish batches of such old friends in the Nautilus Library.

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A SOLDIER'S DIARY OF THE GREAT WAR. Faber & Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

This anonymous work, to which a short introduction is contributed by Mr. Henry Williamson, cannot be praised too highly, and every page of it rings true. The author was a private in the Territorials on the outbreak of war, and he here records his military career until the Armistice found him a Flight Commander in the Royal Air Force. He went overseas in November, 1914, spent long periods both in the Ypres Salient and on the Somme, was twice wounded, and once injured in an aeroplane accident, so that his experiences are at first hand, while we are assured by Mr. Williamson that the diary has in no way been edited for publication.

After a long series of novels, plays and memoirs almost invariably depicting the average British soldier as hopelessly neurotic, and his leaders as spending more time in intrigue than in fighting, it is with a distinct feeling of relief that one takes up the present volume. There is a current of fresh air blowing through its pages that removes any misconceptions as to the feelings with which the ordinary man went through the war. The author neither spent his time dreaming of glory on the one hand, nor lamenting the futility of war on the other; in short, this diary gives the best account of the spirit of the war that has yet appeared in print, and his book should be read by all who have forgotten, or who were too young even to know, it.

THE CRATER OF MARS. By F. TUOHY. Heinemann. 7s. 6d.

The author of this book is one of the very few men who saw service in one capacity or another on all fronts of the war. For the most part, he is content to limit his narrative to the lighter side of his experiences, and his work contains many a good story, but he gives a spirited defence of Lord French, whom he considers to have been unfairly treated, while there is a most interesting chapter on the relative position of the great men produced by the war. Mr. Tuohy may be congratulated on having written one of the best books of war reminiscences.

YPRES: OUTPOST OF THE CHANNEL PORTS. By BEATRIX BRICE. Murray. 2s. 6d.

This is a very handy little guide to the Salient, and will prove of great value to the tourist. The author describes all the more important places, and gives a short account of the fighting which made them famous. There are also lists of the cemeteries and the war memorials, with useful hints as to the best means of reaching them. In such a valuable little book it is a pity that the author should at times have permitted herself such expressions as the "Holy Ground of British Arms," while two very bad, and mawkishly sentimental, poems might also have been omitted from what is really an excellent guide to Ypres.

PRACTICAL HORSEMANSHIP. By CAPT. J. C. BARRETT. Witherby. 12s. 6d.

A subsidiary title to this book is "A Book for the Novice of all Ages, with Chapters on Advanced Work and Practical Hints on Horse and Pony Buying." Captain Barrett has excellent credentials. As

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Equitation Instructor at Sandhurst he has had to train the best part of two thousand cadets and after reading this book we are not surprised at the high standard of riding that obtains at the Royal Military College. To those who, like the writer of this review, have young people who are keen on learning to ride, this book can be recommended as thoroughly commonsense and understandable. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the author by no means subscribes to the idea that those who have been unable to ride when young must despair of ever becoming good horsemen. We are inclined to think that this book will do more to help the novice obtain complete confidence than any other we have met with. There is a capital chapter on Riding Lessons for Children, which parents would do well to study.

LEAGUE OF NATIONS ARMAMENT YEAR BOOK, 1928-1929. Published by The Secretariat of the League of Nations, Geneva.

This volume contains general and statistical information of the most detailed nature with regard to the armed forces of no less than sixty countries, members and non-members of the League of Nations. With a view to enabling readers to obtain a rapid survey of certain aspects of the military situation in different countries, or in all countries together, some graphs and recapitulatory tables have been introduced in the present edition. The compilation of this book must entail an immense amount of research and, incidentally, must be a very costly matter. It seems to us a pity that it should be so cold-blooded and statistical. The introduction, for example, gives no indication of the progress, or otherwise, of disarmament throughout the world; such information can be obtained only by a close study of the statistical tables. No doubt the book is solely intended as a book of reference, yet it is impossible not to feel that the bureaucratic love of detail must bulk very largely in League of Nations procedure, and that, if this is so, the great cause of disarmament will be advanced with incredible slowness.

REGIMENTAL HISTORIES.

THE COLDSTREAM GUARDS, 1885-1914. By COLONEL SIR JOHN HALL, BT., C.B.E. Oxford University Press. Humphrey Milford. 25s.

The History of the Coldstream Guards from 1914 *to* 1918, by Sir John Ross-of-Bladensburg, was recently published and was reviewed in the July, 1928, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES. The present volume supplies the missing link in the history of the Coldstream, as their *Early History* has been already dealt with in the interesting volume by Mr. C. Davis.

Apart from the first and last chapters, the whole of this volume deals with the action of the 1st and 2nd Battalions during the South African War, and to those of us who took part in that long-drawn-out campaign the book is of extreme interest. It is considerably more than a mere chronicle of regimental events, and we get many sidelights into a campaign where lessons were learnt painfully and laborously, lessons which were to prove of such infinite value to the British Army

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when the great trial of strength came in 1914. Sir John Hall has some interesting comments on Paardeberg and points out that by refraining from attacking the Boers Lord Roberts missed an opportunity of inspiring them with a dread of the British soldiers which was never to recur again. The right decision at the right time, how infinitely important it is! There is no doubt that the wrong decision in this case did much to prolong the war. The Coldstream fought with great gallantry at Belmont, Modder River, Magersfontein, Diamond Hill—to mention a few of the actions—but their splendid discipline under intensely trying conditions equally evokes our admiration and pride of race. The dreary, unending marches across the veldt, rations whose meagreness were scarcely ever approached during the Great War, a blazing sun by day, cold nights in bivouac, enteric and dysentery epidemics, all these were borne with a cheerfulness which is the unique characteristic of the British soldier.

This is an admirable book and we only wish it was a little less expensive.

THE HISTORY OF THE 2/6TH BATTALION THE ROYAL WARWICKSHIRE REGIMENT, 1914-1919. Cornish Brothers. 3s. 6d.

This is a brief record of the activities of a typical English battalion during the Great War. Several officers have co-operated in the writing of this little book, and the story is well and simply told.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

SQUAD. By JAMES B. WHARTON. The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.

ON THE HIGH SEAS. By COMMANDER KEBLE CHATTERTON. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

THE ARMIES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REPUBLIC. By the late COLONEL R. W. PHIPPS. Oxford University Press. 21s.

GREEN ENVELOPES. John Murray. 5s.

DAMPIER. By CLENNELL WILKINSON. The Bodley Head, 12s. 6d.

A DIARY OF ST. HELENA. Edited by SIR ARTHUR WILSON. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

NOVELS.

THE PATH OF GLORY. By GEORGE BLAKE. Constable. 6s.

This is, it must be admitted, a depressing book, but perhaps a story which has Gallipoli for a setting could not be otherwise. The author depicts with the skill of a Zola the life of a private in a Scottish battalion of the New Armies, and if a good many readers will by no means always be prepared to agree with Mr. Blake's point of view, there can be no doubt about his gift of vivid writing. He certainly takes what Meredith once described as "the twilight view" of life, but to those whom this does not repel the book can be thoroughly recommended on its merits.

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THE WANDERER. By ALAIN-FOURNIER. Constable. 7s. 6d.

This is the translation of a story, written by an author who was killed in the war at the early age of twenty-eight, of peasant life in the Sologne district of France, and what it lacks in action is supplied by the vividness of the background. M. Alain-Fournier depicted life as he saw it and as he had lived it, and in this book he strives to attain his ideal of the unity of life and art. It is not a work for those who must have an exciting plot, but rather for the reader who appreciates the quiet narrative in which the incidents of everyday life find their place.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

TURENNE. By GÉNÉRAL WEYGAND. Flammarion. 12 fcs.

Turenne, Napoleon, and Foch have on more than one recent occasion been acclaimed the greatest generals of France, and in this book they are peculiarly closely related, for the latest biographer of Turenne was Chief-of-Staff to Foch, and also fully acknowledges his debt to the judgments which the Emperor passed upon the general of his predecessor.

In his relations with his fellows Turenne was the child of his age, but in all that pertained to war he was far in advance of it. His loyalty to his family was unshakable, and for a brief period during the Fronde it even led him to side with his country's enemies, but, on the other hand, he acquiesced in the personal rule of Louis XIV more readily than did many other members of the French aristocracy, though he never hesitated to expostulate with the *Grand Monarque* when he disagreed with his views. Turenne was, on his mother's side, the grandson of William the Silent, and that Dutch stubbornness which so often contributed to his success in the field made him but a poor courtier; however, it is to the credit of Louis that he never resented Turenne's plain speaking, and he ordered unprecedented honours to be paid to him on his death.

Général Weygand ranks Turenne very high indeed as a soldier, and he does not hesitate to ascribe to his genius the formation of that army which made France the leading Power in Europe during the latter part of the seventeenth century. In his administration he devoted very great attention to the care of the private soldier, while in the actual conduct of operations his watchword was mobility. In this way he outmanœuvred the slow-moving masses of infantry upon whom Spain relied for her supremacy in two hemispheres, and his insistence upon the proper equipment of his men enabled him to execute marches in a space of time which seemed incredible to his contemporaries. It was Turenne, too, who first recognized the genius of Vauban, and it was he who won Alsace for France.

To epitomize Général Weygand's book would be to give a wrong idea of its solid merit, and it should be read by every student of military history. This is no dull chronicle of battles and sieges, but a remarkably vivid account of the personality and genius of one great soldier by another. Turenne was a diplomat when occasion arose, and in more

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than one passage it is difficult not to trace a parallel between the hero who saved Paris from the Spaniard and his biographer whose strategy barred the road to Warsaw to the Russians nine years ago. Turenne was buried with the Kings of France at St. Denis by the express order of Louis XIV, but a later age transferred his remains to the Invalides, where he now lies with Napoleon and Foch, and on his tomb were inscribed the words: " Il ne faut pas qu'il y ait un homme de guerre au repos en France tant qu'il y aura un Allemand en Alsace " ; they remained there until 1918, when they were removed, Foch's victories having at last achieved the result for which Turenne had fought.

HISTOIRE DU BLOCUS NAVAL (1914-1918). By LIEUT. LOUIS GUICHARD. Payot. 20 fcs.

In this book the author, a naval officer attached to the historical department of the French Marine, has endeavoured to present an historical study of the economic isolation and the fruits of that policy of exhaustion which the Allies, by reason of British command at sea, sought to impose upon the Central Powers during the war. It is a study of much complexity, involving as it does not only the maritime side of isolation with the ramifications of contraband law, but also those delicate diplomatic negotiations between allies and neutrals by which means the fissures in the cordon were eventually sealed up—and incidentally the foundations of the modern conception of " blockade " laid.

Instead of proceeding with cause and effect in co-lateral stages Lieut. Guichard has elected to pursue each separate phase of the campaign to its own logical conclusion. The first section of the book, therefore, deals solely with the naval aspects of the " blockade " and its repercussions upon neutral diplomacy. The second deals with the effects of these allied measures upon neutrals themselves and of the neutral rationing agreements made by the Allies. The third treats solely of the results of these various measures upon the Central Powers.

As individual studies these three sections are in every way excellent, but the general theme and the interlock of politics and policy is apt to be lost sight of. To impress the value of such and such a measure it would have been better to trace the meanderings of its military, social, economic and political effect upon the enemy than merely showing how the supply of a commodity gradually diminished in the enemy camp.

This subject of the blockade is, of course, immense, and Lieut. Guichard is to be congratulated upon the way in which he has disinterred his facts from the mass of confusing and conflicting records which exists—making thereby a valuable commentary upon a most important phase of the war, and an appetizer for a more critical and detailed study.

LOUIS XVII. By HENRI FOULON DE VAULX. Payot. 40 fcs.

The mystery of the Dauphin in the Temple never loses its hold over those who are interested in the byways of history, and this latest contribution to the literature on the subject is calculated to rouse widespread controversy. The author writes in support of the

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Naundorff claimants, and as their case is never likely to be more ably presented than it is here the book has a very definite historical value.

Briefly, M. Foulon de Vaulx first of all deals with the escape of the Dauphin from the Temple, and then attempts to identify him with Naundorff; he shows that the boy would have had no chance of establishing his claim while the Empire stood, and he maintains that on the fall of Napoleon it was the policy of Louis XVIII and the Allies to keep him from the throne for their own selfish ends; indeed, he does not scruple to assert that the Empress Josephine was murdered because of her knowledge that Louis XVII was still alive.

The weakness of this thesis lies not so much in the alleged escape of Louis from the Temple, which was probably a fact, but firstly in his identity with Naundorff, and secondly in its misreading of the character of his uncle. Louis XVIII was undoubtedly an ambitious man, but he was most certainly not the wicked uncle of the fairy tale, while had he been the criminal the author depicts him he would surely have murdered his nephew rather than Josephine, and thus secured his throne at one blow. At the same time, if M. Foulon de Vaulx does not solve the mystery he gives the reader considerable food for thought.

EL BLOCAO. By J. DIAZ FERNANDEZ. Centro Editorial Minerva. 4 pesetas.

The seven short stories which compose this book would be difficult to equal in any age or in any language. They have as their background the Spanish campaign against Abd-el-Krim, and they deal with the experiences of those who were called up on the mobilization which followed the Anual disaster in 1921. The author writes in that realistic vein which has always been the distinguishing mark of his country's genius, and the result leaves nothing to be desired. Amid so much that is excellent it is difficult to choose, but as a psychological study *Magdalena Roja* is probably the best tale in the collection, though *Convoy de Amor* runs it very close. It is to be hoped that Señor Diaz Fernandez will soon find a translator, as his book deserves to be known far beyond the comparatively narrow circle of those who can read Spanish.

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VI OCTOBER, 1929 No. 3

EDITORIAL

Disarmament and Co-ordination.

By the time this appears in print the Prime Minister will be on his way to Washington. As a result of the Anglo-American naval discussions which have recently taken place, substantial agreement has already been achieved on the question of cruiser parity, and the Prime Minister's conversations with President Hoover are likely to set the seal to this agreement between the two nations. The ground will therefore soon be cleared for the Five-Power Conference which, it is officially announced, will be held in January, probably in London, to consider the limitation and reduction of battle-ships, aeroplane-carriers, cruisers, destroyers and submarines. There can be no question that we are, at last, on the eve of big things in the matter of naval disarmament, nor is there the slightest doubt that the conversations between Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Hoover will touch on the question of land disarmament as well. Lord Cecil's recent speech at Geneva, on this very question of land disarmament, makes it clear that further reduction of our land forces is, to say the least of it, extremely probable.

Under the circumstances, it is not premature to press for early discussion of an extremely important question which, as far as this country is concerned, should undoubtedly be dealt with at the same time as disarmament—*i.e.*, the practical co-ordination of the three Services. It may be that there are constitutional difficulties in the formation of a Ministry of Defence. His Majesty is the co-ordinating authority over the armed forces of the Crown, and there can be no question of the Crown delegating this authority to a Minister. Even Mussolini has not made himself a Minister

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of Defence. Yet it seems to us the question of service co-ordination should not be persistently shelved, as it always has been hitherto, even though a full-fledged Ministry of Defence is impracticable. Both in the interests of economy as well as efficiency much could be done. The three Services are by no means so dissimilar as many people think. At the present moment there are, at the three Service Ministries, many officers and their clerks doing almost identically similar work. There is nothing particularly intricate or difficult to understand about either naval or military or air force work. There is no mystery about it. Highly technical differences can be quite comfortably relegated to technical experts. The only real difficulty is the attainment of outstanding leadership, on the part of the higher commanders, under modern war conditions, and the more close the association of the three Services, the better chance there is of attaining such leadership. Furthermore, it is difficult to believe that the present tripartite system of allocating naval, military and air force units for the defence of the Empire, is the best method that could be adopted.

* * *

The Labour Government.

Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues have hardly yet had a chance to get into their stride, and criticism of their conduct has so far mainly been confined to the more extreme of their own supporters. At the same time, there can be no doubt that the ensuing three months will test the Cabinet severely, for there are serious economic as well as political difficulties ahead ; and, in these circumstances, the present is a fitting moment to take stock of the general situation, for within another two or three weeks we shall once more be in the thick of the fight.

Mr. Snowden's stand at The Hague undoubtedly won the support of the whole country. No doubt Mr. Churchill would have taken the same line with regard to the Young Report, but even among the most orthodox Conservatives there lurks a suspicion that he would not have received as strong a backing from Mr. Baldwin and Sir Austen Chamberlain as Mr. Snowden has had from the present Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary. It remains, of course, to be seen what are the ultimate results, both financial and political, of the Government's attitude, but of one thing there can be no question, and it is that upon an issue of the very first importance the Cabinet has had the whole nation solidly behind it, and

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that is of the highest value to a Ministry which is in a minority in the House of Commons.

The limit of British sacrifice has plainly been reached, and it was high time that the world at large was informed of the fact. In the hope of thereby contributing to the cause of international good-will, Great Britain has acted in all matters connected with debts and reparations with an unselfishness without parallel in history, and her only reward is the almost universal cry of " Perfide Albion " now she has declared that she can do no more. It is far from our desire to advocate a return to that policy of " splendid isolation " which left Great Britain without a friend in Europe at the time of the South African War, but the nation to-day, with its million unemployed, certainly cannot afford to maintain a system of alliances which depends upon repeated sacrifices at the expense of the already overburdened British taxpayer. It may be a matter of surprise to some, as it is certainly one of pain to others, that it has been a Labour, rather than a Conservative, administration that has pointed out these rather elementary facts to our French friends, but it is Mr. Snowden, and not Mr. Churchill, who has made the stand, and his party will be the gainer in the eyes of the electorate.

* * *

The Egyptian Problem.

In marked contrast with the Government's firmness in the matter of the Young Report is its surrender to the Egyptian nationalists. We are not among those who view with disfavour the aspirations of so ancient a people as the Egyptian to autonomy, but some evidence of a capacity for self-government must first be given, and as this is lacking we consider that the proposed Treaty with Egypt contains clauses which are bound to lead to trouble of the most serious nature in the near future.

In the first place, the projected settlement must be ratified by an Egyptian Parliament, but as that institution is in abeyance, to insist upon its resurrection is surely an unwarranted interference with that very right of Egypt to manage its own affairs which the Treaty is supposed to recognize. Many other countries besides Egypt have recently turned their backs upon the Parliamentary System, but the Foreign Office does not insist upon its re-establishment as the indispensable preliminary to the conclusion of an agreement. This, however, is a relatively unimportant point in comparison

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with the abandonment of British protection of foreigners in Egypt. Should this become effective, the first outbreak of xenophobia in Cairo or Alexandria will be followed, as would have been the recent disturbances in Palestine had not British troops been immediately available, by the landing of foreign marines, and if, as is extremely likely, Egypt then calls upon Great Britain for assistance, this country will be faced with an extremely delicate situation. In this connection it is interesting to compare the attitude of the United States in Central America, where Washington is prepared to shoulder any responsibilities rather than run the risk of foreign intervention.

The more we reflect upon Mr. MacDonald's Egyptian policy, the less we like it, and if he succeeds in getting his proposals through the House of Commons, we sincerely hope that the House of Lords will refuse to pass them, at any rate until the electorate has had an opportunity of expressing its opinion.

* * *

The Opposition Parties.

The line that the Opposition will take when Parliament meets is obviously, in the absence of any issue of the first importance, dependent upon circumstances, though it is already clear that the Government's Egyptian policy will be fought by the Conservatives. So far as the Liberals are concerned, the small poll obtained by their candidate at Twickenham, combined with their failure to contest Preston, confirms us in the opinion which we expressed in our last number—namely, that their disappearance as a party is a mere question of time.

The Conservatives are still smarting under their defeat, and, such being the case, it is in no way surprising that the cry is being raised for an alternative leader and a different, or rather a definite, policy. So far there is no obvious successor to Mr. Baldwin who would command the support of the party as a whole, but Lord Beaverbrook has come out with a policy which has already gained a number of influential recruits. We have no desire here to argue the respective merits of Protection and Free Trade, but there can be no doubt that Lord Beaverbrook's scheme does represent a magnificent ideal, and is another proof of the genius and statesmanship of its originator. Unfortunately, however, it does involve the adoption of a fiscal policy which the electorate rejected in 1906 and 1923, and in these circum-

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stances the Conservative Central Office is likely to be chary about adopting it as a plank in the party platform, quite apart from the fact that in certain circles it is regarded as the result of a desire on the part of its author to embarrass Mr. Baldwin. If Lord Beaverbrook can persuade the Dominions to sponsor his ideas so that they can be presented as the wish of the Empire overseas, they may have some chance of acceptance, but otherwise he is not likely to be any more successful than was Mr. Joseph Chamberlain.

For the rest, it is clear that the Conservative machinery and programme must be drastically overhauled if the next General Election is not to be a repetition of the last. Above all, the policy of attempting to outbid Labour should surely be dropped, and attention concentrated upon the adaptation of our economic and constitutional mechanism to the needs of the present age. First of all, some solid thought on the part of its men of brains, and then some solid spade work on the part of its men of action, are essential if the Conservative Party is to be in a position to take advantage of the mistakes of the Government, but, Lord Beaverbrook alone excepted, we see no evidence of either. It is no use hoping that the history of 1924 will be repeated, for it was not Mr. Baldwin but the fear of Communism that overthrew the Labour Government, and there will be no more Zinoviev letters.

* * *

Electoral Reform.

All sections of opinion in the country will await with interest the result of the inquiry into the electoral system, though some considerable time is likely to elapse before any report is issued by the body over which Lord Ullswater is to preside. There can, of course, be no doubt that the inquiry is being held primarily to placate Mr. Lloyd George, but it will nevertheless serve a useful purpose, even if it does no more than show that, imperfect as is the present system, any alternative would be even more unsatisfactory.

At the last General Election the Conservatives obtained some three hundred thousand more votes than the Labour Party, and yet they have twenty-seven members less in the House of Commons. On the face of it, this appears an absurdity, and it would be quite easy to devise a system which should prevent such an occurrence in the future. At the same time it would be foolish to ignore the dangers

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latent in any scheme of Proportional Representation or Alternative Vote. In the first place, the more complicated the method of voting, the fewer the people who will take the trouble to vote ; and, in the second, if the number of members is to be apportioned according to the votes cast, it is more than likely that no party will ever again obtain a clear majority in the House of Commons. After all, the present system has worked well enough in the past, and if it does give rise to injustices, each party has suffered from them in turn, so that no one has any special grievance. It is true that the Liberals fared exceptionally badly last May, but we know of no system that will secure the return of the candidate at the bottom of the poll, which was where their representative usually found himself.

In this connection, the experience of other countries should not be ignored. The old Constitutions of Spain, Italy, Portugal and Jugo-Slavia, to quote but four, all contained elaborate provisions for representation according to the votes cast, but they have every one of them disappeared, for the simple reason that as a result of these provisions the parties broke up into groups, and government eventually came to a standstill altogether. In the Reichstag to-day deadlocks are almost the normal experience, and the Parliamentary System in Germany only survives because federalism saves the country from the worst effects of its electoral laws, while the instability of French administrations—there have been eighteen of them in the last ten years—is notorious. In these circumstances we cannot but hope that our rulers will ponder deeply before they change a system which has stood the test of more than six hundred years ; but if they are in the mood for constitutional reform, we recommend to their attention the composition of the House of Lords rather than that of the House of Commons.

* * *

The Civil Service Commission.

The proceedings of the Royal Commission upon the Civil Service will be followed with the closest attention in many quarters, and not least, we imagine, by our own readers, who have numerous problems in common with their civilian colleagues. It is, in our opinion, to be regretted that the terms of reference of the Commission are so wide, for the result is only too likely to be the issue of a majority and a minority report, and in that case legislation will be difficult.

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Undoubtedly the most important questions with which the Commission will have to deal are those affecting the position of women, and in particular their claim to equal pay and the abolition of the regulation which requires their resignation upon marriage. So far as the former point is concerned, it is little short of a scandal that the Commission should have to deal with the matter at all, in view of the fact that more than nine years ago the House of Commons passed a resolution in favour of equal pay for women Civil Servants, and one would have thought that now the sexes are on an equality in the matter of the vote the same pay for the same work would have followed as a matter of course. In the matter of the marriage ban, the situation is frankly farcical, for we fail to see that it is of any more importance whether a female Civil Servant is married or single than whether she is a blond or a brunette. We are not in the habit of investigating the matrimonial status of our contributors, but we judge them solely by their work, and it is difficult to understand why the State cannot look upon its employees in the same light.

There should surely be one aim, and one alone, in the nation's service—efficiency. To this all questions of sex and matrimony should be subservient, and if a woman is likely to make a better ambassador or judge than any man available at the moment, by all means let her be appointed. In the third decade of the twentieth century, when a woman sits in the Cabinet, it comes as something of a shock to learn that women, other than typists, are excluded from no less than twelve Government departments, of which one, *mirabile dictu*, is the British Museum. With what is commonly understood by feminism we have little sympathy, but to get the best man or woman, irrespective of other considerations, for the job that has to be done would appear to be the most obvious of courses in this supposedly democratic age, and we trust that the Royal Commission will establish it as a principle.

* * *

The Yardstick.

As we stated above, there is every chance that complete agreement will be reached as between ourselves and the United States on the question of naval parity, but it is no good overlooking the fact that there are some knotty problems to be solved, in arriving at the elements of measurement of the deciding

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" yardstick." In any case, the displacement factor will have to be resolved into some standard form, for at present the average warship possesses no less than eight different official displacements—all of them right, yet all widely differing. Again, in the question of sea-effectiveness, can any " parity " be said to exist between a ship like the new German *Ersatz Preussen* and one of the heavy type Washington cruiser? Yet each has a displacement of 10,000 tons. Incidentally, it is becoming clear that American naval experts are rather losing faith in their expensive 10,000-ton 8-in. gun cruisers.

At least one authoritative U.S. journal has said that if the cruiser problem could be cleared up satisfactorily, the difficulty with regard to destroyers and submarines could be left alone. Undoubtedly it could, since the U.S. has a considerable and growing numerical superiority in these two branches. On our side, we might urge that the " yardstick " chosen will be sufficiently comprehensive to include in the tonnage scale such little items as the thirty-odd American 2,000-ton lake class coastguard cutters. These, with their two 5-inch, two 3-inch and two 6-pounder guns and their sixteen knots speed, are considerably more powerful than our own " Flower " class sloops, but they are never included in any scale of U.S. naval tonnage—even though they were immediately incorporated in the U.S. Navy when she entered the war in 1917.

There are unquestionably difficulties ahead, but they are, for the most part, only questions of detail, and if the representatives of the two great nations approach the matter in the right Kellogg Pact spirit, and if they preserve throughout their discussions a sense of proportion and, above all, a sense of humour, we have no doubt that the result will be in every way fortuitous, and that a solution may even be found to the greatest difficulty of all—*i.e.*, the question of international maritime law and its bearing upon trade protection and restriction in time of war. The leading article of the present number deals with this question.

* * *

The Future of the Navy.

" But what about our own future in view of all this prospective naval disarmament?" Naval officers and men are no doubt voicing this very pregnant question. For our own part, we refuse to feel in the least depressed about the future of naval personnel. We believe that a clear cut line of naval policy

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will at length be arrived at, and that the Navy will once more become a profession in which those who belong to it may feel a certain degree of confidence as to their future. Such a feeling certainly does not exist at the present time. Nothing could be worse than the feeling of apprehension which exists among Lieutenant-Commanders that if they commit the slightest error of judgment their chances of promotion are gone. Nothing could be worse than the generally accepted idea that the naval authorities are only too glad to score a bad mark against a naval officer's name. It at least gives them some excuse in passing the unfortunate individual over, and so helps them in the job of relieving the appalling congestion which exists at the top of the lists to-day. How can independence of thought, unfettered judgment, and initiative flourish in such a thoroughly vitiated atmosphere! The intense reluctance of naval officers to express their views on professional subjects, at any time or in any way, is a proof of the viciousness of the present state of affairs.

That a certain number of officers may have to leave the Service as a result of disarmament goes without saying, but those that do should at least be sure of a generous gratuity and of official assistance to find them employment in other walks of life. Those that remain, the present-day cadets and the youngsters who intend to go into the Navy in the future will, we believe, have a far more assured future than has been the case under conditions existing up to date.

* * *

Singapore.

It would seem that the present Government are taking a wiser view with regard to the Singapore Dockyard scheme than did the first Labour administration. It will be remembered that when the Labour Government of 1924 decided to abandon work on the new dockyard, feeling in Australasia ran very high indeed. There was open newspaper suggestion asking for United States naval protection for the Commonwealth, and a section of the American fleet even included Australia in a showing-the-flag cruise, and received a considerable ovation. There is reason to believe that articulate opinion " down under " is now a little ashamed of this part of the business, and in any case Australia, of which Singapore forms the strategic sea-focus, has since given very considerable financial support to the forwarding of the work on the base.

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Recently a new captain-in-charge has been appointed, and this may be taken as a good sign of further progress.

* * *

The Loss of H.47.

It is, in our opinion, a very great misfortune that an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve should have been found virtually responsible for the loss of H.M. Submarine H.47. No one for an instant ventures to cavil at the findings of a court-martial: in this case, on the basis of the evidence which has been made public, no other result could have been expected. Somehow or other, however, there seems to us to be something lacking in the evidence. In the first place, the accused officer, Lieutenant C. Keen, R.N.R., had held an Extra Master's ticket for some six years, and presumably served at sea in all ranks up to that of Chief Officer for some thirteen years. In this lies the assurance that his knowledge of the Rules for Preventing Collision at Sea—*and* his ability to act upon them—was absolutely without flaw. And yet the basis of the charge was a breach of these very rules. In one big aspect we think that the court-martial was peculiar, for it seems to have stressed throughout the manner in which the collision took place and not how it came to happen and why it happened at all; and that, with an officer with a wide experience of sea-traffic problems, was an important matter. Neglecting the question of the failures of communication with the captain of the ship, we come to Lieutenant Keen, on watch, noticing that H.47 was apparently trying to cross his (L.12's) bows. He seems to have had no doubt that it was L.12's place to get out of the way, and accordingly—intending to pass under H.47's stern—he ported his helm. Almost at the same time L.12's speed was reduced to conform to the movements of another submarine, and this slowing-down, coupled with the alteration of course, were sufficient, in Lieutenant Keen's opinion, to enable L.12 to pass under H.47's stern. The surviving officer of the ill-fated ship, on the other hand, considered that without making any alteration of course, L.12 would have passed ahead of H.47. A few minutes later, however, when he saw L.12 swinging to starboard, he thought that a collision was probable and went astern, putting his helm to port. This accounts for the fact that Lieutenant Keen noticed that H.47 seemed to be losing her weigh, and to be turning to starboard. In the absence of

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other evidence, it may be taken for granted that when Keen started to alter to starboard he thought he would easily be able to pass under the ill-fated ship's stern, or, with his great experience at sea, he would have altered course sooner; apparently, in the end, it seems to us that his calculations were upset by H.47 losing her weigh. Whether this loss ofs peed was due to her going astern or whether, as has been suggested, due to momentary engine trouble did not transpire at the court-martial, but it is surely a point which should be cleared up.

* * *

The War Office Exercises.

While presiding at a lecture last year, the Chief of the Imperial General Staff said: "While we are in the service we are not allowed to publish our opinions on military subjects; after we have left the service we soon get out of touch, and our opinions are no longer worth having." This remark was received with considerable laughter, in which the writer and other distinguished military critics, including Sir Frederick Maurice, joined with well-assumed heartiness.

Whatever may be our opinion on the value of outside criticism on the questions of policy, there is no doubt the mere onlooker's views about the War Office exercises which took place, on or about Salisbury Plain, during September would be of extremely little value. Indeed, it would be impossible to do anything except to give an attractive account of these spectacular battles, in which close on a hundred tanks took part and in which lachrymatory gas in a diluted form was used, to the great discomfiture of the spectators. We need only say here that these exercises were not exercises in the ordinary sense of the word, but were heavily controlled movements designed, to use the words of the late Secretary of State for War, with a view to "testing the possibility of an armoured mechanized force designed for action as a self-contained formation, and to find the best composition of the force and to evolve the best tactics for its use." An opportunity was given for thoroughly testing the various types of vehicles with a view to the most satisfactory types being standardized, and in due course, after the voluminous reports have been digested, we shall learn in what guise our new model army is to take the floor in future.

The rival Eastland and Westland sides during these exercises were commanded by Major-General Cubitt and

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Major-General Sir John Burnett-Stuart, two distinguished officers with brilliant records, and remarkable, in both cases, for refreshing independence of outlook and extreme clarity of view. Their opinions, arrived at after this very practical test, will be of the greatest value, and it is obvious that the Army will undergo some dramatic evolution in the near future.

* * *

The Need for Generalship.

Our editorial article entitled " The Need for Generalship " which appeared in the January, 1929, number of this Journal, attracted a considerable amount of attention and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff in his final address at the Staff Conference held at the Staff College last January, said there was a lot of truth in the article and that he would like officers to read it. Admittedly, he also added, that he did not quite like the tone of the article, but criticism of the standard of generalship which obtains to-day is obviously a proposition which has many inherent difficulties. It is easy to say too much ; on the other hand, avoidance of the subject altogether is certainly not in the interests of the Army as a whole.

The gist of the article was to the effect that the Higher Command have too few opportunities of exercising generalship, of training themselves in giving the type of decision which they would be called upon to give if they were actually engaged in hostilities, and that practically all their time, apart from masses of routine work, was taken up in supervising regimental officers and men. Furthermore, that regimental officers and men do not need this meticulous supervision as, when all is said and done, they are composed of admirable material, are well trained by their own immediate superiors and, moreover, have always given a good account of themselves in past wars and will most certainly do so in future wars as well, unless the English character in the meantime suffers some remarkable modification. The article emphasized that, in view of the vital importance in war of giving the right decision at the right time, higher commanders require practice in their job just as much, and perhaps even more, than the more junior officers and the men, but, through no fault of their own, they get practically no opportunity of exercising themselves in the kind of leadership which their rank demands.

For example, if the present-day Territorial Divisional

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and Brigade Commanders were asked how often during their tenure of command have they taken part in exercises, with or without troops, in which they themselves, personally, were being tested and being called upon to make tactical and strategical decisions of a similar nature to those which they would inevitably be compelled to give during actual warfare, what sort of an answer would be given? It is not difficult to guess.

The Staff College and the Senior Officers' School afford admirable opportunities for the inculcation of leadership, but these institutions deal with comparatively junior officers and subsequent to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel a senior officer's opportunities of practising himself in the art of generalship are fitful and haphazard in the extreme. On the face of it there seems to be many arguments in favour of the Senior Officers' School being enlarged, of its location being changed from a whole and corner spot like Sheerness to Aldershot, where there would be ample facilities for the handling of actual troops—and for the inclusion of courses for Generals and Brigadiers and Territorial Brigade Commanders in its future curriculum. A possible alternative might be the institution of a Joint War College for the Higher Commanders of all three Services.

* * *

The Senior Officers' School.

For ourselves, we have never failed in these columns to pay a tribute to the splendid work which is carried out at the Senior Officers' School, both at home and in India, in the inculcation of the art of leadership which we have discussed above and it has always been a matter of amazement to us that the Senior Officers' School is often regarded as a temporary and not entirely desirable expedient. This is apparently due to the not uncommon fallacy that the job of an officer of the rank of major and upwards is more that of a schoolmaster than of a leader and the complaint has been heard, and also discussed in contemporary Service journals from time to time, that the "doctrine"—horrible word—taught at the Senior Officers' School has not been properly passed on to junior officers by Commanding Officers and Senior Majors. If there is any truth in this complaint the reason is not far to seek. Nearly all field officers leave the school full of enthusiasm and anxious to pass on their newly brushed

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up knowledge, but they find themselves and their intended pupils, so clogged with office work and other odd jobs that their good intentions either die young or are stillborn. To take a typical case, which occurred in India. A certain field officer recently returned from the Senior Officers' School to be second-in-command of his battalion. Of the twelve British officers on the strength, three were on leave, two were on courses and one was officiating as Staff Captain while that functionary was on leave. Commanding Officer, Adjutant, Quartermaster and Machine Gun Officer accounted for four of the surviving six who were up to their eyes in work. Our hero and the remaining British officer commanded two of the three companies, the third being commanded by an Indian officer. The accounts of this latter company, however, had to be kept by the second company commander as the Indian officer could neither read nor write English. The Second-in-Command was Battalion Accounts Officer, Mess President, Band President, and School President in addition to several other small jobs, plus the command of a company which, incidentally, was in the throes of its annual weapon training course. In addition to his other duties the Adjutant was running a cadre and taking an interest in the band. The Quartermaster, like all quartermasters in India, spent most of his time, either issuing, receiving and counting ammunition, or answering footling objections from the auditors or struggling with indents returned by the Ordnance Department because the " i's " were not properly dotted. The Machine Gun Officer commanded the Headquarter Wing, plus the Machine Gun Company, and was also on the Mess Committee. The junior British company commander, ran his own company plus the accounts of the third company, plus one or two minor jobs such as Battalion Savings Bank, Soda Water Factory, etc. Every officer paraded at six on his various jobs or with his men. After breakfast every officer attended office and seldom got away before 2 p.m., usually later. In the course of the first month the Second-in-Command was stuck for Garrison Field Officer, a Court-Martial and an Examination Board. The junior company commander was put on to no less than four Courts of Inquiry or Station Boards, one of which was held for the purpose of settling a private dispute between two regimental contractors of British units in the station. However, struggling bravely on, ever

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mindful of the impassioned valedictory speech of the Commandant of the Senior Officers' School, our Major sacrificed a number of his spare evenings when he should have been taking exercise, working out a scheme and, just as everything was ready to be put up for the Commanding Officer's approval several things happened. (*a*) The Commanding Officer went sick. (*b*) A note arrived from Brigade Headquarters asking when the report of the Quarterly Audit Board might be expected. (*c*) The Adjutant went on leave. (*d*) The Junior Company Commander applied for transfer to the I.A.S.C. in the hope of thereby being able to afford to marry. (*e*) A letter arrived from the Brigade Major saying, " The Brigade Commander wishes all officers to write an essay of about two thousand words on the following subject : ' On the completion of an operation, every commander must consider what the next task set him is likely to be ' . . . . F.S.R., II, Sec. 11 (4). Discuss this statement. Essays to be handed in by . . ."

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Infantry Recruiting.

Recruiting officers seem to be clearly of opinion that there is a definite disinclination to enlist into the infantry and that intending recruits who are unable to get the branch of the Service they wish for, *e.g.*, Tank Corps, R.A.S.C., etc., are by no means to be persuaded to join the infantry instead. The position is not exactly serious at the present time, but is likely to become so if the " slump " in infantry continues and, assuredly, the case of the appallingly weak battalions on the Home Establishment will become increasingly difficult. Various reasons have been assigned for the lack of infantry recruits. One, however, has not been mentioned though we believe it has considerable effect on a great number of intending recruits, and that is that the rising generation of all classes seem to have a marked antipathy to walking, pure and simple. Running, cross-country, in suitable kit, they do not mind, but the idea of walking, especially of walking with a pack on one's back, is frankly abhorrent to them. A battalion, in full marching order, marching along in drenching rain, is undoubtedly a depressing sight.

Then during exercises and manœuvres the infantryman plays a somewhat unattractive role, when the stage is set. Tanks, of course, are always a star turn and cavalry action is equally attractive to the onlooker. The aeroplane swoops

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from overhead, drops its message at the signal centre, and dashes with a roar into the blue again, and the spectators are thrilled. The mechanized battery climbs incredible slopes, and comes into action with a dash and vehemence that delights everybody. The machine guns, from excellent and well-protected positions rip out their vicious stream of bullets. "Signals" looks and is thoroughly businesslike. Beautifully clad staff officers and umpires canter to and fro. But what about the poor old infantry, the duty men, for whose benefit all this lordly apparatus of war is staged? A few meagre groups of tired-looking men, too tired to take much interest in the proceedings, so unsuitably clad, seemingly so utterly inadequate to capture the formidable hill they are toiling up so slowly, looking so dreadfully vulnerable and indeed, if it were the real thing, it is obvious very few of them would survive. Is there any wonder that infantry is unpopular?

Now let us imagine the infantry to be real light infantry, trained *and clad* with the one idea of making them move quickly and easily, trained so that they really have an eye for country and a sense of direction, plentifully supplied with ordinary bicycles, trained in semaphore and the art of simple communication, armed with an automatic rifle, but having nothing whatsoever to do with machine guns, which should be operated by a separate machine gun corps, having nothing to do with anti-tank guns, which again should be the business of the machine gunners—and in any case there will be precious few tanks to be met with in Waziristan or Afghanistan or China, where our most probable clashes are likely to come—and finally, having little or nothing to do with the enervating jobs of mess waiters, sanitary men, storemen, etc., all of which should be done by ex-servicemen.

Furthermore, seeing that one of the handicaps of recruiting for infantry is that no trade is taught in that branch of the Service, let their transport be motorized as soon as possible, with possibly a few select corps retaining horse or mule transport.

Changes such as these seem to us more likely to help the infantry situation than a lowering of the standard of infantry recruits, which the authorities apparently have in mind. The infantryman, it seems to us, is always being messed about nowadays, and passing from one job to another, none of which is really his pigeon. Give him suitable, sensible

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training and a certain amount of pageantry, which even in these modern times we are all the better for, and there should be no further slump in recruiting. And, for heaven's sake, let us cease to think it is really essential to make him march some incredible distance in every big exercise that he takes part.

* * *

Regulars and Territorials.

It may not be generally realized that there is on foot an admirable movement for additional liaison between Regulars and Territorials. It will, in future, be part and parcel of the Regular Army programme to afford assistance to the Territorial Army, both in and out of camp and, in short, for a certain period each year it will be the normal duty of Regular units to assist Territorial units in every possible way. Regular personnel will be sent to help Territorials during training, in and out of camp, and it is even proposed that, instead of the normal fortnight in camp, in certain cases Territorial units should be amalgamated with their affiliated Regular units, in the latter's barracks. The scheme is so far advanced that certain sums of money from the Regular Army training grant have already been earmarked to cover the cost of assistance given by the Regulars.

The Editor of this Journal, in an article entitled " The Territorial Army of To-day," which appeared just over two years ago in the R.U.S.I. Journal, said : " For four weeks in the year, say the last week of July and the first three weeks of August, I suggest that the Regular Army should be at the disposal of the Territorials, ready to provide every possible thing that will go towards making their camps a success, officers, men, camping grounds, training grounds, transport, even barracks and their equipment, all these should be made available from Regular resources." It is pleasant to see our ideas coming to fruition. It will be necessary to go slow. Many Territorials may look askance at the proposition and most of them would be liable to think that a training spent in barracks at Aldershot, for example, would compare unfavourably with a Territorial brigade camp by the seaside. On the other hand, a Regular battalion stationed at Portsmouth, say, might be able to give an affiliated Territorial battalion an extraordinarily good time. And we may be quite sure, in the latter case, that the Navy would do their best to help. However, it should not be forgotten that

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Territorials are very keen on their brigades, and it certainly should be made quite clear that the scheme involves no real interference with the brigade organization. Sensibly interpreted the scheme has immense possibilities.

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Territorial Training.

The training of the Territorials during the past year was in every way satisfactory. The weather was unusually excellent, especially for those who carried out their training in August. The work generally was more interesting and, for the most part, of a more ambitious character than heretofore. Two Brigade field days during the fortnight were quite a common feature. The outstanding lesson of Territorial work generally is that, whether it be training in the field, technical training or ceremonial, a quite astonishing degree of efficiency can be attained with a minimum of practice, provided, of course, that that minimum is really efficiently controlled. If there is a weak spot in the Territorials we should be inclined to say it is the N.C.Os., and they are more sinned against than sinning, for they are suffering from a failing which is still apparent in the Regular Army—*i.e.*, reluctance to delegate responsibility in a sufficient degree to the non-commissioned ranks. Certain it is that there are a large number of Territorial N.C.Os. who, when in control of a small unit on a field day, do rather fail to grasp what is required of them. In his admirable article, "Method in Minor Tactics," which appeared in the July, 1929, FIGHTING FORCES, Major L. Gartside said : "There is no standard work on minor tactics of the various arms, and there are few books at all that present the subject in a concise and palatable form that the average sergeant will read and understand." If such a book did exist we feel sure it would be of very great value to the Territorials, especially.

Furthermore, we should like to see Territorial N.C.Os. in receipt of increased financial advantages during training both in and out of camp. During war the N.C.O. has to act on his own without supervision. If peace training does not fit him to do this, it may be said to fail in a vitally important particular. But in these days it is no good hoping to get first-class material, capable of developing into really good and self-reliant N.C.Os., unless there is a solid financial inducement.

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Something will have to be done, and that soon, about the shortage of British officers of the Indian Army. The annual wastage is about 120 per annum, while the influx is in the neighbourhood of sixty. This means a tremendous shortage of subalterns; in fact, a subaltern in the Indian Army is a rarity, while a second-lieutenant is almost a curiosity. Many regiments of four or five battalions have only one or two subalterns on their books. The present numbers of British officers, including British Indians, is 362 subalterns, 1,834 captains, 590 majors, 276 lieutenant-colonels, 98 colonels, and 26 generals. As, in the Indian Army, promotion up to the rank of lieutenant-colonel is entirely a matter of anno domini, the situation in ten years' time, barring an epidemic or a plague of axes, will be as follows :—600 subalterns, 370 captains, 1,100 majors, and 600 lieutenant-colonels. Not unlike the Republic of Equatoria, which has 26 privates and 47 generals in its army. But what *is* to be done? The obvious move of premature retirement of surplus field officers will only aggravate the shortage unless the whole officer cadre of the Indian Army is reorganized. It is at least worth consideration whether the Indian Army could not be run on the lines of the old Egyptian Army; that is, all officers up to a certain rank, say captain, to be found from indigenous personnel, while the senior ranks be held by British officers.

Shortage of British Officers in Indian Army.

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As foreshadowed in a previous number of this Journal, a college for the training of Indian platoon commanders has now been started at Nowgong, and is known as Kitchener College. Judging by the syllabus, it should turn out a very valuable class of Indian officer who will be English-speaking and trained in minor tactics, administration and interior economy.

Kitchener College and Indian Officers.

In addition there are the King George's Schools at Jhelum and Jullundur, where the sons of sepoys receive a semi-military education and are subsequently drafted into the ranks. With this promising material, plus the Kitchener College and the School of Education at Belgaum, there seems no reason why in a few years time India should not be able to turn out a class of Indian officer entirely capable of commanding a company not only in the field and on the parade

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ground, but in the office, which as fighting men know only too well, is the major part of an officer's duties in peace time.

As stated above, it would appear to be feasible in due course that ranks up to that of captain and all regimental and administrative appointments usually held by a captain should be open to Indians who have undergone approved education and training. Lieutenant-colonels and majors and staff officers to be found by transfers from the British Army. Any Indian officer, however, who succeeds in passing through the Staff College, would be eligible for higher rank. There should be no attempt to force European habits or standards of living on the Indian commissioned officer. In any case, he would usually be married shortly after being commissioned. In these circumstances there would be no need to pay him at British rates. Probably double the rates at present paid to jemadars, subadars, and subadar-majors would be ample for Indian second-lieutenants, lieutenants and captains respectively. These Indian commissioned officers could start as platoon commanders, the old ranks of Jemadar, etc., being abolished. As the British senior officers would also probably be married, there would be no need for an Officers' Mess on the present lines. This institution could, however, be reorganized on the lines of the " Cercle des Officiers " of the French Army.

It is admitted that the above is a revolutionary suggestion, calculated to make deceased officers of the Indian Army turn in their graves, to say nothing of raising a howl of indignation from those still struggling along. Nevertheless, the problem will shortly have to be faced. The expedient of periodical increases of pay and of doling out concessions cannot go on indefinitely, especially in view of the probable increase of indigenous control in the Central Government. On the other hand, the scheme outlined above would cause a considerable saving in officers' pay, even though the remaining British officers received higher pay to compensate them for greater responsibility. For instance, by paying an indigenous married subaltern 200 rupees a month instead of the present rates of pay for British officers of that rank, and assuming that there would be 600 subalterns, a saving of no less than £200,000 per annum could be effected on this rank alone. The present system of choosing a number of Indian boys, sending them to Sandhurst at enormous expense, most

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of which is borne by the taxpayer, is a failure for the following reasons :—

(*a*) Educational standards in India are so low that very few boys are able to scrape through the entrance examination. This, in spite of the fact that most of the candidates proudly flourish Matriculation certificates and diplomas of B.A. and M.A. (Indian branch). Out of twenty vacancies per annum, the average number who *squeeze* through is between six and ten, and not all of these survive eighteen months at Sandhurst.

(*b*) An Indian boy who does manage to get his commission and survive his year with a British regiment, soon reverts to type when he joins his Indian unit. His father arranges his marriage, he leaves the Mess, with all its influences for good, his relations all come to live with him and he very soon begins to find the discipline and restrictions of regimental life irksome to a degree. He therefore either retires, or he arranges a transfer to the Political Department or the Cantonments Department, or to a Native State Army where the discipline is easier and responsibility more lightly regarded and where a subaltern is *not* expected to be able to show a sepoy *with his own hands* how to groom a horse or clean a rifle.

* * *

The Thirst for Certificates.

Considering the amount of office work with which the average British officer in India has to cope it is almost a marvel that the man in the ranks, whether British or Indian, ever gets any training at all. Discussing the matter recently with an officer at present on leave from India, we came to the conclusion that a lot of relief could be given if the C.M.A., the Supplies, the Ordnance and other paper merchants could be restrained from the pernicious habit of continually demanding certificates. Army Headquarters, in the exercise of its function of looking after the comfort of the troops issues an instruction to the effect that, say, two onions may in future, and at the discretion of C.Os., be drawn in lieu of one potato. This seems all very fair, but the lynx-eyed auditor whose business it is to see that the hired assassins do not cheat the taxpayer, promptly demands a certificate from the indenting officer protesting that for the period during which this privilege was claimed, no illicit potatoes were drawn. This certificate has to appear somewhere on Indian Army Form Z—X 3980 and be signed

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separately from the main receipt. Hence each copy of the voucher, in quadruplicate, has to be signed twice.

Again, half the men of a unit are allowed furlough every year and the other half are granted leave at their own expense. When submitting the voucher for the railway fares of the furlough men, the Company Commander has to render a separate certificate to the effect that the men for whom this privilege is claimed did not have furlough the previous year. This certificate, however, by no means lulls the suspicions of the C.M.A., whose misfortune it is to deal with this gang of potential swindlers, and at the end of each month the Battalion Commander has to include in his "omnibus" certificate an item to the effect that no men were granted furlough who were not entitled. Other items in this "omnibus" certificate are that no rations were drawn for men absent on leave, etc.; that all animals for which rations and allowances were drawn were actually present; that the men's messing allowance (10d. a month) was actually spent for the purpose of supplementing the men's rations and not in buying lollipops for the Adjutant to suck in office; that all officers for whom marriage allowance is claimed are actually married; that personnel for whom extra duty pay is claimed actually performed those duties; and that stamped receipts for all Government moneys claimed were furnished one month before the first pre-audit objection was received. All these are repetitions of certificates already rendered by Company Commanders in making the claims.

* * *

The Objection Department.

The latest insult invented by the Objection Department is the demanding of a certificate from the Commanding Officer that an officer claiming increment of pay on account of length of service, has performed his duties with zeal and ability. If the officer had not performed his duties with sufficient zeal, etc., to satisfy the C.M.A., the fact would have been noted in his annual confidential report and suitably dealt with by his military superiors. Why, therefore, this unwarranted curiosity?

At the risk of repeating what has already appeared in these columns, the only real solution of the problem of unnecessary office work is (*a*) To treat the holder of His Majesty's commission as the gentleman he is supposed to be.

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(*b*) To give each Commanding Officer his own annual budget and allow him to spend it as he likes without any supervision other than (i) an annual certificate from his Brigadier that the unit is fit in all respects for the performance of its duties; (ii) an annual certificate from the Disbursing authority that the annual budget of the unit showed the following balance (half of any credit balance to be added to the next year's budget for that unit). (*c*) With a view to providing employment for the Finance Department, to institute an annual surprise audit, to be carried out in the unit offices.

The first thing that should be done in India, however, is to restore to the C.M.A. his original and more logical title of Disbursing Officer. The pyschological effect of calling him a *Controller* of Military Accounts is too much for the hordes of babus who batten on the Army funds, it gives them the wrong perspective.

* * *

The Royal Army Service Corps History.

We are glad to be able to announce that Sir John Fortescue has been persuaded to write a History of the Supply and Transport Services of the Army from the earliest times up to the present date, and he is now busily engaged on the first volume. The History will be published in two volumes. Sir John Fortescue writes with such a singular charm of expression and with such an immense enthusiasm for his subject that there is little doubt this new History will be eagerly sought for. The ordinary edition will be published at £1 10s. to subscribers before the date of publication. Application should be made to the Hon. Treasurer, Regimental Association, R.A.S.C., Windsor House, Victoria St., S.W.1.

* * *

The C.A.S.

The appointment of Air Chief Marshal Sir John M. Salmond to succeed Marshal of the Royal Air Force Sir Hugh Trenchard, Bt., as C.A.S. with effect from January 1st, 1930, will come as no surprise. Indeed, it had become increasingly evident from the various appointments which Sir John had held during the past few years, more particularly his more recent appointment as Air Member of Personnel, that he was destined to become C.A.S. We need only say here that we believe there could be no one better qualified for the post. It is the aim of this Magazine to review everything from the

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point of view of its effect upon the three Services as a whole, and we feel sure that Sir John's appointment will be generally welcomed and will go far towards promoting the close co-operation between the three Services, which is becoming increasingly essential. Thanks to the very able guidance of Sir Hugh Trenchard, the Royal Air Force is now firmly on its feet, and he will always be remembered as its founder and builder. Sir Hugh has come through the extremely difficult and trying times with which he has been faced in a manner that speaks volumes for his energy and skill. Now that the R.A.F. has successfully passed through its teething troubles, Sir John Salmond will be more fortunate than his predecessor in having at his disposal more time to devote to the operational side rather than to organization, and in any case he is not likely to be worried by any of the old controversies relative to a separate Air Force.

* * *

Service Co-operation.

The problems connected with air work in co-operation with naval and military forces can only be solved by close collaboration between the three Chiefs and their Staffs, and, given good will on all sides and a candid recognition on the part of the Navy and Army of the potentialities of aircraft, the solution of these problems should present no great difficulty or produce fundamental differences of opinion.

In this number of THE FIGHTING FORCES will be found the third of a series of articles on Air Warfare, which deals with one of these problems which might well form the subject of early deliberations between the Air and General Staffs—*i.e.*, the development of low-flying attack aircraft. There must be few who do not agree with the view of the writer of the article that attack aircraft are not only an essential complement of a mechanized force, but would add enormously to its striking power.

At the same time it is as well to emphasize the point that an up-to-date knowledge of weapons and tactics can alone give professional guidance as to the true lessons to be learnt from the late war in the air. The changes in armaments and tactics need constant revision and study, and in any study of the tasks confronting low-flying attack aircraft it must be remembered that these aircraft demand a long apprenticeship of training on the part of the personnel who operate them.

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The Auxiliary Air Force.

In the Editorial Notes of the April number of this Journal dealing with the current year's Air Estimates, certain general remarks on re-equipment and on the Auxiliary Air Force units were made. In view of these remarks, the news that Auxiliary Air Force Squadrons are to be completely re-equipped with the most up-to-date general purpose aircraft is all the more gratifying. The enthusiasm of these units will be very much stimulated as a result, and their increased efficiency will doubtless be evidenced when the annual summer training comes round again next year.

* * *

A "Royal Air Force Quarterly."

It will be welcome news, not only to members of the Royal Air Force, but to members of the Senior Services and the public generally, that the Cinderella Service is at last to have its own Quarterly, the first number of which is, we learn, to be published in the New Year.

Comparatively speaking, there has up to date been a more or less complete absence of literature on air problems and a reluctance on the part of air force officers to contribute to existing service magazines, and this is perhaps but natural. The existence of an Air Quarterly will undoubtedly do much to lift the veil on many subjects which undoubtedly ought to be discussed, more especially at the present time, when the practical co-ordination of the three Services is very much on the tapis. Like the Army Quarterly, this magazine will be recognized as more or less the Official Air Force organ. Unlike the Army Quarterly, it is to be profusely illustrated, and this should add considerably to its value and interest.

* * *

R.A.F. Courts-Martial.

The moral aspects of recent R.A.F. courts-martial have been somewhat disquieting, and if we draw attention to them we do so in the hope that similar occurrences may be avoided in the future. The facts made public seem to point to a certain laxity in the control of junior officers and the need for Commanding Officers to exercise more firmness in their dealings with subordinate officers, and for a greater realization of their responsibilities in this connection. Further, the regulations governing the hours at which intoxicants can be procured in the Mess would seem to require some revision. It would appear imperative that stringent orders should be made

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preventing, so far as is possible, any intoxicants being taken by flying personnel other than at meals or when off flying duties.

These two points seem to us undoubtedly to require consideration. Nothing brings greater discredit to the Service than occurrences such as these, and one such occurrence takes a long time to live down.

* * *

The Schneider Trophy.

We cannot let this opportunity pass without recording our congratulations to the R.A.F. High Speed Flight, and to the aircraft and engine designers, on their magnificent achievements in the recent Schneider Contest.

Whilst we condole with the Italians over their dogged ill-luck, we think they are sporting enough to admit, though perhaps not in print, that even if they had been favoured with better luck they had not the machines capable of defeating the British. The records for the 50 kilometres (332.49 m.p.h.), the 100 kilometres (331.75 m.p.h.), and, at the moment of going to press, for the 3 kilometres (355.8 m.p.h.) would appear unassailable. Having attained such speeds, it will be only human nature to suppose that there will now be an added zest among the chief nations of the world to be the first to accomplish speeds of 400 and even 500 m.p.h. Be that as it may, it seems unlikely that the British records will be surpassed before the next contest comes round in two years' time. The results achieved by Great Britain can assuredly be taken as a further vindication of the policy for a unified air organization, for neither the high standard of technical development nor the excellent organization and team work for this Contest could ever have been attained but for unified control.

* * *

A Ladies' Page.

Possibly we flatter ourselves unduly, but, judging by our correspondence, THE FIGHTING FORCES is more read by the fair sex than is the case with our more highly technical Service contemporaries. It has been pointed out to us, however, that we might do more to appeal to the wives of our scattered sailors, soldiers and airmen, and the present number contains two articles by lady writers—a practice we shall, for the most part, adhere to in future. As we point out in the " Inquiry Bureau," we are also prepared to deal with inquiries from the wives of officers and men on subjects such as transport abroad, overseas settlement, and, in fact, any question of a service nature in which women are interested.

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"ARMED NEUTRALITY"

By "A. B."

THE question of the hour in British naval policy, apart from the possible further limitation of actual armaments, is the suggested amendment or revision of International Maritime Law, so as to bring its historic provisions regarding blockade, the right of search, and the declaration of contraband, into some sort of harmony with the Wilsonian doctrine of "the Freedom of the Seas."

The chief obstacle to such harmonization lies in the fact that the law represents the inherited practice and acquired rights of the greater Sea Powers, while the Wilsonian doctrine is merely a modern version of the Land Powers' constant negation of such rights in the past.

The European sea customs and usages of the last six hundred years were originally based on the "Consolato del Mare"—"venerable pile of maritime and commercial law . . . so deeply rooted in the annals of time, that no one can tell with certainty at what period it was composed."[1] In fact, a growth rather than a composition; embodying the decrees of Kings and Emperors, the treaties of merchant princes, and the agreements of traders in European waters. By the time that Great Britain had gained recognition as a Sea Power, competing on equal terms with France, Spain or Holland, disputes about sea law, if not arbitrarily decided by force, were determined by Courts and Jurists, with final reference to this ancient code.

The laws of war at sea, if often disregarded, were perfectly understood. Thus the "Consolato," treating of goods destined for an enemy, laid down that if an armed ship or cruiser met with an enemy cargo-vessel, "common sense will sufficiently point out what is to be done"; in short, the captor had full discretion. If, however, the vessel were neutral, but carrying cargo for the enemy, it could be compelled to proceed to a place of safety, for deposit of the prize, on pain of being sunk. As to neutral property on an enemy ship, it was for the owner and the captor to come to some reasonable agreement if they could.

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Such simple rules later became complicated by the development of the practice of blockade, around which most of the disputes between belligerents and neutrals centred. The Law pressed harder on some than on others ; the strong flouted it, the weak saw themselves on the way to ruin ; till the belligerent exercising his rights became an object of detestation to all whose profit was restricted or whose goods were sequestrated.

The claims of Spain and Portugal, backed by Papal decrees, to divide between themselves the " dominion " of the known seas naturally tended to exclude the operation thereon of any maritime laws to which they objected. But " dominion " of this nature could not long survive the steady expansion of other seafaring nations, so that freedom of navigation was at length established in all but the narrow seas, or territorial waters. This, of course, was quite distinct from any " freedom " claimed by neutrals to trade with belligerents ; which, ordinarily restricted by the code within specified limits, was sometimes altogether refused by one or other of the Powers at war. Yet by the beginning of the seventeenth century the law of neutrality, both on land and sea, had assumed precise shape, and the conditions of neutral trade with belligerents were generally agreed. So Grotius : " If I cannot defend myself unless by intercepting the merchandise that is sent to my enemy, the law of necessity will give me the right to do so, upon condition of restoring it, unless some other cause prevent it. But if the carrying things to my enemy prevent the assertion of my just right, and this is known to the neutral . . . he shall answer to me in damages for his fault."[2]

The rights of neutrals, however, were not long established ere attempts were made to enlarge them. De Witt, whose " placard " of 1652 had warned all neutrals against carrying " quelque munition de guerre ou de bouche " to the coasts of England, a year later announced a new doctrine of " Vry schip, Vry goed," to suit the then neutrality of his own country ; which doctrine, eagerly embraced by all whose trade was circumscribed by the recognized Law, survives to-day as " the Freedom of the Seas."

For eighteenth century lawyers and jurists, enamoured of anything savouring exact definition, the watchword " Vaisseau franc, cargaison franche " had peculiar charm. Hübner and Schlegel, for instance, strove to prove by a long citation of

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authorities and precedents that this doctrine was founded on a natural law, not, as was the fact, merely on occasional treaties between certain parties for their mutual benefit. Their instances were, however, more often equivocal and damaging than helpful in establishing their thesis. Thus, in a sixteenth century case quoted, the Polish ambassador to the Court of Queen Elizabeth complained of the losses and delays caused to his country's trade by the action of British warships; which action, he protested, was contrary to the Law of Nations. " You must know," retorted the Queen, " that in time of war between kings, it is lawful for the one party to intercept the assistance and succours sent to the other." Again, in 1752, Frederick of Prussia challenged Great Britain's right of search and detention, and the jurisdiction of her prize courts; proposing to indemnify his subjects for their alleged wrongs by sequestrating the capital funds which he owed to British merchants, the debt of his conquest of Silesia. Yet the answer of the British Government, re-affirming the law, was accepted as just throughout Europe, and persuaded even Frederick himself to abandon his illegal claims.

The doctrine which Frederick had sought to maintain, though for the time discredited, was too useful a weapon against a dominating Sea Power to be allowed to lapse, and the first " Armed Neutrality " of 1780 set about reviving it. By declaring for " Free ships, free goods," Russia, Sweden and Denmark hoped to enforce the exemption of their merchant vessels from the restrictions of belligerent rights; by the use of armed convoy and other measures, they aimed at nothing less than defeating the power of Great Britain, already engaged in a life-and-death struggle with France, Holland and the revolted American colonies. Both France and Spain embraced the declaration with enthusiasm, the former even professing that she was at war for no other object but the " liberty of the seas." In reality, self-interest and jealousy alone prompted the confederates; and soon falling out like thieves among themselves, they one by one abandoned the principles of their declaration, for others of greater temporary advantage. Twenty years later Napoleon persuaded them to a second " Armed Neutrality," aimed at Great Britain; but its Government, no longer embarrassed by the American War, could now act with vigour. At Copenhagen the chief weapon of the northern Powers, the

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Danish fleet, was rendered temporarily useless. At length the Powers and Great Britain agreed, in a Maritime Convention signed at St. Petersburg in 1801, to observe the accepted Law of Neutrality, which, particularly as regarded the right of search, and the " effectiveness " of blockade, was now more strictly defined.

The interests and sympathies of the new-born United States were naturally on the side of the " Armed Neutrality " when first declared. Subsequently the States relinquished the principle of absolute " freedom " of neutral trade, and agreed by treaty with Great Britain that enemy property on board their vessels might be confiscated ; and that, on suspicion, the vessels themselves might be detained and carried into the nearest port for examination and adjudication by a prize court. In 1798 the States Government, invited to adhere to the principle of the " Armed Neutrality," expressed profound interest in the same ; yet pointed out that " the wish to establish a principle is essentially different from a determination that it is already established."[3]

General dissatisfaction with a situation that, after 1805, left Great Britain undisputed Mistress of the Seas prompted the European Powers in the long years of peace to seek through diplomatic negotiation some surer means of effecting the real object of the " Armed Neutrality." They worked busily in their Chancelleries to secure by a show of justice and legality a public opinion in Europe strong enough to influence the Island Power which had hitherto maintained, as a kind of Divine Right, its freedom to use the uttermost power of blockade against its enemies, and to restrict even to the point of prohibition the commerce of its friends. Ignorance of the history, importance and justification of these ancient " rights " commonly prevailed among the complacent Islanders, whose numbers had hardly yet outgrown their native means of subsistence, and half a century of opulent peace sufficed to dull the perceptions of their statesmen. At length the specious representations of foreign diplomacy lured the British Government into a conference, from which resulted the Declaration of Paris of 1856.

The preamble to this agreement, signed by the plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Sardinia and Turkey, spoke of the " deplorable disputes," during past wars, concerning maritime law ; in view of which it was now to be agreed that all should surrender a great

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part of those hitherto acknowledged " rights," which were only of vital importance to the one supreme Naval Power represented. A " solemn " declaration abolished privateering, gave the neutral flag power to cover enemy's goods not contraband, and made neutral goods, not contraband, free wherever found. Further, blockades, in order to be binding on neutrals, were to be " effective."

The plenipotentiaries expressed their conviction that these maxims " would be received with gratitude by the whole world,"[3] which no doubt, in the minds of all the Continental statesmen, was now definitely freed from an oppressive maritime tyranny. The Declaration, however, fell short of expectation, in that for lack of further adherents, it did not become international law.

The public in Great Britain knew nothing about the Declaration till its terms were presented as accomplished facts, but of gratitude there was no sign. Indeed, in a petition for the annulment of the Declaration, presented to Parliament in 1874 by a private member, Mr. Urquhart, it was maintained that its maxims were none other than those of the first " Armed Neutrality," whose avowed purpose was the destruction of the power of England. The Government of the day was pressed for an explanation, but remained dumb.

It was perhaps natural that the United States should not at first adopt this Declaration, a piece of European diplomacy whose effect could not all at once be guessed. It was not long before the Washington Government, involved in a war with the Southern States, was forced to apply and to enlarge all those practices of search, seizure, confiscation and blockade, which had seemed so tyrannous and vexatious when exercised by Great Britain. Though the United States Government claimed for itself belligerent rights, it would not at first concede them to its opponent; and protested frequently and vigorously against Great Britain's declaration of neutrality, as being injurious and unfriendly. This imaginary grievance grew, with time, to the dimensions of a " virtual act of war,"[4] though Great Britain's unavoidable action, copied by all the European Powers, far from encouraging the Southern States, operated greatly to their disadvantage. They were blockaded by the numerically superior Federal fleet, their ports closed and their ships driven from the sea; while the European

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traders had to submit, as neutrals, to the full rigour of the blockader's " rights."

The neutral Powers attempted negotiation with the Government at Washington on the basis of the Declaration of Paris. As regarded privateering, American lawyers maintained that, unless all private property at sea, except contraband, was exempt from capture, it could not be discontinued. The United States, they suggested, had always held that the flag covered the cargo, even an enemy's flag protecting the property of a friend. This theory, of course, was incompatible with the practice of privateering ; but the negotiations for its abolition broke down, when it was understood that Great Britain and France would be expected to aid in suppressing the privateers of the Confederacy. Thus another cause of grievance was added to the count against Great Britain ; which the building in British yards of the *Alabama* and her sister ships, to the order of the Confederate Government, did not tend to diminish.

By the time the law of contraband had been stretched to include the persons of the Southern envoys aboard the *Trent*, tension between the two countries had become acute. While the Southern States pressed the British Government to declare the blockade of their coasts illegal and ineffective, the Secretary of State in Washington openly accused the same Government of allowing " a systematic plan to violate the blockade " to be matured in Great Britain. To this charge the British Government could only reply by restating the duties of a neutral—of which the assisting to maintain a belligerent's blockade formed no part.

The enormously increased trade between Nassau, in the Bahamas, and the blockaded ports was due to its convenient proximity to the coast of Florida. A great volume of goods was dispatched thither direct from British and continental ports in neutral vessels, technically exempt from detention, search or confiscation ; so that it became necessary for the United States Government, in order to exercise control over this traffic, to establish a new doctrine of " continuous voyage." It had long been recognized that neutrals might sell to belligerents anything that the latter were in a position to buy ; and that they might ship anything, contraband or otherwise, from one neutral port to another, provided actual delivery was to be at the port named. But the convenient rendezvous of the Bahamas, and the ease with which contraband cargoes

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could be transhipped, unloaded, transferred or sold, made the neutral destination of vessels resorting there a worthless guarantee ; the intention of forwarding the contraband to a blockaded port was implicit in the whole transaction.

The European Governments perforce accepted this new definition of " continuous voyage." The United States Government put it into practice with the utmost severity ; not only confiscating cargoes, but ships as well, and refusing to accept as protection their destination to a neutral port " for orders." Bound in intention, if not in the first instance, for a blockaded port, or some part of the blockaded coastal waters, the neutral vessel became liable to capture at any point of her voyage ; and at the same time, by this practice, the difficulty experienced by the American cruisers in maintaining " effective " watch on the ports themselves, was considerably lightened by this new " long-range " blockade.

The work of the American prize courts was of a kind common to such jurisdiction ; aptly described as " an incessant struggle with artifices and contrivances which are traditional and resorted to in all marine wars."[5] Yet the Government of the United States found it impossible to accept such a view of these transactions. Its opponents in arms were " rebels," and it could never persuade itself that other Governments must of necessity regard them only as belligerents. The selling to " rebels " anything that could help them to fight or to exist was committing an unfriendly act ; and so the feeling of grievance against Great Britain in particular continued to grow. Nor was the feeling less bitter in the Southern States, where the refusal to recognize their independence earned for the British Government such epithets as " cold," " sinister," " calculating " and " inhuman." This deep-seated resentment was in no wise appeased, after the Civil War was ended, by the receipt of indemnities, which, at least in the *Alabama* case, were of a size that no United States Government would itself have dreamt of paying.

The experience of neutrals in the hands of the United States Government did not, however, deter them from continuing to work for the establishment of " freedom " on the high seas. A Court of International Arbitration later provided a base of operations and an appropriate " atmosphere." But the question had, meanwhile, become complicated by the alteration in the balance of sea power ; not one supreme naval Power alone had to be persuaded, but its potential rivals as

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well. And though the creators of the German High Seas Fleet might view with complaisance any surrender of " rights " by Great Britain, they aimed to attain themselves a position of strength sufficient for all eventualities. Nevertheless, the British Government continued to make concessions, culminating in the Declaration of London, which went near to abrogating the principle of contraband altogether.

The outbreak of war in 1914 reversed the former roles of the United States and Great Britain, without creating an easier situation. The exercise by one government of belligerent " rights " soon came to be regarded by the other as an invasion of its " privilege " to trade with everyone. The Government of Great Britain, failing in its well-meant attempt to conduct the war at sea according to the Declaration of London, saw itself compelled, in reply to the German submarine " blockade " of the British Isles, to fall back on definitions of contraband, which by degrees embraced almost every known commodity. Even the provisions of the Declaration of Paris proved too galling to a nation endeavouring at once to repel the piratical attacks of its enemy and to satisfy the insistent demands of those who wanted to nourish him.

The course of the war at sea went to show that any literal enforcement of the " rights " of neutrals, had it been possible, would have so seriously embarrassed Great Britain and her allies, and so greatly benefited the Central Powers, that not only might the duration of the war itself have been indefinitely extended, but its results might have been entirely different; in other words, neutrals enjoying the " Freedom of the Seas " would have been in the enviable position of arbiters in the world's disputes. It was plainly demonstrated that the necessities of the belligerent can never yield first place to the importunities of the neutral, except under pressure of superior armed force. To-day the existence of several great fleets seems to afford possibility of future combinations to exert such pressure; indeed, the expansion of one in particular is openly ascribed by its creators to a national desire to " guarantee " neutrality in the next European war—to create, in fact, a third " Armed Neutrality."

In the past the whole question of maritime " rights " revolved round the existence of one supreme Sea Power, which had always enforced its own as a belligerent, and had, perhaps grudgingly, respected the " rights " of others where it was itself a neutral. No " Armed Neutrality " possessed, in

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the result, sufficient strength to defeat it; but the case may well be quite different in the future.

Provision against such a dangerous combination is to be found, in the opinion of many, in the acceptance of the complete Wilsonian doctrine by all Sea Powers, which would entail the disappearance of the theory of blockade from International Law, and of the submarine cruiser from the high seas. To others the solution lies, not in increased " freedom," but in the final abolition of any neutral " rights " that may have survived the experiences of 1914-18. When a whole nation is at war, all its requirements, sea-borne or otherwise, would become " contraband " in the eyes of its enemy; so that neutrals, it is urged, must conform to the will of the strongest belligerent.

Neither of these systems of regulating war-time commerce at sea would, however, be for long honoured in observance if upheld merely by paper agreements. The sight of a stream of preventible supplies passing to an enemy—the knowledge that millions were to be made in contraband—such temptations would in the end produce the old law-breaking results, limited only by the armed strength of one or other belligerent. The attempted blockade would once more come into conflict with the " free " trade of profiteering neutrals; and such conflict can, it seems, only be prevented by an agreed compromise between the two systems. Even then a compromise must be embodied in International Law; and where this, in appearance or in fact, presses too heavily on the losing side, it must finally give way before the law of necessity.

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A SUGGESTED SUBSTITUTE FOR THE CARDWELL SYSTEM

By Brigadier H. Clementi Smith, D.S.O., and Lieut.-Colonel E. N. F. Hitchins, D.S.O., M.C., Royal Signals.

SINCE the Great War there have been several attempts to reorganize the British Army, both at home and overseas, to meet the ever-changing post-war conditions.

That the need for a reorganization exists is evident to every student of political and military affairs, and, undoubtedly, the chief need arises from the progress of mechanization, embracing as it does the widely varying requirements of the home and overseas forces.

Up to the present, it would appear to have been generally assumed that no alternative to the Cardwell system of organization could be discovered.

It is a basic principle of the Cardwell system that the organization and constitution of the Army overseas must be approximately identical with that of the Army at home. Is this a fundamental truth? If so, it causes the Home Army—in other words the expeditionary force—to remain little more than a by-product and nursery of the oversea garrisons.

Is there not some other system whereby our Imperial garrisons can be sufficiently maintained abroad in accordance with their local needs, and that at the same time the Home Army can be organized, trained and equipped, as far as financial considerations permit, in accordance with the most up-to-date doctrines?

It has been more than once suggested that a substitute for the Cardwell system can only be found if a general corps of infantry be adopted. It is admitted that the infantry, who still form the bulk of the British Army, present the most difficult problem in a scheme of reorganization. A reorganization which abolished entirely the regimental organization of the infantry, with its glorious and ancient traditions and its wonderful *esprit de corps*, would shake the British Army to its foundations.

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The system of reorganization suggested in this paper is based on a Home Army or expeditionary force still maintaining its honoured titles, and an Overseas Army on a new model embracing a British Army in India and the necessary garrison formations and units in other parts of the world.

Accepting the hypothesis that the infantry form the most difficult part of the problem under review, it is proposed to deal with this arm of the service first.

There are at the present moment (exclusive of the Guards) 64 regiments of infantry, consisting of a total of 126 battalions. (The Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers and The Royal Irish Fusiliers are now single-battalion regiments).

Of these 126 battalions—

54 are at Home ;
45 in India ;
4 in China (excluding the Shanghai Defence Force) ;
8 in Egypt and the Sudan ;
6 on the Rhine (temporarily) ;
4 in Shanghai Defence Force ;
1 at Aden ;
1 in the West Indies ;
1 at Singapore.

Under normal conditions, when the British Army of the Rhine has been withdrawn and the Shanghai Defence Force dissolved, there will be 64 battalions at home and in the Mediterranean, and 62 battalions overseas.

The proposed scheme of reorganization in the first place converts all regiments now of two battalions into one-battalion regiments who, in time of peace, will be continually stationed at home, and who will keep their titles, colours, distinctive uniform and traditions.

The 62 battalions overseas will remain permanently abroad.

The British Army in India will be known as the 1st to 47th British India Battalions (47 battalions being the normal British infantry establishment in that country).

Similarly, the battalion in China and Egypt and elsewhere will be named in a like fashion, *e.g.*, 3rd British China Battalion, 2nd British Egypt Battalion, etc.

These battalions will, of course, change their stations as heretofore, but only within their particular countries.

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The single-battalion stations—Aden, West Indies, Singapore—will be garrisoned by the British Aden Battalion, British West Indies Battalion and British Singapore Battalion.

Now, it is obvious that under the above arrangements the system which has one battalion at home linked with one battalion overseas would break down. A battalion whose only overseas station was, say, Aden, would be hard put to it to find either officers or other ranks.

It is therefore proposed to divide the 64 home battalions into groups of eight, both for drafting and promotion purposes. Each group would have a choice of seven or eight foreign stations.

Further, the inequalities of promotion for all ranks which exist in the present purely regimental system now in force would be very much modified, and it is thought that infantry officers would consider the scheme as a much lesser evil than a general corps of infantry.

The following table sets forth a proposed grouping of the one-battalion infantry regiments on the home establishment and the overseas battalions, to which officers and men would normally be drafted for a period of not exceeding five years :—

No. 1 Group (Rifle and Light Infantry).

	Overseas Battalions.
Somerset L.I.	1st British India Battalion.
Duke of Cornwall's L.I. ...	2nd ,, ,, ,,
Oxford and Bucks. L.I. ...	3rd ,, ,, ,,
King's Own Yorkshire L.I. ...	4th ,, ,, ,,
King's Shropshire L.I.	5th ,, ,, ,,
K.R.R.C.	6th ,, ,, ,,
Durham L.I.	1st British Egypt ,,
Rifle Brigade	1st British China ,,

No. 2 Group (Scottish).

	Overseas Battalions.
Royal Scots	7th British India Battalion.
Cameronians	8th ,, ,, ,,
Black Watch	9th ,, ,, ,,
H.L.I.	10th ,, ,, ,,
Seaforth Highlanders	11th ,, ,, ,,
Gordon Highlanders	12th ,, ,, ,,
Q.O. Cameron Highlanders ...	2nd British China ,,
Argyll and Sutherland Highrs.	The British Aden ,,

(The overseas battalions of this group might perhaps be kilted.)

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No. 3 Group (Fusilier).	*Overseas Battalions.*
Northumberland Fusiliers ...	13th British India Battalion.
Royal Fusiliers	14th ,, ,, ,,
Lancashire Fusiliers	15th ,, ,, ,,
Royal Scots Fusiliers	16th ,, ,, ,,
Royal Welch Fusiliers	17th ,, ,, ,,
Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers ...	18th ,, ,, ,,
Royal Irish Fusiliers	2nd British Egypt ,,
Royal Ulster Rifles	British West India ,,

No. 4 Group (Home Counties).	*Overseas Battalions.*
Queen's Royal Regiment ...	19th British India Battalion.
The Buffs	20th ,, ,, ,,
East Surrey Regiment	21st ,, ,, ,,
Royal Sussex Regiment ...	22nd ,, ,, ,,
Essex Regiment	23rd ,, ,, ,,
Royal Berkshire Regiment ...	24th ,, ,, ,,
Q.O.R.W. Kent Regiment ...	3rd British Egypt ,,
Middlesex Regiment	The British Singapore ,,

No. 5 Group (Northern).	*Overseas Battalions.*
Lincolnshire Regiment	25th British India Battalion.
West Yorks Regiment	26th ,, ,, ,,
East Yorks Regiment	27th ,, ,, ,,
Green Howards	28th ,, ,, ,,
K.O. Scottish Borderers ...	29th ,, ,, ,,
Duke of Wellington's Regiment	30th ,, ,, ,,
Border Regiment	4th British Egypt ,,
Yorks and Lancaster Regiment	5th British Egypt ,,

No. 6 Group (North-Eastern).	*Overseas Battalions.*
King's Own Regiment	31st British India Battalion.
King's Regiment	32nd ,, ,, ,,
Leicestershire Regiment ...	33rd ,, ,, ,,
Cheshire Regiment	34th ,, ,, ,,
East Lancs Regiment	35th ,, ,, ,,
Prince of Wales's Volunteers ...	36th ,, ,, ,,
Loyal Regiment	6th British Egypt ,,
Manchester Regiment	

No. 7 Group (South-Western).	*Overseas Battalions.*
Devonshire Regiment	37th British India Battalion.
S. Wales Borderers	38th ,, ,, ,,
Gloucestershire Regiment ...	39th ,, ,, ,,
Hampshire Regiment	40th ,, ,, ,,
Dorsetshire Regiment	41st ,, ,, ,,
Welch Regiment	42nd ,, ,, ,,
Sherwood Foresters	7th British Egypt ,,
Wiltshire Regiment	3rd British China ,,

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No. 8 Group (Eastern and Midland).		*Overseas Battalions.*
Royal Warwickshire Regiment	43rd	British India Battalion.
Norfolk Regiment	44th	,, ,, ,,
Suffolk Regiment	45th	,, ,, ,,
Beds. and Herts. Regiment ...	46th	,, ,, ,,
Worcestershire Regiment ...	47th	,, ,, ,,
S. Staffordshire Regiment ...		,, ,, ,,
Northamptonshire Regiment ...	8th	British Egypt ,,
N. Staffordshire Regiment ...	4th	British China ,,

The above groupings are only to be considered as tentative, as are also the names for the overseas battalions. They are included merely to show the working of the proposed scheme.

In its application to the cavalry the scheme is somewhat simpler. There are at the present time 20 regiments of cavalry, excluding the Household Troops. Of these, 12 are at home and 8 are overseas, 5 in India and 3 in Egypt.

It is proposed to form the cavalry into 12 regiments by a further process of amalgamation, and for the purpose of illustrating the proposed reorganization the following amalgamations are suggested.

(i) King's Dragoon Guards with the Bays.
(ii) 3rd and 6th Dragoon Guards.
(iii) 4th, 5th and 7th Dragoon Guards.
(iv) Royals and Scots Greys.
(v) 3rd and 4th Hussars.
(vi) 7th and 8th Hussars.
(vii) 10th and 11th Hussars.*
(viii) 13th and 18th Hussars.
(ix) 14th and 20th Hussars.
(x) 9th and 12th Lancers.*
(xi) 16th and 5th Lancers.
(xii) 17th and 21st Lancers.

* It is anticipated that further regiments of cavalry will be converted into Armoured Car Regiments.

For the purposes of promotion and drafting, the suggested reorganization divides the cavalry into three groups.

(i) Dragoon Guards and Dragoons.
(ii) Hussars.
(iii) Lancers.

A similar system as proposed for the infantry would be followed for the overseas regiments, and the drafting tables would work out somewhat as follows :—

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		Overseas Regiments.
No. 1	K.D.G. and Bays ...	The British India Dragoons.
	3/6th Dragoon Guards ...	,, ,, ,,
	4/5/7th Dragoon Guards	,, ,, ,,
	Royals and Greys ...	The British Egypt Dragoons.
No. 2	3/4th Hussars	1st British India Hussars.
	7/8th Hussars	2nd ,, ,, ,,
	10/11th Hussars ...	3rd ,, ,, ,,
	13/18th Hussars ...	British Egypt Hussars.
	14/20th Hussars ...	
	15/19th Hussars ...	
No. 3	9/12th Lancers	British India Lancers.
	16/5th Lancers	,, ,, ,,
	17/21st Lancers	British Egypt Lancers.

As in the case of the infantry, the home regiments would not go abroad in time of peace, but would draft officers and men to the overseas regiments for a period not exceeding five years, after which time they would return, as far as circumstances permit, to their original home regiments. The overseas regiments would move only within their respective countries.

The proposed scheme would apply to the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Royal Signals, Royal Tank Corps and the Departmental Corps without any alteration in their existing organization, except in the case of the Royal Artillery, where the brigades and batteries overseas would remain permanently in their foreign stations, and officers and men would be drafted to them for periods not exceeding five years.

The following advantages are claimed for the suggested reorganization :—

(i) It would allow the expeditionary force to be organized, armed and equipped in accordance with its needs, without having to consider the requirements of the overseas garrisons.

(ii) It would enable the units overseas to be given the most suitable organization for the country in which they are respectively quartered.

(iii) It would save large sums of money now spent on the movements of complete regiments, batteries and battalions to and from various parts of the Empire.

(iv) It would largely modify the inequalities of promotion in the various regiments and battalions.

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(v) It would standardize the tours of foreign service for officers and other ranks.

(vi) It would at the same time largely maintain the honoured traditions and *esprit de corps* of the British Army.

It is well known that the problem of the modification of the Cardwell system to meet modern requirements has been under review by many distinguished authorities.

The foregoing suggestions, which have only been dealt with in broad outline (the required data not being at hand on which to work out further detail), may have already been considered and turned down on facts unknown to the writers.

It is hoped, however, that, at least some germs of new ideas may be contained in this article.

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THE SCHNEIDER TROPHY CONTEST

By Squadron-Leader G. S. Trewin, A.F.C., R.A.F.

THE Schneider Cup Race—"Coupe d'Aviation Maritime Jacques Schneider," to give it its correct title—was founded in 1913 by M. Jacques Schneider, and the first contest was won by M. Prévost (France), on April 16th, at Monaco, in a Deperdussin hydroplane, with a speed of 72 kms. per hour. (One English nautical mile equals 1.151 statute mile, or 1,853 metres.)

Since that date the results of the contests have been as follows :—

1914 ... Won by Great Britain (Pixton), in Sopwith hydroplane, Gnôme motor, 100 h.p., at Monaco. Speed: 139·6kms. per hr.

1920 ... Won by Italy (Bologna), in Savoia hydroplane, engine 470 h.p., at Venice. Speed: 172·6 kms. per hr.

1921 ... Won by Italy (Briganti), in hydroplane Macchi M7, Isotta-Fraschini motor, 200 h.p., at Venice. Speed: 189·6 kms. per hr.

1922 ... Won by Great Britain (Biard), in Supermarine Napier, engine Napier Lion, at Naples. Speed: 235 kms. per hr.

1923 ... Won by United States (Rittenhuse) in Curtiss Navy racer, engine Curtiss 465 h.p., at Cowes. Speed: 285·5 kms. per hr.

1925 ... Won by United States (Doolittle), in hydroplane Curtiss, engine Curtiss V, at Baltimore. Speed: 374 kms. per hr.

1926 ... Won by Italy (Bernardi) in Macchi M39, engine Fiat 800 h.p., at Hampton Roads. Speed: 396·6 kms. per hr.

1927 ... Won by Great Britain (Webster), in Supermarine S.5, engine Napier 1,000 h.p., at Venice. Speed: 453 kms. per hr.

1929 ... Won by Great Britain (Waghorn), in Supermarine S.6, engine Rolls-Royce, at Ryde. Speed: 528·8 kms. per hour.

(There were no contests during the years 1915-1919, and, in 1924, no foreign competitors to contest the United States holder.)

The speed attained rose from 72 kms. per hour in 1913 to 528.8 kms. per hour in 1929, or more than seven times as great, and the horse-power of the engine rose from 160 to 1,000 in 1927.*

* The horse-power of the Rolls-Royce engine this year had not been disclosed at the time of going to press.—Ed.

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I

The competition is open to any form of aircraft, and the course, the length of which must not be less than 150 sea miles, " sera tracé soit en ligne droite, soit en ligne brisée, soit en circuit fermé." Before the January 31st following contest, the Committee of the F.A.I., guided by the progress in aviation, has to formulate the regulations for the next race, which must take place in the country of the Trophy holder.

A point which is not always generally appreciated is that speed is not the only test of the competition. There is the preliminary test of control, ability on the surface, and seaworthiness.

Each aircraft has to carry out a test of five to ten miles in the sea, in a creek, a gulf, an estuary, or a bay, according to the decision of the " Commissaires Sportifs." The competitor in this part of the test has to leave the starting-point under surface control and then rise into the air, after which he must twice land on the water and proceed on the surface for a distance of half a sea mile, marked by two buoys, at a speed of less than twelve miles per hour. The rest of the course must be continued in flight, but the competitors must descend to the water before the end of the *parcours*, and pass the line of arrival under surface control.

The " Commissaires Sportifs " may allow a contestant who has failed this test to have a second attempt. (This, presumably, in case of misjudgment in landing on the correct spot, in order to pass the buoys half a mile apart on the water.)

After the competitor has passed the arrival post in surface transit, the aircraft must tie up to a buoy already marked, where it must *rester à flot* for six hours without anyone on board.

The aircraft leaving its *mouillage* during this period will be disqualified, unless the " Commissaires Sportifs " have given their sanction. No repairs are allowed during the handling and sea-worthiness tests, and no modifications between these tests and speed test may be carried out to the aircraft. The aircraft will be *poinçonné* to this effect.

Speed Test.

The start can be made " en ligne à tous les concurrents," or by intervals. If the latter, the order of starting must be decided by lot. The pilot may choose to pass the starting-line

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under surface control or in flight ; the finishing line, however, " must be crossed in flight."

The rules for the 1929 test were that " it should be held in England over a distance of 188.86 sea miles, on a date between August 24th and October 5th."

II

The rules other than those for the actual tests are a little complicated. If no competitor finishes the course, the Trophy will not be awarded, but will remain with the National Aero Club with which it was deposited—or which is the present holder. This club must organize the next race, but the club which holds the trophy under these conditions shall not be deemed to have won the challenge of the year.

Any qualified N.A.C. wishing to challenge the holder must inform the holder of its intention before January 1st of the year of the competition by registered letter, addressed to the President, stating the number of aircraft taking part. This letter constitutes an engagement, and must be accompanied by the sum of 500 francs for each machine entered, though a refund will be made of as many times half of the above amount as there may be competitors.

The number of aircraft entered by each N.A.C. is limited to three. The pilots detailed and their " helpers " must be of the nationality of the club entering them, or of a country not represented in the F.A.I. They must be detailed by the N.A.C. at least eight days before the race.

The N.A.C. holding the Trophy must, before January 31st of the year before the race, fix a period of six weeks during which the contest shall take place, and the exact date must be made known at least three months before the contest.

If no competitor starts, the " Commissaires Sportifs " will decide whether the race shall be annulled or a further delay fixed. The race must be flown in the country of the Trophy holder ; nevertheless, if for reasons acknowledged to be sufficient by the F.A.I. the Trophy holder finds it impossible to carry out the engagement in reference to organizing the race, the F.A.I. will request the previous holder to undertake the organization. Should the latter refuse, the race must take place in France.

One of the Committee of the N.A.C. organizing the contest, no matter in what country, must be nominated by France,

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and the expenses of the organization must be borne by the club arranging the race.

The N.A.C. which in five consecutive contests wins three becomes the final possessor of the Trophy. (Italy having won it in 1920 and 1921, would thus have become the final possessor had a further Italian success been achieved in 1922 or 1923 or 1924.)

If England wins any one of the next three contests, as, in view of her magnificent display this year, she has every chance of doing, the trophy will become hers. On the other hand, should Italy win the next two contests, she will retain the trophy.

The N.A.C. holding the Trophy, which does not compete, but nevertheless is not dispossessed of it, although challenged, is not considered again to have won it.

III

It is difficult to appreciate what may be the final speed limit under the present system of flight. Each year shows an increase—where will it end? Speculation may well be made as to whether the limits of speed have not been approached, though it is equally permissible to flirt with the idea of a radically different system of internal combustion, which might render obsolete the present system with its colossal waste of power generated. But in that case the conditions of the race will have to be altered; already the frequent alterations of course necessitated by the comparative shortness of the circuit, or *ligne brisée*, become irksome and a very great strain is liable to be thrown upon the framework of the machine during a sharp turn at high speed.

Statements are frequently made concerning the question of the human body being unable to stand enormous speeds. In normal flight at a cruising altitude, the sensation of speed is not present, as it can only be obtained by reference to something that is not moving—it is merely relative. It is only as aircraft descends to a low altitude that the uneven and changing surface below provides the growing sensation of speed. This necessity for an objective applies equally to height. In a moving aircraft there is nothing to demonstrate the sensation of height, whereas in a captive balloon the hawser from the balloon to the ground provides a ready means for height sensation. To stand at the top of the Eiffel Tower

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and look down its structure to the ground induces a sensation never experienced in moving aircraft.

With an aircraft at a cruising altitude, and the occupants protected from the elements, so far as the human body is concerned, the speed could be raised indefinitely. Where, of course, in this question of speed the strain is felt is at a low altitude and when landing. An exquisite co-ordination of eye, brain and muscle is required; a speed of 300 miles per hour represents five hundred feet per second roughly, so that the measure of judgment and execution necessary to control the machine must be of no mean standard. The ideal, of course, is to obtain a maximum speed at cruising altitude with a minimum speed in descent for landing.

Aerodromes for such high speed landings are difficult to find, not only on account of the large amount of space required when the aircraft has touched ground and runs to rest, but also on account of the evenness of surface required lest the machine breaks itself up after touching ground. The sea provides the necessary space, and under certain conditions the requisite surface. At one time it was considered that a seaplane suffered a special disadvantage compared with an aeroplane through the floats offering more resistance in flight than the landing wheels. This, however, has been found not to be so in certain designs, and, moreover, the actual surface of the floats themselves provides a certain amount of lift, which is not provided by wheels.

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THE TWO MATCHES

By F. G. W.

"WELL, my little ray of sunshine, you are punctual whatever you may not be. It is dull up here, but not cold, thank Heaven!"

It was thus that the Junior Watchkeeper greeted his relief at 4 a.m. on the bridge of one of His Majesty's ships.

The relieving officer looked disconsolately at the familiar scene before him. It was a very still night and the sea was flat calm. The bridge was generally damp and unattractive. It was pitch dark except for the dim orange glow from the compass bowl at the top of a binnacle erected on a small wooden platform. Shadowy forms of a signalman and look-outs could be faintly seen leaning against the bridge rails.

There was no sound except the swish of the stem carving her way through the unbroken surface of the sea. This swish was occasionally interrupted by a bow wave curling over and breaking with a crash.

It was a picturesque scene as one's eyes grew more accustomed to the gloom and were able to distinguish the jet black of the ship against the dark grey of the sky, especially as the bow wave at intervals flashed a phosphorescent green. The new Officer of the Watch, however, cared for none of these things. He had been too recently awakened from a sound and peaceful slumber and made to don heavy clothes and climb innumerable slippery iron ladders.

"Where do I find large supplies of hot cocoa that you have had prepared for me?" This was his reply to the Junior Watchkeeper.

"The snottie is looking after that in the chart house. Now let me tell you the situation."

He then proceeded to turn over to his relief the position of the ship, her course, speed, etc., and all the many details that an Officer of the Watch at sea must know. With a final cheerful "Good morning," he gleefully descended the ladder on his way back to bed.

The ship had very recently recommissioned, and she was now detached from the fleet at sea for the first time with her new crew. She was proceeding to a remote bay, where she intended to spend a week doing exercises and generally "working up" to attain the required degree of

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efficiency before rejoining the fleet. She was a day out from her base, and expected to come to anchor the next forenoon.

The Officer of the Watch had consumed a large bowl of steaming cocoa and smoked a cigarette, and was feeling much more happily disposed to mankind in general than he had been a quarter of an hour before. He was engaged in studying the list of early calls with his midshipman of the watch.

" I see the Pilot wants to be called half an hour before dawn to shoot stars," he remarked. " He will be a lucky man if he shoots any through these clouds."

At five-thirty, however, there were occasional oases in the overcast sky, so the " snotty " went down to call the Navigator and also his assistant. The latter appeared first. He was a sleepy-eyed midshipman, clad in an old monkey jacket, with a face towel round his neck in lieu of a scarf. He leaned disconsolately against the damp chart house door. In one hand he nursed a notebook and deck watch, and in his mouth was a pencil which he sucked in an absent sort of way. By his solemn expression, he might have been contemplating the chances of this mortal life; in reality, however, he was praying that no star would appear, and so he would be permitted to return to his warm hammock and have another hour's rest. His peace was soon disposed of by the appearance of the Navigator. He was one of those chosen few who are always cheerful at any hour. He was soon bustling about with his sextant, and after ten minutes' anxious scanning of the heavens was rewarded by the appearance of a dim star through a rift in the clouds. He succeeded in taking four observations, three of which he pronounced " good."

An hour latter he permitted his midshipman to go below. The snotty willingly went, and bent his footsteps to the gunroom. Here he rudely awakened a steward and demanded tea, which he duly consumed, and then went to secure a bath before the morning rush. He enjoyed his time in the bathroom, as he was in the position from which all men derive infinite satisfaction—he was up and about before his fellows.

There is always noise in a ship at sea, but it is a steady humming, swishing noise, and after some time out one is only aware that there had been noise should the ship stop or suddenly slow down, when an extraordinary silence—or really a reduction in sound—takes place. This is what occurred while the gunroom bathroom was still filled with

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midshipmen clad in towels or in nothing at all. One of five, all trying to shave in one mirror, ceased his operations and looked out of the scuttle.

"Good Lord! we are in thick fog," he remarked. "How extraordinary!"

"You wouldn't think it in the least extraordinary if you had been up at a decent hour, instead of stewing in your beastly hammock till a quarter to seven," said the very superior assistant navigator.

The dead silence of the bridge was broken at regular two-minute intervals by the syren. The full-throated wail of a ship's syren in a fog is, perhaps, the most depressing sound in the world. It is an utterly unmechanical noise and filled with expression. It is like some gigantic beast crying out, not because it is in pain, but because it is lost and bewildered and filled with fear.

The Captain and Navigator had now joined the Officer of the Watch on the bridge. It was daylight, but the whole ship was enshrouded with dense white, opaque fog. The mainmast was only faintly visible, looking like a thing quite detached and merely following on behind. Everything on the bridge was damp and clammy. No one spoke except for an occasional remark between the Captain and Navigator. The Captain's "doggie"—a young midshipman—was leaning against the damp bridge rails and watching a drop of water slowly forming on the peak of the Captain's cap. He was wondering if it would hit his nose when it dropped off.

"I reckon we will be in position to anchor in half an hour's time, sir," said the Navigator, standing up from the chart table where he had been working. "By then we will be in the entrance of the bay and can lie there comfortably until the fog lifts."

The Captain went and studied the chart for some moments, and then approved the Navigator's suggestion.

The fog showed no signs of lifting. It was still a dense pall over all the world. The bridge again relapsed into silence. The ship was going dead slow, and but for the languid swish and periodic crash of the bow wave, punctuated at regular intervals by the heartrending cry of the ship's syren, she might have been stopped. The dead silence was, however, soon broken by the shrill pipe of the bo'sun's mate as he called the men to the foc'sle to prepare to come to

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anchor. This was followed by the dull crash of chain cable being moved about as the anchor was " cleared away."

The Captain and Navigator were both busily bending over the chart making a last check on their position.

" We will be ready to let go in ten minutes' time, sir," said the Navigator.

The Captain went to the compass and took a green anchor flag from the signalman.

At that moment the ship suddenly gave a sickening shudder. She gave a quick and unnatural lurch over to port, and there was a horrible grinding sound which seemed to shriek above all else. The Captain was heard to give a quick, curt order down the engine-room voice pipe. The whole ship shook from stem to stern. There was a boiling, swirling mass of white foam aft as the propellers suddenly lashed the sea in an astern direction. For a moment nothing happened. Everyone on the bridge felt overwhelmed with the sense of appalling disaster. They all waited, tense, for a word from the Captain. This momentary period of inaction ended. Pipes sounded all over the ship, and men were heard doubling to their appointed stations. The Captain gave another order to the engines, and the ship ceased to shudder and lay still. She suddenly became quiet and seemed to be dead. She was quite still and almost on an even keel—but not quite. That perceptible difference made her seem unnatural. She was, indeed, out of her element—lost and bewildered.

In a moment the ship was a bustle of activity. A report came up from the engine-room to say that the ship was making no water. A boat was being swiftly manned and the anchor cleared away. Very shortly the boat was seen to be pulling away on the quarter. She had a great anchor slung beneath her, which was to be dropped to try and pull the ship back to deep water. All efforts, however, proved fruitless. The ship remained fast aground. In time a report was received from below to say that the bottom had sustained no serious damage, but that there were some plates badly bent. The Navigator informed the Captain that it was dead low water, and that the rise of tide was about twelve feet, which would lift the ship.

The bridge became deserted except for the Navigator. He was mechanically folding up a chart. A look of blank despair was written on his countenance. It was not the

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expression one would expect to see on the face of a man who had gambled with Fortune and lost all. It was the expression of one who was utterly bewildered and lost—one who had taken no risk and who was filled with confidence and who had suddenly been struck down and ruined by a trick of Fate. He lit his pipe and went down into the chart house. He took his navigating notebook and checked through his figures of the early morning. He replotted every inch of his work on the chart. There was no error. He proceeded to work out everything anew and could still find no flaw in his calculations. According to him, the ship was now lying in fourteen fathoms of clear water in the entrance to a wide and open bay. The strain of the last hour now began to tell on the man. He began to picture merciless courts-martial, to see his wife's face awaiting the verdict. He thought of the castles he had built in the air, and realized that all was lost. In one short hour his aims and ambitions and his life's interest were stolen from him. With a feeling of anger and humiliation, he swore to himself that he must have made a mistake. He began, almost feverishly, to work out his calculations all over again. How long he sat with book and pencil he never knew ; his figures were becoming mixed, and, with a grim determination, he made new starts, and yet the result was always the same. It seemed to mock him and shatter his faith in the whole of human science. He was suddenly startled by the sound of his Captain's voice.

" Thank you, Navigator, for your advice ; I wish I had taken it," the Captain said. " However, I overruled your suggestion to anchor when the fog came down, and as I ordered you to proceed farther inshore, against your judgment, I am entirely responsible for the business."

For a moment the Navigator didn't understand ; then he realized that, for some inexplicable reason, the Captain was suggesting that he alone was to blame for the disaster.

" No, sir," he answered. " I must have made a mistake somewhere, I suppose, though God knows where."

The Captain sat down beside him and started to smoke. Then he began to talk at some length. He told the Navigator that his time was up in the Service, that he had had a long spell and was going ashore for good at the end of the commission. He pointed out that he had reached a high rank in his profession, and that the Navy hadn't much more for him to do. But he said the case of the Navigator was very

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different. He stood up and knocked out his pipe; then he again addressed the Navigator more vehemently.

"You," he said, "must be reasonable, and do try to see the situation in the proper proportion. I know you are married, I know you have a family, and I know you are keen. Now, we can cut out the private side of your life. You are an excellent navigator and officer, and I consider that you should continue to serve afloat in the interests of the Service. I know that this grounding is not your fault, but the Court will not be convinced of that. I can clear you, and I lose nothing really, but the Service gains. Do you see my point?"

"Yes, sir, I do," the Navigator replied, "but you know I couldn't agree. I appreciate what you have said, sir, more than I can ever tell you."

The Captain made a gesture of impatience.

"Oh, you are hidebound by convention!" he said. "You only refuse because of petty sentimentality."

Then he turned his back.

The Navigator sat and thought of the astounding generosity of the man beside him. He felt honoured that the Captain thought so highly of him. He saw the Captain's point, and he was sorely tempted. But he knew he could never agree. It was not for reasons of petty sentimentality; it was, he supposed, just the traditional honour of a gentleman.

Suddenly the Captain turned round.

"Come now," he said; "I was afraid you would make difficulties. We will have a little game with Chance. In my hand I hold two matches; one has a head on it. Remember all I have said to you, and for Heaven's sake be sensible. You will draw a match. If yours has a head on it, then we will adopt my scheme; if it hasn't a head, then we will go to Glory hand in hand. Here you are—draw!"

He held his hand out.

Again the Navigator was faced with the greatest temptation of his life. On the one hand, perhaps, success and honour; on the other—nothing. The thought of his wife and family made him waver. He almost took a match, but stopped. Could he ever endure seeing his Captain sentenced by a Court? He knew then and there that he would never dare to look his fellows in the face again if this happened.

"No, sir, I can't," he managed to say, and then sat

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quiet. He heard the Captain throw away the matches on the deck and leave the chart house.

He sat and thought about these things for some time, and then looked down. He suddenly started from his seat and picked up the matches that the Captain had thrown away. They both had heads on them. So this was his Captain's last ruse to save him. He wondered why such a man thought him worth saving. Surely he himself was the main cause of wrecking his ship; and, if this was so, then he was not a fitting person to be vested with such great responsibility.

He left the chart house. The sun was now well above the horizon. He saw that it was dispersing the fog. There was a very distinct lessening and lightening of the dense solidity in which the ship was enclosed. The Navigator became feverishly impatient for the fog to lift. He longed to fix his ship and see where she really was and so where his inexplicable error had crept in. He felt he could scarcely contain himself during the long and tedious process of nature dispersing the fog. It was an hour later that he was able definitely to distinguish three points on shore. They were some five miles distant, but yet quite visible. With frantic haste and yet supreme care, he took angles of them with his sextant. Four times he took his observations, each one with absolute certainty. He returned to the chart house and proceeded to plot his position with the most deadly accuracy. Never before had he worked the long arms of his instrument across the chart with such almost childish care. At last he plotted the point. It coincided precisely with his previously reckoned position. He felt for a moment almost light-headed at his new revelation. Then the full truth burst upon him: the ship had grounded on an uncharted shoal.

The Navigator went below and reported to the Captain. The two men looked at one another with expressions of infinite relief. In that look there was also a mutual agreement that their recent conversation in the chart house was never again to be referred to. The Navigator sat down; he felt overcome suddenly with a great physical fatigue. He suddenly felt that he wanted to laugh aloud.

"Breakfast will be over now in the Wardroom, Pilot," said the Captain. "You had better join me here, as I have not yet fed, and we won't be afloat for a couple of hours."

He pressed the bell for his steward and ordered breakfast.

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ETHE FROM THE SOUTH (at Point A on Sketch 2).
The leading French guns were in the road in the centre when the mist lifted.

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THE BATTLE OF ETHE

By Major A. H. Burne, D.S.O., R.A.

On August 22nd, 1914, was fought around the little town of Ethe, in the south-east corner of Belgium, the most remarkable battle of the war. This battle is not only fascinating and intensely interesting, but it is packed with valuable lessons applicable to the British Army of to-day.

When studying a battle, the outlines and outcome of which are well known, criticism of decisions and actions are unconsciously influenced by knowledge of the actual result. To obtain an unbiased judgment and to exercise one's own mind with problems taken from the battle, it is essential to select a battle of which one knows nothing—not even the final result—and to consider and criticize each decision taken before reading on.

The battle of Ethe forms a splendid opportunity for such a study. The average Englishman knows nothing of the battle. He has never even heard of it. "Where is Ethe?" is the first question he puts if you mention it. His mind is clear of prejudices and preconceived ideas, and all he requires is a reliable detailed account to study.

Fortunately for us such an account exists, written by the French military historian, Colonel A. Grasset ("La Guerre en Action—Ethe." Berger-Levrault, Paris). The author's style is simple and easy to follow; but for those who do not feel equal to tackling a French book a translation has been made and will, it is hoped, shortly be published.

In view of the existence of this book, and of what has been said above, it would appear most undesirable to publish a short article on the battle; the book should be studied methodically and in detail—logically there is no defence for such an article. But we are not entirely governed by logic. Human nature cannot be ignored, and many officers will only be induced to read the book if they have their interest aroused and appetite whetted by some preliminary "puff."

That is what this article aims at being. It is merely an outline, which must necessarily omit much that is of interest and instruction.

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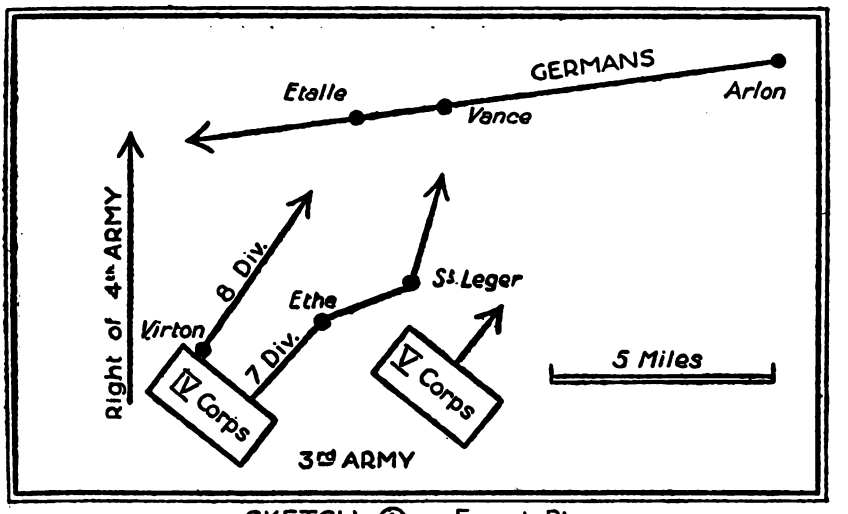
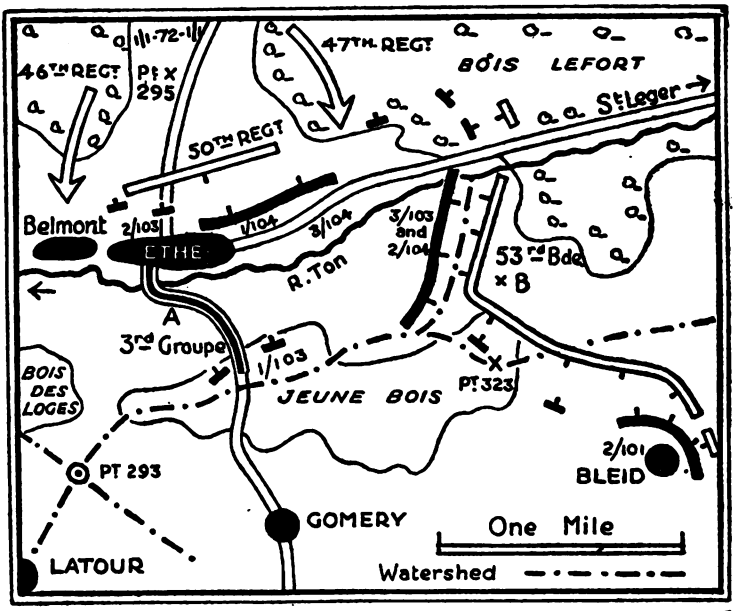
August 21st, 1914, found the German and Allied armies ranged opposite each other all along the line. By a coincidence both sides decided to start their main offensive on the same day, August 22nd, and as at dawn on that day they were



SKETCH ① — French Plan



SKETCH ② - Situation at 8·30 a.m.

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within striking distance of one another, a clash took place all along the line from Charleroi to Metz.

The 4th French Army was to advance north from Sedan and Stenay into Belgium; but the French feared that the Germans would advance west from Arlon, thus menacing the 4th Army's right flank (see Sketch 1). To counter such a blow, the IV Corps of the 3rd Army (on the right of the 4th Army) was ordered to protect this menaced flank. Its method of doing so was to push its 7th Division through Ethe and St. Leger and the 8th Division through Virton, with a view to striking the supposed German column in its left flank at Vance and Etalle.

This was an admirable plan *if* the premises were correct. But as a matter of fact, the German V Corps, instead of moving west, advanced south from Etalle, its 9th Division on Virton, its 10th on Ethe.

Hence the French 7th Division, so far from striking the flank of the Germans, was itself struck in flank. Moreover, the right brigade, the 53rd, of the German XIII Corps, was advancing south from St. Leger, where the French were due to billet that night.

The composition of a French and German division consisted of two brigades, each of two regiments, each of three battalions. Thus the 7th Division was constituted as follows:—

13*th Brigade* (Colonel Lacotte)—1/101st Regiment, 2/101st Regiment, 3/101st Regiment; 1/102nd Regiment, 2/102nd Regiment, 3/102nd Regiment.

14*th Brigade* (General Félineau)—1/103rd Regiment, 2/103rd Regiment, 3/103rd Regiment; 1/104th Regiment, 2/104th Regiment, 3/104th Regiment.

The artillery consisted of three groups, each of three four-gun batteries, all being 75 mm. field guns. There was also a squadron of divisional cavalry and a company of engineers.

Ethe is situated in the valley of the River Ton. The slopes rise fairly steeply on each side for about 250 feet, that on the north being thickly wooded, with a clearing immediately north of Ethe, 1,500 yards wide; while to the south the slopes are cultivated, and the crest is crowned with a line of almost continuous woods.

Into this valley, in the early morning of August 22nd,

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descended the advanced guard of the 7th Division, consisting of the 104th Regiment and 3rd Artillery Group. But they were preceded by the Corps cavalry (14th Hussars), supported by a battalion (3/103rd), whose mission was to discover the enemy's movements round Vance.

Owing to the late receipt of orders, and a dense fog, the cavalry found themselves only just in front of the advanced guard. At the entrance to Ethe some Uhlans were seen in the mist only twenty yards away. Wire fences on each side precluded a turning movement. What should the leading troop do ?

The troop leader formed an instant decision. " Charge !" he cried, and the Uhlans were swept back into the village. By this prompt and resolute action time was saved and reliable information obtained.

The Hussars pursued until pulled up by rifle fire in the middle of the town ; but the remainder of the regiment came up, the Uhlans again fell back, and the advance was resumed. About a mile east of the town they were, however, again held up by fire, this time coming from right and left. Cavalry action in this confined country was out of the question. Here came the opportunity for the supporting battalion. It was the doctrine of the French cavalry that when strong opposition was encountered the supporting infantry would " sweep " a pathway, and through this gap the cavalry would then proceed on their mission.

So the infantry were called up. One word about the infantry. They belonged to one of the crack divisions of the Army, but they were breakfastless, owing to the non-receipt of orders until 4 a.m., at which hour they were due to move off.

Well, this breakfastless battalion groped its way forward to sweep away the invisible foe. But it, too, was soon held up by fire, and successive extensions to each side failed to find the enemy's flanks. By 8 a.m. the whole battalion was engaged and progress had come to a standstill.

Meanwhile the advanced guard of the 7th Division was descending into the valley. At Ethe it would have to turn to the right, and thus expose its left flank to the wooded slopes north of the Ton. To protect this flank the G.O.C. detached the 2/103rd Battalion to act as flank guard on the north side of Ethe. But any uneasy feelings that might have been held regarding this flank were set at rest by the following message

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from the vanguard :—" Nothing in Ethe, nothing in the woods and heights dominating our left flank. On our right flank two troops of Hussars have just charged a troop of Uhlans."

Now, this message is a striking example, as pointed out by Colonel Grasset, of faulty map-reading. " The woods and heights dominating our left flank " would naturally refer to the slopes north of the Ton. But the message was penned at *A* on Sketch 2, where the road bends to the left, and thus points north-west instead of north-east, and hence the woods referred to were in reality those south of the river, though the writer took them to be to the north. The French had unreliable maps of Belgium on a scale of $\frac{1}{200,000}$, and of course the fog added to the difficulty of accurate map-reading.

The divisional commander had also sent out a battalion (2/101st) to act as right flank guard and to get in touch with the V Corps, whose left should be about Bleid. And there were in addition escorts for the guns and baggage. Thus no fewer than six and three-quarters of his twelve battalions were engaged in protecting the remaining five and a quarter.

The right flank guard entered Bleid without much opposition, but half a mile farther north, it bumped into German infantry in the fog.

A hasty deployment was effected, but the Germans came on in strength, gradually enveloping the French flanks till the battalion found itself in a semi-circle of fire.

Meanwhile, the vanguard (2/104th) had pushed on through Ethe and lined up in the fight with 3/103rd. But still no progress could be made, casualties were cruelly heavy, and the hostile fire was coming from north, east, and even south-east. In short, at this moment the Germans appeared to be doing pretty well, and the French prospects were distinctly unpromising. It may, therefore, slightly surprise the reader to learn that at this moment the commander of the German troops who were causing all the trouble was drawing his revolver and forming a semi-circle of whatever troops he could lay hands on, being resolved to sell his life dearly !

The explanation of this apparently contradictory state of affairs is simple. If you slowly interlock the fingers of the right hand in those of the left, and if you imagine that each finger is a separate and sentient being, the second finger

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of the right hand would become aware that there was a hostile finger on each side of it; the further you interlock them the more its flanks are turned. But the second finger of the left hand would only know that it was being gradually enveloped by the first and second fingers of the right hand. Thus the second finger of each hand, not being able to see its neighbours, would imagine itself the object of a double envelopment by the enemy. Each finger can only wriggle uneasily to free itself from the grasp of its opponents. But if it is connected to the third finger by the brain it will realize the precarious position of the opposing second finger, and by a combined operation with its neighbour it can squeeze the intruder out of existence.

Thus it was here. Each side was unable to see its neighbours owing to the fog and the ground, and each supposed itself the victim of a skilfully laid plot on the part of the other. The fog of war and the inferiority complex induced by the hostile bullets coming from a flank had done their job! Had there been any lateral communication via the brain, i.e., the Staff, mutual confidence and effective co-operation would have ensued.

It is now time to lift the curtain from over the German side, and examine the situation which revealed itself when the fog lifted at about 8.30 a.m. (see Sketch 2).

The French left flank guard (2/103rd) was spread out over a front of one mile, piquetting the roads leading north out of Ethe. The vanguard (2/104th) was jumbled up with 3/103rd. The main guard (3/104th and 1/104th) had almost passed through Ethe and was lining the railway embankment (not shown on the map) and replying to the fire of an invisible enemy to the north. The artillery of the advanced guard (3rd Group) was descending the hill into Ethe. Nine of the twelve guns had reached the bottom, the remaining three guns and all twelve wagons were still on the hillside. One mile behind came the remainder of the artillery preceded by half a battalion and followed by four and a half battalions of the 13th Brigade, the rear of which was still at La Malmaison over five miles from Ethe. Round Bleid the 2/101st was grimly fighting for its life.

Such was the situation when at 8.30 a.m. the fog lifted. Instantly there descended on the unfortunate artillery chock-a-block on the narrow road on the hillside, a terrific fire from

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seventy-two German guns and howitzers, while rifle and machine gun fire was added to it from the same direction.

Three out of the four regiments comprising the 10th German Division were either in action or advancing in line, and already threatening the flanks of the French 14th Brigade. Soon the open ground between the Jeune Bois and the valley became impassable, and the unhappy 14th Brigade could neither get forward nor get back. It was entrapped. It had been attacked from a flank and caught in column of route.

And yet the French had only acted in the spirit of our own doctrine, whilst the Germans had contravened it to their gain. Our regulations make it clear that the advanced protective troops shall try to save those behind them from having to deploy, and thus delay the march. The main guard does not deploy till the vanguard is held up. Similarly the main body delays deployment till the advanced guard asks for help. Precisely thus the French acted.

Now we come to the Germans. The 10th Division was also marching in column southwards from Etalle. Suddenly shots rang out; it was the vanguard encountering a piquet of 3/103rd. Instantly General Kosch, the divisional commander, gave the order for the deployment of three out of his four regiments, merely on the sound of a few rifle shots, which might quite well have emanated from an isolated patrol! But he went further, he placed all his artillery (seventy-two guns) in action, ready to open fire as soon as the mist lifted.

All this, of course, was very far removed from our idea of things—*but it was successful.* Can it be that we sacrifice too much to the supposed advantage of keeping the main body in column of route? Can it be that we should at all events modify our procedure in a fog? Foggy mornings are very common in war . . .

Be that as it may, the result was pitiable for the French. The nine guns already at the bottom of the hill were able to come into action, but the road soon became a shambles. The unfortunate drivers could neither get on nor turn back. They fell where they stood.

Then came the tragic end of the 14th Hussars, which I will not attempt to describe. It is one of the most graphic and moving pages in Grasset's book.

Meanwhile, as the sketch shows, it was the 53rd Brigade of the XIII Corps, advancing south from St. Leger to Bleid, that was both engaging the right flank of the advance guard

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and overwhelming 2/101st, and it was the commander of this brigade, General Moser, situated at *B* on Sketch 2, who, hearing firing on three sides, thought he was surrounded, and thus became the hero of the revolver episode.

This brigade was advancing in very dissimilar formation to its neighbour. In spite of the half-light of early morning, the fog and the thick woods, it advanced in line of battalions, four abreast, with the remaining two echeloned in rear. It marched by compass, and did it remarkably well. The result of this broad formation was that its right flank encountered the French advanced guard, whereupon it swung round facing west, whilst the left flank encountered 2/101st advancing north from Bleid. General Moser, situated at *B*, might well think he was being surrounded. His guns, however, promptly came into action, and by sheer force of numbers the French were driven back. It was seven battalions and nine guns against thirteen battalions (including one of the 54th Brigade on the extreme left) and ninety guns.

Now, the divisional commander, General de Trentinian, and his staff, had entered Ethe with the main guard. The general had a great Colonial reputation, and possessed a cool brain in an emergency, but from the moment he entered the town he became inevitably immersed in local details, and gave several executive orders to small units, in an effort to organize the defences of the village. But what else could the general do in such a position? He could see practically nothing; he was out of touch with the corps and with the bulk of his own division. With bullets humming round him, and men dying by his side, he was hardly in an ideal place to command and control his division. Yet most commanders would be where he was. They generally move with the advance guard. And once there it is difficult to get back. A sense of honour will not allow de Trentinian to extricate himself. It would look too much like cowardice on the first day of the war. So he stays on and despatches a cavalry officer with a verbal message to "hasten the march of the 13th Brigade." The officer gets wounded and passes on this message to a non-commissioned officer. The latter delivers it to the officer commanding 103rd Regiment in the Jeune Bois. But notice the subtle but important change in the wording. He says, "General's order; the infantry at the double into the village."

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But the village is already chock-a-block with troops. Obviously the general did not intend this. It is a good example of the danger inherent in a verbal order.

However, the messenger is taken at his word and the two companies of 1/103rd which were in the wood are sent doubling down the hill towards the village. But nothing can live on that awful slope, and few men get back to the wood alive.

A curious thing now happened on the Genmont Ridge, which portions of 3/103rd and 2/104th were lining. As the mist lifted the German guns north of Ethe opened on them in reverse, and sent them tumbling back to the bottom of the valley. Now it was the Germans' turn. Confidently advancing up to the unoccupied crest, they found themselves assailed by machine-gun fire from north of the river, rifle fire from their left, and gunfire from Ethe and from the south-west. This was too much for them; they in turn recoiled down the hill, and for the next two hours the crest remained unoccupied, with the Germans on one side of it and the French on the other—a striking example of the defensive power of cross-fire. When eventually the former did pluck up courage and re-occupy it, they were greeted by shells from their own guns north of Ethe.

It was now the turn of 1/104th. Immediately to the north of the embankment that they were lining a field of standing corn stretched up to a crest about 200 yards away. They charged for this crest and reached it. But on trying to progress farther they were fired on from both flanks obviously the 46th and 47th Regiments (see Sketch 2), and they also encountered a barrage of shells from the direction of Gomery. Careless of the French gunners! But at any rate it showed that the folks in rear were doing *something*. And about time, too. The general casts anxious glances back at the Jeune Bois, but not a soul is stirring. He sends off another orderly, this time to the corps commander, with instructions as he passes through Gomery to hasten the march of the infantry—evidently a similar verbal order to the first. At 10 a.m. he sends a third messenger, an officer of his staff. This time the message is more precise. He is to direct the 13th Brigade on to Belmont.

Two hours elapse, and still there is no sign of the laggard 13th Brigade. It is too much; honour has now been satisfied,

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and the general decides to go back himself and " get a move on."

But before so doing he handed over the defence of Ethe to General Félineau, commanding the 14th Brigade, with orders to hold on as long as possible. This Félineau promised to do. But the situation would soon be desperate unless the 13th Brigade arrived shortly. The Genmont Ridge and Belmont had been occupied by the enemy who were pressing in on all sides. The French now held only the perimeter of the village, and their only line of retreat lay up the bare slope to the Jeune Bois, on which nothing could live. But the defence was skilfully organized. It is noteworthy that the framework of it was formed by the guns, which were firing largely at point blank range. Read Grasset's book for the very instructive details. What helped the French was that the German artillery had evidently no F.O.Os. out, and consequently could not see to shell Ethe and the valley bottom which were protected by the slight crest just north of the railway.

We will leave them for a while in their fight against odds, and follow the general as he gallops through the barrage of shells and reaches the Jeune Bois untouched. Through the wood he goes, and on as far as Gomery, where he arrives at 12.15 p.m. to find the whole of the 13th Brigade *in full retreat!*

In order to explain this astounding circumstance we must go back to 8.30 a.m. When Colonel Lacotte, commanding the 13th Brigade, received the first message to " hasten the march of the infantry," his leading troops were entering Gomery. First came two companies of 3/101st, who were accordingly pushed forward as the two companies of 1/103rd had been, and met the same fate. Then came the six batteries, followed by the remaining four battalions in the following order:—1/101st, 2/102nd, 1/102nd, 3/102nd.

Lacotte ordered the guns into action behind the ridge, Pt. 293—Gomery, with instructions to watch the near edge of the Jeune Bois and the approaches to Gomery. This seems rather a peculiar mission under the circumstances, but the brigadier feared that the Germans might break through before he could get his infantry up. He also used 1/101st to defend Gomery while awaiting the arrival of the rear battalions.

It should now be mentioned that the corps artillery, twelve batteries, had orders to march in rear of the 7th Division

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on this day. Coming from the west it joined the 7th Division column a little to the south of Gomery. At 9 a.m. its commander received two messages, one from the VI Corps ordering him to rejoin the 8th Division, the other from Colonel Lacotte appealing for assistance. Here was a nice problem. He solved it by lending the leading four batteries to the 13th Brigade and taking the remaining eight back towards Virton. Was he right?

By 10 a.m. the 13th Brigade was ready to resume its advance. When the third messenger arrived from Ethe 1/101st was accordingly ordered forward. What course should it take? A glance at Sketch 2 would suggest that it should move along under cover of the ridge Gomery (Pt. 293) and into the Bois des Loges, and thence down into Belmont. But the French had poor maps. The battalion was ordered to make as its first bound the west corner of the Jeune Bois. Even so, all might have been well had its left company not elected to go slap over the top of Pt. 293. Here they were naturally visible to the German guns and heavily engaged.

They consequently doubled down the hill to their right into the wood for shelter, where they became jumbled up with the right company. Precisely the same thing happened to the third company. They also went over the top of Pt. 293, met with the same reception, and took the same action as their predecessors.

The next battalion (2/102nd) has orders to prolong the left of the line. But—will it be believed!—it takes the same line as the preceding two companies, the German guns for the third time have an excellent target, and it too seeks refuge in the friendly Jeune Bois. So here we have two out of the four battalions, already fairly hard hit and somewhat shaken, jumbled together in a wood from which they cannot advance; when they try to do so they are met with a heavy fire. The officer commanding 101st Regiment rightly declines any further reinforcement, but suggests a turning movement to the west of the Bois des Loges.

It was at this juncture, about twelve o'clock, that the brigadier decided to retire. This important and surprising decision merits a careful inquiry into the motives that induced it. To begin with, the stories spread by the wounded and stragglers from the front, who inevitably painted the picture blacker than it was, appear to have had considerable effect on his mind. This explains his defensive measures at Gomery.

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He already feared that it might be too late to relieve the 14th Brigade. Secondly, the corps commander had just called for reinforcements for the 8th Division; things could not therefore be going well on the left. Thirdly, news came in from his right that 2/101st had been overwhelmed and that masses of Germans were in occupation of Bleid. In other words, his right flank was in danger. Finally, he had only two battalions in hand, and if a retreat should eventually be necessary, as now appeared probable, they would be invaluable to cover the retreat. He therefore decided to obey the dictates of prudence and fall back to a defensive line on the heights four miles in rear.

It was during the execution of this decision that General de Trentinian galloped into Gomery. Colonel Lacotte was not to be found at first, so the general issued orders direct for the retreat to be suspended and the attack renewed. The eventual meeting between general and brigadier must have been a stormy one.

As in the case of the 14th Hussars, I will not describe the last hours of the illustrious 2/101st in Bleid. They literally fought to the last man, and though they knew it not, by so doing they were exerting a big effect on the battle. But of that more presently.

We return to the 13th Brigade. The battalions which were filing to the rear were turned about and entered the fight once more—all except 2/102nd, which was ordered to occupy a covering position in rear. Was this a counsel of prudence, or was it a half-hearted measure induced by the " defeatist " atmosphere that seemed to surround the 13th Brigade ?

Two of the artillery brigades were already gone beyond recall. We will not follow their somewhat uninspiring manœuvres and fortunes.

In the meantime the Germans had not been inactive, and when the French resumed their advance they were fired on from the west end of the Jeune Bois and from the ridge running south to Latour (see Sketch 3). Evidently the Germans were getting round their left flank and closing in on them. However, the advance was continued, and for the fourth time they moved over Pt. 293 to meet with the usual reception from the hostile artillery.

The somewhat half-hearted attack came to a standstill, the guns even came under rifle fire from the left, and withdrew; and, to crown all, a line of infantry emerged from the north-

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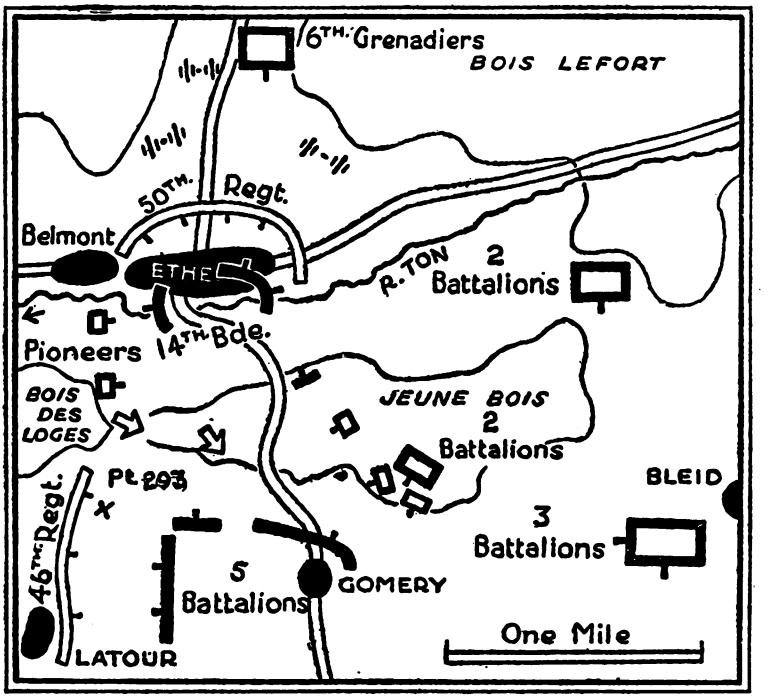
east out of the Jeune Bois. Though driven back by the troops in Gomery, it evidently made a painful impression on Lacotte, the bulk of whose troops were facing in the opposite direction. This appeared to be the harbinger of an attack from Bleid, which was all the more likely to materialize since news had been received of the retreat of the V French Corps on the right.

It was now 4 p.m., and General de Trentinian had to come to a fateful decision. Consider the situation (see Sketch 3). No news from Ethe, which appears to be cut off, and from which only occasional sounds of battle now



SKETCH ③ Situation at 4 pm.

come; both flanks threatened; V Corps retreating; no news from 8th Division; all the guns on the move to the rear, or vanished; the last reserves, save one tired battalion, engaged.

The general decided to retreat. By 6 p.m. his force had reached the heights of Malmaison, four miles in rear, safely extricated from the jaws of the German "nutcrackers."

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Before the reader goes any further, I would ask him to consider this decision of de Trentinian very closely. It will repay study. Was his action the best possible under the circumstances ?

If the reader has now made up his mind, we will look back upon the battlefield as the general stands on the heights of Malmaison. What do we find ? *The German 10th Division everywhere falling back into the woods north of Ethe and the 14th Brigade left in undisputed possession of Ethe—mistress of the battlefield !* At the same moment the 53rd Brigade is peaceably advancing south from Bleid, without a thought of attacking the 7th Division. The German nutcrackers have failed to function ; in fact, they have broken in two !

Two hours later the glorious 14th Brigade picks up its wounded, walks out of Ethe, and rejoins its division without a shot being fired or the loss of a man !

The principal causes of this astounding reversal of fortune must now be briefly indicated. The factors are mainly moral ones.

General Kosch was an oldish man, and as the day wore on bodily and mental fatigue set in. In spite of his aeroplanes, the fog of war hung close around him. He was imposed upon by the unflinching attitude of the 14th Brigade, which answered fire with fire steadily throughout the day. When late in the day a frontal attack was made on the village it was repulsed with heavy loss. In this the defenders were assisted by some shells which came from the south-east of Virton. Communication with the 53rd Brigade was hopelessly at fault, chiefly owing to the fact that it belonged to another corps. (Here we see the importance of flank liaison between corps.)

So much for the centre. Now let us examine the two arms of the nutcracker. On the left the 53rd Brigade was thinking and acting parochially. Though in an admirable position to further the plans of its neighbours and achieve a great victory over the 7th Division, it did nothing. It was no longer interested in the 7th Division. It had received such a nasty knock from one battalion of that division that it had had its fill of fighting for the day. It had won its victory and the natural reaction after a hard fight set in. So, after a pause of several hours while it licked its wounds and gloated over its victory, it resumed its march to its appointed billets at St. Remy.

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The fact is, the supposed attack from the Jeune Bois which had so perturbed Lacotte was no attack at all. It was merely some stragglers who had lost their way and were trying to rejoin their battalion! Yet their innocent action was one of the chief causes of the retreat of the 7th Division. Such a big part does chance play in war.

One arm of the nutcrackers had failed to function. What of the other? General Kosch was badly served by the commander of his 46th Regiment. In spite of his orders and of his threatening position on the flank of the French he did not dare attack. Partly he was influenced by the extreme extension of his line; he had no reserves. But chiefly he was impressed by the fact that when his men ascended the Latour crest they were shelled from the west, *i.e.*, from their rear.

General Kosch awaited with anxiety news of this attack. But none came. The last straw, as I believe, which finally decided him, was that just as he was about to launch his reserve regiment, the 6th Grenadiers, to the assault, its commander and the general's own chief staff officer were killed by his side. The shock and distraction caused by this blow was, I conceive, the deciding factor in the fight. Kosch's will to victory was bent and broken, and he issued orders for his troops to withdraw and reform under cover of the woods.

It seems likely that the will-to-victory of the opposing generals failed them almost simultaneously, with the result that the setting sun witnessed the remarkable spectacle of two armies which had each welcomed the dawn with such confidence, now marching rapidly away from one another.

Most of the lessons to be learnt from this astonishing battle are obvious, and I have not stressed them; particularly the necessity for inter-communication; and above all lateral communication, on the battlefield. Many minor tactical lessons are illustrated by episodes necessarily omitted from this article. But I would make three final observations:—

First, the action of the corps artillery in position south-east of Virton was entirely outside their task. They were supporting the 8th Division, and the Germans near Latour were about 45° outside their zone, and those north of Ethe only a little less. It was purely on the initiative of a sub-ordinate artillery commander that his guns were swung round on to these targets. According to theory this action was scarcely justifiable. The gunner is taught nowadays not

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to fire on any target he may happen to see but to concentrate on his prescribed task. Yet von Bredow's charge at Vionville was only successful because the French guns kept within their prescribed task; and Ethe would probably have been lost, too, had they done so again.

Second, just as the self-sacrifice of the 2/101st saved the right flank of the 7th Division, so the apparent sacrifice of the 14th Brigade saved themselves and won the day. Their endurance had not been in vain. To many a *poilu* in Ethe it must have seemed that their lives were being needlessly cast away. But " Cast thy bread upon the water and . . . "

I cannot forebear to quote a passage from Grasset's book. General Félineau has just received the order to hold on as long as possible, and this he intends to do. The author is writing, be it remembered, purely for French eyes. He wishes to give a supreme example of iron endurance, and this is what he says: " On tiendra . . . jusqu'á la mort. L'immortelle gloire de Wellington, *le Duc de Fer*, est née d'une situation semblable. La 14e brigade fera aussi bien que la vieille infanterie britannique."

Lastly, the will to victory. How important it is! It is surely safe to say that had either commander possessed the spirit of Lee at Sharpsburg or Foch at the marshes of St. Gond, he would have won the battle. As Foch himself says: " Une bataille gagnée est une bataille où l'on ne veut pas s'avouer vaincu."

SPECIAL NOTICE

" The Battle of Cambrai is for many reasons one of the most remarkable of the war. Against a background of vast and gloomy canvases it stands out a distinct, original, and complete picture . . . It is full of dramatic action and comprises every form of war . . . It illustrates a new phase in the art of war. It teaches new lessons and exemplifies old ones, and it is full of human interest."

[The above is taken from a striking account of the Battle of Cambrai, which will appear in THE FIGHTING FORCES for January, 1930.—ED.]

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AIR WARFARE

III.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF LOW-FLYING ATTACK AIRCRAFT.

By Squadron-Leader C. G. Burge, O.B.E., A.R.Ae.S.I. (Retired).

IN the preceding articles of this series on Air Warfare mention was made of the introduction during the late war of a specialized type of aircraft for carrying out the functions of low-flying attacks with machine guns and light bombs. It is now eleven years since the war terminated and it may be a little puzzling, to say the least, to understand why it is to-day that we do not possess specially equipped or trained units to carry out these functions. Space does not permit, nor should there be any need, to do more than recapitulate here one or two of the more important points arising from our previous study of this subject. Of these the following may be mentioned :—

(1) By 1917 the programme of expansion of the Air Force included a large number of units to be equipped with aircraft for low-flying attacks.

(2) Apart from the need of a specially designed machine it was obvious that the air situation would no longer allow the single-seater fighter or other types to be utilized for this work.

(3) The losses among those types of aircraft, which were then the only ones available for this work, were of a very serious nature. The need for a special type, fitted with armour to protect the vital parts, for low-flying attack, became manifest.

So it was in early 1918 that demands were put forward for a machine fitted with three guns, and for the pilot's seat and petrol tanks to be armoured. Before, however, these demands could be fulfilled the war terminated, and with it many of those ideas and necessities proven by war, which, seemingly, have been relegated to the background. The value of low-flying attack aircraft as a weapon of offence against all arms was so signally proved that a demand for special units arose to carry out these functions. Specializa-

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tion, made possible by the progress in aircraft design and construction, had, as we have already seen, become the rule.

Units equipped with a type of aircraft specially designed, armed and manned by specially trained personnel, to carry out the functions of low-flying attacks will, in the opinion of the writer, most assuredly prove, in the not too distant future, a factor of great potential value in the winning of wars on land. Moreover, a force of this nature is surely in keeping with that line of thought which to-day is endeavouring to equip the army with greater mobility and striking power in the form of a mechanized force. Units of low-flying attack aircraft appear to the writer to be not only an essential complement of such a force, but they would add enormously to its striking power.

To return for a moment to the experiences gained in the late war in this form of attack by low-flying aircraft, it is interesting to observe that we were not alone among the belligerents in grasping the need for special units to carry out the role of low-flying attacks.

As a result of the lessons and experiences of the Great War, two of the belligerents—Germany and the United States of America—formed special units to carry out these functions, these units being known as battle squadrons (attack aviation) as opposed to pursuit squadrons, which latter were employed solely on air fighting. To-day, America possesses in her Army Air Corps a number of these battle squadrons, and there is little doubt, that were Germany allowed to possess a military air force, she too would include these units in her organization. Indeed, judging from the statements made by General Von Hœppner, the Commander of the German Air Service during the last two years of the war, and from the German post-war Service Regulations dealing with this question, it becomes quite evident that such units would form a very important branch of her air service and that their number would probably be not inconsiderable.

The decision to retain these squadrons seems to the writer well founded, and he feels justified therefore in inquiring :—

Firstly,—and one directed to the Air Staff—as to the reasons for the apparent neglect to include " battle squadrons " among the units of the Air Force assigned to work with the Army.

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Secondly,—and one directed to the General Staff—as to whether the Army considers it needs these "battle squadrons."

In what follows, the writer will, within the very limited space of this article, endeavour to place before readers the pros and cons in respect of the two questions involved.

Before discussing these questions in any detail it would be as well perhaps from the very commencement to record the more outstanding reasons in support of a policy of including this type in the development plans of new type aircraft.

Firstly, there can be no denying the fact that in a war of any magnitude the single-seater fighter and light bombing class will not be available for functions other than those for which they have been specially built. Certainly, neither of these types will be suited to the work of low-flying attacks in face of the increased measures and effectiveness of A.A. defence which will be organized in the future to meet this form of attack.

Secondly, to employ single-seater fighters and bombers to carry out the functions of low-flying attack, has already proved to be not only uneconomical but a gross waste of trained personnel. The scarcity of personnel trained in these functions will, in the future, be even more acutely felt than in the last war.

Thirdly, the design and characteristics of the single-seater fighter and light bombing class differ radically in many important respects from those which are needed for low-flying attack aircraft.

Fourthly, low-flying attacks carried out on such targets as the enemy's foremost troops, etc., must be a matter for close co-ordination and understanding between air and ground. This calls for constant training and practice between these air units and the Army formations with which they will be called upon to work in time of war. A thorough knowledge of the tactics of the various arms of the army is essential to the crews of these low-flying attack aircraft. Moreover, the tactics to be employed by such air units also needs constant study and practice.

Such arguments are to the writer irrefutable. That these facts are recognized in official quarters is evident from the inclusion some two years ago of single-seater fighters among the Air Force units participating in the Army

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manœuvres. The reasons for their inclusion were equally obvious. They were :—

(1) The training of pilots.
(2) Air realities.
(3) Essentially to demonstrate their value in land operations.

Attacking ground troops was one of the earliest uses to which aircraft were put in the Great War. Up to the last year of that war it was generally believed that this duty did not call for a specialized type, but that it could be performed by the various types then in existence, in addition to the functions for which they were primarily designed. A further reason lay in the paramount necessity of keeping the number of types down to the lowest minimum, for apart from the added difficulties of supply attendant upon a multiplicity of types, it was considered uneconomical to add to the number of types unless it was found a necessity to do so. Only one of the belligerents in the war took the course of assigning a portion of his air force to this duty. Even to-day there seems to be no inclination among the air powers, with the two exceptions already mentioned, to possess a specialized branch for this work. As to the merits of such a type we must needs first turn our attention to a survey of the developments which took place during the war and subsequently. It will be necessary also to consider the matter from the point of view of air warfare generally, and also from the point of view of the legitimate claims of the Army, more especially in relation to the revolutionary changes that are taking place due to mechanization. It seems obvious that mechanization will inevitably tend towards closer co-operation and training between aircraft and the more mobile army units, which will, in turn, involve specialization of the type which will be employed in low-flying attacks on ground troops and mechanized vehicles.

We shall find in our study of air warfare that this form of attack was usually carried out by fighter aircraft although other types were often called upon to execute similar missions. It was, moreover, considered practicable for these aircraft to carry out such attacks without unduly interfering with the duties for which they were primarily intended. It must, however, be borne in mind that one of the chief reasons for this (it might almost be said the sole reason) was the fact

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that we had no previous experience of air warfare, and developments then in progress were not only rapid, but still of a very rudimentary nature. The functions and employment generally of the various types of aircraft were manifold, but there was undoubtedly a steady progress towards the specialization of types for specific functions and this was becoming more and more marked as the war progressed. It is, therefore, most interesting to note that towards the end of the war the Germans definitely decided to adopt a type for the special work of what was commonly known as " ground strafing," and they were influenced in this view by two considerations : first, it was believed that the type of aircraft most suited to this work differed radically from any previous designs ; secondly, it was found uneconomical, and detrimental to success in the air, to utilize fighter aircraft and fighter pilots on this work ; thirdly, it was thought that the tactics as well as the technique of executing ground attacks differed so much from other air operations that a separate organization and separate tactical training were necessary. Accordingly, in 1918, the first attack units, which were called by the Germans " battle flights," appeared on the Western Front.

The considerations put forward above in support of the adoption by the Germans of a type of aircraft for the special work of " ground strafing " would appear sound, but it would be as well to examine these in greater detail before we attempt to draw any conclusions.

To take the first point—the type of aircraft best suited. In his own story Ludendorff states that " In order to provide aircraft support for the infantry special battle aeroplanes were formed. As had hitherto been done by individual airmen, they dived down from great heights and flew along at a low level, attacking with machine guns and light bombs the infantry lines, the artillery, and as the practice extended, the enemy's reserves and transport columns, as well as columns of troops coming up from farther in rear. Originally intended to be an auxiliary arm to the infantry, these battle flights were finally given important tactical tasks."

In this latter category may now be added the attack of aerodromes, its employment in conjunction with cavalry, and—what would appear of greater utility—its employment in conjunction with tanks and other mechanized weapons ; a class of work that promises to open up new and important duties for such a type of aircraft.

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Ludendorff testifies to this when he says that " Aircraft as a fighting instrument for use against ground targets, did not then (in 1916) play such a systematic role as they did in 1917, and more particularly in 1918 "; (when examined, one finds that this was due in increasing part to the war of movement which, more or less prevailed, from the time the German offensive opened to the end of the war). It is important to remember this, for it is a war of movement which will certainly be in evidence in the future, and rarely if ever again will static warfare prevail as in the last war. " But as early as the Battle of the Somme, the enemy's aircraft, descending very low, played havoc with our infantry by M.G. fire."*

Speaking on the reasons for terminating the offensive on Amiens in 1918, he admits that all troops, especially mounted troops, had suffered heavily from bombing and machine-gun fire from hostile low-flying attack aircraft. " The ability of the industry to keep ahead in design and produce better machines than our adversary may be said to be as important as moral, training and general efficiency of the pilots and crews."

Perhaps this is an appropriate time of year at which to broach the subject, for it was only last month that the Army manœuvres or annual exercises were brought to a close. It is gratifying in one respect to read in *The Times* of August 24th that " one of the most interesting features of the operations of the three brigade groups of the 3rd Division was the good work of the Royal Air Force. Soon after the 8th Brigade left its camp at Tidworth Park, on its northward movement towards Savernake Forest, single-seater fighters from Upavon gave a good display of their capacity, given favourable ground, for effecting a surprise attack on troops on the march."

A gratifying statement inasmuch as it will, one hopes, help to create a greater appreciation of the potentialities of this form of attack, but, considering the experiences and lessons of the late war, to read eleven years after that single-seater fighters were displaying their capacity for effecting a surprise attack on troops on the march, seems to the writer to be rather ironical. Why single-seater fighters and not a specialized type of low-flying attack aircraft ?

This statement becomes the more extraordinary in face

* Vol. I, " My War Memories," 1914-1918.

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of that recorded in the " Synopsis of British Air Effort during the War," which was presented to Parliament in 1919. Under the heading, " Development of Special Functions " we read : " At the other end of the scale is the low-flying machine whose duty is to co-operate directly with the infantry and tanks in action, and to attack, with bomb and machine gun, enemy trenches and troops on the march or concentrating for an attack. For work of this nature, which is carried out from a height of a few hundred feet, an armoured machine has recently been devised." Why then, has this development not been proceeded with ? Surely not because we have become wiser after the event, but because we have had more immediate problems with which to deal and to occupy our time and which have been found more than enough to tax our brains and the public's purse.

The question of the development of this particular type needs very careful thought and one about which the Air Staff and the General Staff acting in close concert must sooner or later come to a definite decision. If, as already has been seen, single-seater fighters will not be available for this work and if, in the opinion of the General Staff, it is considered that a number of these squadrons should be available on the outbreak of war to carry out these functions in close co-operation with the army, then it is a matter for the Air Staff to supply them.

In the opinion of the writer the sum required for the formation and upkeep of three such squadrons could be easily met out of Army funds by making economies in other directions ; moreover, the Army would gain in fighting efficiency by the possession of such units. Failing the immediate formation of such units it is to be hoped that development work on low-flying attack aircraft will again be undertaken and this is the sole responsibility of the Air Force.

Conclusions.

Like all weapons aircraft have their limitations, and these are not sufficiently realized. In peace time we are too prone to fall victims to undue optimism, and this is no doubt due to a desire to cultivate the offensive spirit and to overconfidence in the offensive qualities of the weapon which we are to wield or direct in war.

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Bearing in mind, therefore, the limitations and characteristics of aircraft, what is the part that low-flying attack aircraft are likely to play in future wars ?

The answer depends on the extent to which these aircraft are likely to supplement other weapons, and the economy and certainty with which objects strategical or tactical may be attained by their employment. Obviously this involves assumptions as to the evolution of war and the possible developments of aircraft and other weapons. There is no lack of prophets, and on the whole the experts, who realize more clearly the difficulties and limitations involved, and from their familiarity perhaps pay too little heed to the influence and value of this type of aircraft, make more modest claims than other writers who contend that this type will be the most powerful weapon of the future. Used at the right place and moment and in adequate numbers it offers brilliant possibilities.

Let us not shut our eyes to the moral of these facts. They proclaim that if our army is to retain its high place in fighting efficiency and in equipment among the armies of the world, we must be pioneers in the development and use of new types of aircraft.

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SOME NAVAL PERSONALITIES

By C. L. M.

ALTHOUGH his manner may appear
A trifle haughty and austere,
The Admiral is not so grim
As you'd at first imagine him.
So if his features should assume
A choleric and ruddy bloom,
Don't think, as nervous snotties do,
That he is really vexed with you.
Approach him with a friendly wink
And ask him what he'll have to drink;
For Admirals, both "Rear" and "Vice,"
Are harmless souls and *awfully* nice.

The Captain is a lonely fellow
Who may not, if he would, be mellow,
And jest and sing and let things rip
In gay convivial fellowship.
He must preserve an awful dignity
That chokes the well-springs of benignity
And makes him stand aloof, alone,
Wrapped in a grandeur all his own.
Stern, unapproachable, sublime,
The Captain has a lonely time.

Commanders, I regret to state,
Grow sometimes just a shade irate,
A *leetle* apt, one sadly owns,
To speak in sharp reproving tones.
If they observe the smallest speck
Of dust upon the quarter-deck
They wax remarkably excited,
And someone's day gets badly blighted.
Beware Commanders! when you meet 'em
Be very careful how you treat 'em,
For it is rare to find a Bloke
Who's really tame enough to stroke.

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The Padre is a genial bird
Who never lacks a friendly word
For those that have the tact and wit
To offer him a Gin and It.
Bonhomie is his foremost feature ;
He is a sleep-dispelling preacher
Who castigates us with severity,
But tempers righteousness with brevity.
As proper penance for our sins
He plays at bridge with us, and wins ;
His yarns come bubbling up like froth,
But always suited to his cloth.
To call him dull would be absurd ;
He is, in short, a cheery bird.

The Loot.-Commander has a notion
That it is time he got promotion.
He feels that it would prove a bore
To find himself one day ashore
Regretfully (of course) retired
Ere youth's first vigour has expired.
Ambition's a deceitful thing,
But still he rather wants that ring,
And so he keenly scans the ocean
For sight of H.M.S. *Promotion*.

Sub-Loots are such a lively crowd ;
Their life's horizon knows no cloud,
Upon their course not yet does bear
That ominous torpedo, Care.
Thus when their watch on deck is done
They skip ashore in search of fun,
Agog for every kind of sport,
On dance-floor or on tennis court.
Prime favourites always with the ladies
They let dull caution go to Hades,
In fact, they do not care a hoot
One envies the obscure Sub-Loot.

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WILLOUGHBY'S LUCK

By Brig.-Gen. G. R. Cassels, C.B., D.S.O.

A YOUNG man was sitting on a rock by the side of one of the small paths which take off from the Mall—the road circling round Jakko, the highest point of Simla. From where he sat he could at once see anyone turning down the path from the road above it. His face wore a troubled look, and from time to time he dug the point of his walking-stick viciously into the soft earth of the bank beside him, but his eyes never wandered from the opening off the road. At last his patience was rewarded, and he jumped up with an exclamation of relief as a girl in a light summer dress came quickly down the path towards him. As he turned to meet her she held out a hand to him, and he took it in both of his.

"It's no good, Kitty dear," he said; "he's turned me down definitely."

"Yes, old boy, I know, and he's told me so—also very definitely; but he hasn't forbidden me to see you, so that's why I'm here. Let's sit down now and talk it out and see what's to be done next. What did father say to you, Maurice?"

"Mr. Carstairs was awfully decent about it, I must own. When I told him I wanted to marry you, and said I hoped he'd agree to our engagement, he just said: 'Well, Willoughby, I must tell you frankly that I'm sorry this has happened, although I've been expecting it for some time. I've nothing against you personally, but, before we say anything further, I should like to know how you propose to support a wife? I don't know much about the Army or India, but during the few months I've been in the country I've rather gathered that a junior Captain in the Indian Army finds it pretty difficult to get along as a bachelor, even when he's on the Staff as you are, and I must ask you to tell me whether you've any private means or any prospects?' Well then, Kitty, I must say I felt rather a fool. I had to own that I'd no private means and no prospects, but I blurted out something about having passed the Staff College and hoping to get a better-paid job in two or three years' time, and that we were both

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quite ready to wait, and so on. Then he looked at me very straight and said : ' My dear boy, the thing's quite out of the question. I'm not going to have Kitty tied down to an indefinite engagement, and perhaps married to a poor man at the end of it. I know her better than you do, and she's not the sort of girl to stand either the one thing or the other. I'm very sorry, but you must both give up all idea of it. I'm not going to forbid you to see my daughter—I don't believe in those Early Victorian methods—but I'm just going to leave the matter to your good sense and good taste.' And so, Kitty, that's that, and we're pretty well up against it, aren't we ?"

" So it seems," she assented. " Father was very decent to me, too. Directly you'd gone he came to me and said much the same sort of thing. I believe, you know, he thinks it's not really serious, and that we're both very young—anyway, I am—and that we'll get over it. But there's more in it than that. He could, of course, help us out, for he's so well off that I don't think he knows what his income is, but he has an old-fashioned idea that a man ought not to ask a girl to marry him unless, as a married man, he can carry on entirely on what he's got himself. Also, there's another thing—he's got an extraordinary prejudice against the Army. He thinks it should hardly be classed as a profession, as no one can ever really make enough in it to be anything but a pauper—according to his ideas. He also thinks that Army people—anyway the younger men—don't take life seriously."

" Oh, I say," interrupted Maurice, " I wish he'd been at the Staff College—he'd think differently then."

Kitty laughed. " Unfortunately, he hasn't," she said, " and I can't get him to believe that men really work in the Army. He thinks they just pretend to."

" A good many people think that," agreed Maurice gloomily.

" I know," said Kitty, " and I know they're wrong, but it's very hard to convince dad. You see, he was shipped off to the Argentine when he was very young, and he's had to work frightfully hard all his life, and he's made all his money without any help from anyone and only just had time to enjoy himself the last few years, when he's getting old—at least, old according to our ideas. Let's see, he was forty when I was born, so he must be fifty-nine. I must say he doesn't look it."

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"No, he doesn't," agreed Maurice. "He looks jolly hard and fit."

"Yes; he's both, and he's enjoyed this trip to India and the sport out here in the cold weather like anything, but, unfortunately, he hates this Simla life. It's all so official, and he thinks these people up here, especially the men at Army headquarters, are so awfully pleased with themselves and so pompous and give themselves such airs without any reason. And," she concluded with a laugh, "he particularly dislikes your boss, Colonel Saunderson."

"Oh, hang it all, Kitty!" exclaimed Maurice, "old Saunderson isn't half a bad chap really. Of course, he takes some knowing, and his manner's against him. That's all."

Kitty laughed. "It's quite right to stick up for him, Maurice," she said, "but you know Colonel Saunderson really *is*——"

"Well, let's leave Colonel Saunderson out of it."

"Right you are. I only wanted to let you know why I believe father is against our engagement. But at the same time, dear, *if* we stick to it, I'm pretty certain he'll come round in the end. I know he likes you personally, and, after all, I'm all he's got."

"Kitty dear," said Maurice, "do you realize what a dreadful thing you said just now? You said '*if* we stick to it.' There's not any doubt about that, is there, surely?"

"Of course not, honey. What we've got to do is to carry on and hope for the best."

Maurice drew her towards him.

"May I?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, with a blush; and then, "there, Maurice, don't you feel better about it now?"

"My dear, you've put fresh heart into me," he answered.

"I must get back," said Kitty. "We've got some stupid people coming to tea, and I shall be late if I don't hurry."

"I'll walk back with you."

"No, don't do that. We mustn't be seen too much together or all these old women up here will be gossiping about us more than ever, and I fancy there's a good deal of talk going round already."

"All right, dear. Let's see; you won't be at the dance at Viceregal Lodge to-night, will you?"

"No; not asked," she said. "Not important enough;

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but we'll meet at the Gymkhana at Anandale to-morrow. Good-bye, my dear. Keep your heart up," and, with a wave of the hand, she left him.

Maurice was dining out that evening before the dance at Viceregal Lodge, and he would have preferred greatly a quiet dinner at the Club and a peaceful evening with a book in his room afterwards. His hosts were charming people—a Colonel and Mrs. Whyte—and usually he looked forward to one of their cheery dinner parties with a certainty of enjoyment, but on this occasion he felt he was not in the mood to enjoy either the dinner or the dance.

On arrival at the Whytes' house he was therefore glad when his host told him that he would not be required to take anyone in to dinner, and he hoped that he might be sitting between two men. But in this he was disappointed, for when he found his place he discovered that he was to sit on the right hand of a lady for whom, in common with most people in Simla, he had no very great liking.

Mrs. Hope was the widow of an officer in the Political Department who had died on the North-West Frontier some six years previously. She was no longer young, but was one of those women who, unfortunately, cannot grow old gracefully. She was also a woman to whom the social life of India made a great appeal, and after her husband's death she had remained on in that country. Heavily made up and much over-dressed, she divided the year between Calcutta and Simla, clinging tenaciously to the society of officials whom she had known in her husband's lifetime. People were sorry for her, for she was a rather pathetic figure, but they were beginning to get a little tired of her constant references to past glories, her playful manner, and her insistent complaint that life was so dull, " for, you see, poor Alfred always used to tell me so much about his work, and it's very hard now not to hear about the really interesting things that are happening." And, in addition to this craving to be in touch with official matters, there was another weakness about Mrs. Hope which caused a certain amount of mild amusement and gossip in Simla society, for, according to popular rumour, she would not have been at all averse to changing her name a second time. Indeed, this was so generally believed that some wag had nicknamed the poor lady Hope Eternal.

Mrs. Hope knew Maurice Willoughby slightly, and as she settled herself in her place she gave him a casual nod of

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recognition. She was not too well pleased at finding herself next to a junior Captain, so after this acknowledgment of his presence she devoted her attention to the man who had taken her in to dinner. For this Maurice was only too thankful, and, as his right-hand neighbour was a taciturn young Sapper subaltern, he resigned himself gratefully to his meditations and the dinner provided by Mrs. Whyte's excellent cook.

But with the arrival of dessert Mrs. Hope, who was beginning to tire a little of her dinner partner, suddenly remembered that Maurice held an appointment at Army Headquarters, and it occurred to her that possibly she might be able to extract some interesting item of information from him. Turning towards him, she smiled at him graciously and said :

" You're up here on duty, aren't you, Captain Willoughby ?"

" Yes," said Maurice ; " I've got a job at Army Headquarters."

" How interesting !" she exclaimed. " Now, do tell me all about your work. Which branch are you in—Adjutant-General's, Q.M.G.'s, or the General Staff ?"

" I'm on the General Staff," replied Maurice somewhat curtly.

" Oh, how nice !" cried Mrs. Hope. " I always think that must be by far the most interesting side. I suppose you have all sorts of exciting things ?"

" Well, I don't know," answered Maurice. " There is a good deal going on, of course, and I must say I find the work very interesting."

" I expect it is. Now, I wonder if you could tell me something I want to find out about ?"

" Probably not," said Maurice, with a laugh. " You see, I'm not a very important person."

" That means you don't want to. But I'm really quite safe. Poor Alfred always used to tell me so much about his work—my dear husband was in the Political, you know."

The lady sighed deeply and made an effective pause. Maurice began to feel rather uncomfortable.

" Well," continued Mrs. Hope confidentially, lowering her voice and leaning towards him, " a little bird told me that there's going to be an expedition against the Waziris this autumn."

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Maurice started. " Oh, really !" he said blankly.

" Ah !" said Mrs. Hope quickly, " I see you know something about it."

Maurice fidgeted in his chair.

" If I did, Mrs. Hope," he said, " I couldn't talk about it, you know."

" But do you, or don't you ?" she persisted.

Maurice grew very red in the face.

" I'm afraid I can't answer that question," he said.

The lady clasped her hands and laughed.

" You've given yourself away," she cried. " Now I'm sure you know all about it."

To this Maurice made no reply.

" Now, look here," said Mrs. Hope, " I really know a good deal about it already, so you may as well tell me a little more. Isn't the concentration of our troops to be at Tank, and isn't the date of the concentration the 15th of October ?"

Maurice said nothing, and, half turning away from her, began nervously fingering his dessert knife.

Mrs. Hope was getting annoyed.

" You've not answered my question, Captain Willoughby," she said softly.

" I don't intend to answer it, Mrs. Hope."

" That's rather rude, isn't it ?" she retorted ; " and you'd much better answer, for if you don't I shall know that I'm right and that you know that I'm right. I'll give you another chance. I'll count five, and if you don't answer before I've said ' five,' I shall know for certain that Tank is the place and October 15th the date. One—two—three—four—five. Oh, very well, then. If you won't, you won't, but you'd have been wiser to tell me straight out."

At this moment, to Maurice's intense relief, Mrs. Whyte got up, and the ladies left the room.

* * * * *

The dance at Viceregal Lodge was more than half over, and the band was playing the last bars of the " Merry Widow " waltz. Couples were already beginning to leave the ballroom in search of comfortable chairs for the interval before the next dance.

" Let's go into the library," said Colonel Saunderson to his partner. " It's nice and quiet in there, and also it's near

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the supper room, and we might go on and have a little supper if you're not engaged for the next."

"Very well," said Mrs. Hope; "I'm not engaged, and I should like a bit of a rest first, and then a little supper afterwards."

They were a striking couple as they walked slowly down the long corridor, she a tall, handsome woman, the shaded lights of the corridor dealing kindly with her make up, so that she looked younger than her years, and he tall, too—a well-set-up, soldierly-looking man, dark, with a strong, alert face and a close-clipped grey moustache. They were good friends, these two. Mrs. Hope liked to be seen with such a companion, and he liked the lavish flattery which she so gracefully gave him.

"Well," she said, as they found their seats, "I suppose you're just as busy as ever."

He crossed his legs and regarded her complacently.

"Yes," he said, "there is a good deal to do just now."

"And you, as usual, bear the brunt of it?"

"Oh, I don't know about that," he laughed. "There are other people at Army Headquarters beside me, you know."

"Yes," she rejoined, "but few in such a responsible position. Oh, how I wish I were a man! It must be splendid to have so many important questions under your control."

"There are drawbacks to that, as to everything else," he answered. "One gets a bit rushed sometimes."

"Oh, but *you* don't, I'm sure!" she said. "I can't imagine you as anything but calm, confident and quite sure of yourself. Is there anything very important in the air just now?" she asked after a pause.

Colonel Saunderson looked at her quickly.

"Oh no!" he said. "Why should you think there might be?"

"Well, of course, I don't hear things as I did when poor Alfred was alive—he used to tell me so much about his work, you know—but, all the same, I *have* heard it said that there is going to be an expedition against the Waziris this autumn."

"Not a word of truth in it," he answered without a moment's hesitation.

Mrs. Hope laughed. "Very well done," she said;

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" but you don't take me in that way, my dear man. I suppose you'll tell me next that the date for the concentration of our troops is not the 15th of October, and that Tank is not the place fixed for the concentration ?"

Colonel Saunderson looked her full in the face.

" There's no idea of any expedition," he said calmly, " and so naturally there's nothing decided about concentrating troops anywhere."

For the second time that evening Mrs. Hope began to get annoyed.

" Really," she exclaimed, " considering we're by way of being friends, I *do* think you might trust me a bit ! As a matter of fact, I *know* that there will be a large concentration of troops, and that it will take place at Tank on the 15th of October."

" How very interesting !" said he ; " and if it's not indiscreet, may one ask how you acquired this remarkable piece of information ?"

" Captain Willoughby told me this evening," she said lightly, " so you see you needn't have taken the trouble to tell so many naughty little stories."

" Oh, did he !" said Colonel Saunderson slowly. " Well, anyway, my dear lady, you can take it from me that he didn't know what he was talking about. And now suppose we go and have some supper."

* * * * *

Shortly before ten the next morning, Maurice reached his comfortable office at Army Headquarters, and looked distastefully at the large accumulation of files arranged on his table. Usually he attacked his work keenly, but that day his private troubles weighed heavily on his mind, and he felt a great disinclination to make a start.

He had been working for about half an hour, when the telephone bell on his table rang insistently. With a sigh, he took up the receiver and held it to his ear.

" Is that you, Willoughby ?" said a voice which he recognized as Colonel Saunderson's.

" Yes, sir."

" Come down and see me at once, please."

" Very good, sir ; but I'm afraid I haven't got any papers ready for you yet."

" Never mind about the papers. I want to speak to you about another matter."

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" Very good, sir ; I'll come down now."

" I wonder what he can want to talk about," thought Maurice. " He sounds a bit put out about something."

He ran quickly down the stairs to the next landing, turned down the passage and knocked at his chief's door.

" Come in," said Colonel Saunderson.

Maurice opened the door and went in.

" Good-morning, sir."

" Good-morning, Willoughby."

Without thinking, Maurice crossed the room towards the chair which he usually occupied, but the Colonel stopped him with an abrupt gesture.

" No ; stay where you are, please," he said.

Maurice looked at him in surprise and stood still.

Colonel Saunderson cleared his throat.

" Willoughby," he began gravely, " I am sorry to say that a very serious thing has happened."

" Really, sir," said Maurice. " What is it ?"

" Last night at the dance at Viceregal Lodge I was told by a lady—first, that there is to be an expedition against the Waziris this autumn, and, secondly, that Tank has been fixed upon as the place for the concentration of our troops, and that the date for the concentration is the 15th of October. Now, the Chief only gave his consent to the expedition yesterday morning, and only three people knew this and the other details, the Chief of the General Staff, myself and you. I, of course, told the lady that she had been wrongly informed, but I asked her who had given her this information, and she said you had. Now, what have you got to say about it ?"

" May I ask, sir, who the lady was ?"

" Yes ; I think that's a perfectly fair question. She was Mrs. Hope."

" Ah ! now I understand, sir," exclaimed Maurice. " I sat next Mrs. Hope at dinner at the Whytes last night, and she tackled me about the possibility of an expedition against the Waziris. I refused to discuss the question with her, although it is common rumour that there may be a show in Waziristan soon, and then she asked me straight out if it wasn't true that the concentration was at Tank on the 15th of October. I said nothing—simply didn't answer—and then she said if I didn't answer she'd know she was right. Of course, she guessed both the place and the date. It wasn't very difficult for her to make a good shot at the place, as she

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was on the Frontier a great deal with her husband; getting the date right was just a fluke. I assure you, sir, I told her nothing. I just didn't answer. I didn't know what else to do."

"Why didn't you tell her she was wrong?"

"Well, I was somewhat put out, and, for the moment, it didn't enter into my head."

"All the more unfortunate for you," said Colonel Saunderson drily. "Of course, you ought to have done everything in your power to put her off, and, by your own showing, you did nothing. It was absolutely imperative that this matter should be kept secret, and now everyone in Simla will know about it; it will be talked of in the bazaar in a day or two, and soon passed on to the Frontier. The Chief will be furious when he finds that there has been a leakage."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry, sir," began Maurice, "but——"

"It's no use trying to argue about the thing," burst out Colonel Saunderson angrily. "You have shown a serious lack of judgment, and we cannot afford to employ officers of your temperament on the General Staff at Army Headquarters. You will hand over to Arbuthnot to-day and rejoin your regiment to-morrow. That is all I have to say."

He took up a file and began reading it. Maurice hesitated for a moment, and then, turning quickly, left the room.

When he reached his own office he sat down heavily in his chair and looked blankly in front of him. He was furious with indignation at the injustice with which he had been treated, but what troubled him most was the consequences of such treatment. He saw his career ruined and all chances of marrying Kitty gone for ever.

His first instinct was to get into touch with her; she would probably be in if he rang her up at once.

"Hullo!" Kitty's voice came clear and sweet down the wires.

"Is that you, Kitty? Maurice speaking."

"Yes. What is it?"

"Can you meet me at the usual place on Jakko about half-past four this afternoon?"

"Yes . . . I think so . . . but that will make us very late for the gymkhana. Aren't you going there?"

"No, dear, I'm not going."

"But why not? . . . Maurice, is anything wrong? You sound very solemn."

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" I'm afraid there's just everything wrong."

" Oh ! Maurice darling, what is it ? Do tell me."

" I can't tell you on the 'phone, sweetheart ; it's a long story, and that's why I want to tell you somewhere where we won't be interrupted."

" All right, then. I must just wait till this afternoon, I suppose."

" Yes, I'm afraid so. Good-bye, dear."

" Good-bye, Maurice."

Maurice and Kitty sat very close together in the woods below Jakko, and Kitty now knew all her lover had to tell her.

" Oh," she cried, " it's all too dreadful ! I couldn't have believed that anyone could have been so cruelly unjust as Colonel Saunderson ; and as for Mrs. Hope, nothing's too bad for her. How I hate them both ! But there's one thing I want to say to you, Maurice darling, and that is that neither this nor anything else that may happen to you is ever going to make the smallest difference between you and me. You know that, don't you ?"

For a time he did not answer, but just held her closer to him.

" Kitty," he said at last, " you know I'll always care for you as long as I live, but it isn't right that you should wait for me now, dear. Before all this happened, your father would not agree to our engagement, and he's not any more likely to agree now—now that I'm disgraced and done for. He'll never come round. Sweetheart, you must give me up."

" No, Maurice," she said very quietly, " that I'll never do. I care for you now more than I ever did before, and nothing on earth will ever make me change."

" Kitty——" began Maurice ; but he got no further, for a little hand was placed gently but firmly over his mouth.

After that they sat for a long while together, and then at last Kitty said : " We'll say good-bye here, dear—here, where we've been so happy together. We had better not see each other again—it's best to get it over now. You'll remember what I've said to you, and we'll write every day to each other. Things will come right for us, I know—I'm just certain of it. No, don't move. Good-bye, my dearest."

A moment later and she was gone.

For a long time Maurice sat on there alone—alone with his thoughts.

* * * * *

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Jim Carstairs came slowly down the verandah steps and stood still for a moment deep in thought. He was feeling very worried about Kitty.

Since he had told her two days previously that he could not agree to her engagement to Maurice Willoughby, the girl had, he thought, been bravely making a great effort to be as cheerful as usual, but she had not succeeded in convincing him that she was anything but unhappy. Then the previous afternoon she had excused herself from going to the Gymkhana at Anandale, and this had surprised him, as she was passionately fond of riding and had not missed a gymkhana since their arrival in Simla. On his return from Anandale in the evening, her ayah had met him with a message that her mistress had gone to bed with a bad headache—and headaches were very rare visitations with Kitty.

At breakfast and later she had been unusually quiet and had seemed to have given up all attempts at appearing to be cheerful, and then she had made an excuse to leave the luncheon table early instead of staying with him while he smoked over his coffee. Mr. Carstairs sighed. Had he been right, he wondered? It was very hard for a man to know what to do in affairs of this kind. If only his wife had been alive now, how different everything would have been; she would have known instinctively if this affair with young Willoughby was serious or only a passing fancy which would soon be forgotten.

He opened his cigarette case, and, lighting a cigarette, walked slowly down the garden path.

The garden, which was a very large one for Simla, was laid out in terraces, and on the lowest terrace of all was a small lawn, in the centre of which grew an old loquat tree. In the shade of the tree was a garden seat. As Mr. Carstairs crossed the lawn, he saw that the seat was occupied. Kitty sat there—a small, forlorn-looking figure huddled up against one arm of the seat, with her face hidden in her hands.

Jim Carstairs threw away his cigarette, and, going quickly up to her, leant over her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder.

"Kitty, my dear," he said, "what's the matter? Is anything wrong?"

"Oh, nothing, daddie," she said, with her face still hidden. "You mustn't worry about me. I shall be all right soon."

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He sat down beside her.

" Can't I help you, Kitty ?" he said. " Won't you tell me what's troubling you ? You'll feel better if you can."

Kitty turned towards him and hid her face against his rough coat just as she used to do when she was a small child.

" Tell me," he said.

" Oh, daddie darling," she cried, " I'm in such terrible trouble about Maurice !"

" I'm afraid that's my fault, isn't it ?" he asked gently.

" No, it isn't !" she exclaimed. " It's worse—much worse."

" What is it ? Has anything happened to young Willoughby ?"

" Yes, and I'll tell you all about it. I'd like to. The night before last," she went on, " Maurice sat beside that awful woman, Mrs. Hope, at a dinner party at the Whytes. She took no notice of him for a long time, and then she started trying to worm some official secret out of him ; he couldn't tell me what it was—something very secret. Maurice declined to discuss the matter with her or to answer her questions, and then she made a shot at the information which she wanted. He still wouldn't say anything, and she asked him if he could deny it. He still said nothing."

" Gad ! What a poisonous woman !" interrupted Mr. Carstairs.

" Well," Kitty went on, " she went straight from there to the dance at Viceregal Lodge, came across Colonel Saunderson, told him that she knew this thing which was supposed to be so secret, and that Maurice was the person who had given her the information."

Mr. Carstairs gave an exclamation of disgust.

" A woman like that ought to be put into a lethal chamber," he said. " Go on, Kitty."

" Colonel Saunderson had Maurice up next morning—that was yesterday—and taxed him with giving away official secrets. Maurice told him exactly what had happened, but he refused to accept his explanation. The brute then told Maurice that he wasn't fit to be on the Staff, and he's turned him out of his appointment and ordered him back to his regiment, and he'll have left Simla in half an hour. I came out here because I can just see the railway station from this seat," she concluded miserably.

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Mr. Carstairs put Kitty gently from him and sat upright. His eyes were blazing with indignation.

"Well," he burst out, "upon my soul, I don't think I've ever heard of anything more outrageous in all my life! That pompous ass Saunderson ought to be shot. Damn the fellow! He hasn't got the brains of a louse, or any sense either, or he wouldn't get rid of a good, straight chap like young Willoughby for such an idiotic reason. What a damnable business! But, of course, it couldn't happen anywhere except in the Army. These people at Army Headquarters are past praying for, with their ridiculous airs, and their A.Gs. and Q.M.Gs. and X.Y.Zs., and all the rest of it. I'll teach them to treat a fine young chap like that! I'll do something that will make them all sit up and take notice. Kitty, my dear, do you really care for young Willoughby? Are you sure? Do you feel you always will care for him? Tell me."

Kitty stared at him in astonishment.

"Care for him, dad?" she said. "Of course I do, and of course I always shall."

"On your honour, Kitty?"

"On my honour, dad."

"Then, by God! you shall have your soldier boy, Kitty, and you shall marry him as soon as ever you like. That'll l'arn 'em!—old Saunderson and all these old fools up here!"

"Daddie! Daddie darling!" cried Kitty, half laughing and half crying, as she threw her arms round his neck. "Oh, I'm so happy! I can't believe you really mean it."

"Of course I do," he said; "and we'll have the finest wedding ever seen in this damned place, and all the other girls will be green with envy—and all the men, too, I'll be bound," he added, looking fondly at her.

"Daddie," she whispered, "how can I ever thank you?"

"Oh, my dear, don't say that! I only want you to be happy."

They sat without speaking for a moment, and then Kitty jumped up suddenly.

"Why, what's the matter now?" asked her father.

"Maurice," said Kitty excitedly—"he's so unhappy! If I could only tell him this before he goes! I can't catch him at Simla now, but I could catch him at Tara Devi station

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if I ride down the hill hard enough ; the train stops there a few minutes."

" Good idea," cried Mr. Carstairs, " and you *shall* catch him. Come on down to the stables—quick. I'll help you to get Selim out if the syces aren't there."

A few minutes later Selim, Kitty's white Arab, dragged, to his indignation, from his midday feed, stood ready bridled and saddled. Mr. Carstairs tugged at the pony's girths.

" Right now," he said. " Up you get, Kitty."

She sprang lightly into the saddle. Her father looked at his watch as she tightened up the reins.

" You'll just do it," he said. " Ride like hell, my dear !"

" I will," she cried, and, with a clatter of hoofs, she was gone.

Mr. Carstairs looked after her with a smile and chuckled.

" I'd give a good deal to see them at Tara Devi," he said to himself.

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OUR BOYS' EDUCATION*

II.—THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

By Our Education Correspondent.

THE father who has not only the wish but also the means to send a son to his old public school requires no advice, and to him this article is not addressed. The English public school still, happily, affords a wide and general education, and the father's old school will be found perfectly competent to fit the son for any of the professions he desires to enter. There are, however, a large number of parents whose choice is by no means so predestined and who either through want of knowledge or lack of funds are torn this way and that in the selection of a school for their son.

In the last number of The Fighting Forces the place of importance of the preparatory school was discussed and it was pointed out that, while the years 8—14 witness deep formative processes at work within the boy, the hardening and the finishing processes are left to the public school. The public school, unlike the preparatory school, will set a recognizable stamp upon the boy: it will furnish him with ideas, shape his tastes and provide him with friends, that will last throughout his life.

However laudable the ambition of a father for his son to follow in his footsteps, there is one primary consideration which should be weighed by him and all parents before coming to a definite decision upon the choice of a public school. Briefly expressed it is, that it is not fair to a boy to send him to a school where he will habitually be associated with, make his friends among, and take his ideas from, a body of boys who live upon a higher financial plane. In rare cases it is true that this "financial inferiority complex" will act as a spur to ambitious and successful efforts; but in nine cases out of ten the struggle for existence in after life will be accentuated and embittered. The specious argument that to scrape and squeeze in order to send a son to a school towards the top of the scale will be to give him a certain "cachet" or status and to furnish him with influential

* See The Fighting Forces Inquiry Bureau with regard to inquiries about preparatory and public schools.

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acquaintances has yet to be justified by facts. The public schools do indeed make their impression upon their boys, but it is a uniform and common one. It is only the lady novelist who at a glance can identify a Harrovian from a Rossallian or detect the difference between a Rugbeian and a Felstedian. In civil life it is more than doubtful if the employer, be he director, banker, politician or magnate, in these days looks beyond the ability and personality of the applicant. These and not the status of his old school will carry weight.

More important, let me repeat, than alleged " status " of a school is the pocket of the parent. Viewed from this financial angle, the English public schools fall into three grades (I purposely avoid use of the misleading word " classes ").

Grade I.—Those where the fees are £200 or more—a small group consisting of Eton (£230); Harrow (£216); Rugby (£202); Winchester (£200). To the first two it is unwise to send a boy unless the parents are able to provide him with an ample private allowance on leaving school either for the Army, the University, or civil life. At the remaining two the education is of so high a standard that any parents who can cheerfully pay the cost could hardly do better in the choice of a school.

Grade II.—This, if not the biggest is certainly the most important of the three groups comprising, with the exception of the four in Grade I, nearly all the well-known public schools, viz.: Stowe (£190); Downside (£190); Uppingham (£186); Radley (£185); Shrewsbury (£180); Charterhouse and Clifton (£175); Oundle (£170); Repton (£168); Sherborne (£165); Lancing, Malvern and Cheltenham (£162); Beaumont, Mill Hill and Ampleforth (£160); Bradfield, Haileybury, and Sedbergh (£150).

It would be invidious to draw any distinction between these schools, or to offer advice upon choice. Certain points might be noted such that Stowe, the most expensive, is almost the most recently founded; that Ampleforth, Beaumont and Downside are Roman Catholic; and that Mill Hill has a strong Nonconformist and Cheltenham a notable military tradition. Choice, however, must to a very large extent depend upon purse, predilection and prejudice.

Grade III.—This category, in which are placed those schools with combined fees of under £150, is numerically

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the largest and it must be confessed consists, with three notable exceptions [Marlborough (£145); Westminster (£144); and Wellington (£140)] of those less widely known. Not that this is anything to their disfavour. In education, in athletics, their standard is frequently as high as that obtaining in the more famous institutions. The widely held impression that schools beyond a select pale of some twenty odd are peopled by tradesmen's sons and board school scholars simply conflicts with facts. A parent who feels unequal to the strain of £150 or more per annum could do very much worse than make his choice from Blundells (£137), Bedford (£129), Felsted (£116), King's School, Canterbury (£129), Rossall (£145), St. Paul's (£105), Dulwich (£130), or Tonbridge (£141)*.

Actually, the cheapest medium of education is the day school, for and against which there is much to be said. Whether or not this method commands itself to parents is one which they, taking everything into consideration, are fittest to decide. The majority of schools in the *third* group and a few of those in the *second* provide for the admission of day boys at fees ranging from about £40 to £50 a year. Westminster and St. Paul's in London, Highgate, just outside London, Bedford. and Cheltenham in the provinces, stand in the front rank of day schools.

Owing to the changes brought about by the Great War the parent of to-day is very much handicapped compared with his own father. In the latter's time the public schools were crying to be filled and it was possible to defer the choice until the son's final year at his preparatory school. To-day, anyone who so delayed his decision might very well find his son stranded high and dry. Consequently he must become the judge of his boy's school when the latter is scarcely out of his cradle. More difficult than this, he must to some extent gamble upon his financial prospects some ten or more years ahead.

Like all varieties of formal education that given by the public school tends towards the stereotyped. The efforts, however, to vary the mould have been neither happy nor successful. So long as the crank and the educational theorist

* In case it should be thought that the writer is unduly prejudiced in favour of the so-called *second-class* public schools, it should be stated that he was not only educated at one within the so-called pale, but has taught within and without this select circle.—EDITOR'S NOTE.

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consumed printer's ink and paper no great harm was done; but to-day when each possesses or threatens to possess his own school there is a danger of parents becoming deceived by specious phraseology and plausible prospectuses. Parents would be well advised to steer clear of any establishment which purport to be run on "modern lines," which set out to permit of what they are pleased to term a boy's "self-expression," which pride themselves upon the absence of rules, punishments, and even classes and any form of compulsion. The average healthy minded boy is fundamentally lazy and ready to take the line of least resistance if left to himself. He can no more be properly educated, in the full sense of the word, than a puppy can be trained, without compulsion, and without discipline. The public school while ensuring these is not without its faults and shortcomings. Like the preparatory school, it has been affected by the general softening down of conditions on the one hand and on the other the elevating of athletics into what is little less than a paramount fetish. Nevertheless, for all its critics, the public school has in the past been responsible for much that indicates and distinguishes an Englishman. It is one of the finest tests through which a boy has to pass. What concerns the parents is to see that the test is a right and a reasonable one in his individual circumstances.

The Imperial Service College, Windsor, is able to take its place with the majority of the public schools that have been mentioned. A high standard of work and of games is maintained there, and Service parents, who are desirous of putting their boys into one or other of the Services, and to whom economical fees are a consideration, cannot do better than enter their boy's name for this College. A certain number of boys are admitted at preparatory school ages.

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NOTES ON FOREIGN SERVICES

FRANCE—ARMY.

DURING the past two or three years, and in particular during the past few months, the growth of Communism in the French Army has been attracting the attention not only of the military authorities, but also of the more thoughtful sections of the civilian population. The matter has recently been ventilated in the Press of the Right, and the vigorous campaign undertaken against the Communists by M. Tardieu, the old lieutenant of M. Clemenceau, and present Minister of the Interior, has given rise to the demand that a like energy should be displayed by the Minister for War.

It is not easy to estimate the exact strength of the revolutionary danger, and for the British observer it is particularly difficult, since discipline in the French Army is, and always has been, dependent upon factors which are peculiar to itself. At the same time, French officers of moderate, and Republican, views do not hesitate to state that every unit has its Communist "cell," and that if the Army were called upon to march against a foreign foe, or to assist in suppressing disturbances at home, mutiny on a large scale would inevitably break out; however this may be, there have certainly been a number of distinctly unpleasant "incidents" during the past year or two, and a good many more have been prevented only by the exercise of considerable tact on the part of the regimental officers.

The obvious remedy would, of course, be to abandon conscription, and fall back upon the voluntary system as it prevails in Great Britain and Germany. This has been advocated in responsible quarters in France, but it is usually dismissed as being one of those remedies which is worse than the original disease. A large, and there is reason to suppose an increasing, number of French officers are members of the Royalist organization, the *Action Française*, and in Republican circles it is an article of faith that the creation of a professional army would be followed by the overthrow of the existing régime. In short, the parties of the moderate Left believe, though they do not always say so, that the Third Republic can best be maintained by preserving a balance between the Royalist officers and the Communist rank-and-file; and,

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incidentally, it is due to this belief that the official spokesmen of Republican France are always found at every disarmament conference to be opposed to the abolition of conscription.

From the political point of view there is no doubt much to be said for the prolongation of the present state of affairs, but from the military standpoint it is deplorable that the discipline of the Army should be allowed to suffer merely for the convenience of politicians in Paris. Attempts are now being made to revive the patriotism of the troops by means of lectures, etc., but there can be no doubt that the enthusiasm engendered by the war has been allowed to cool down, and the situation is full of danger. So long as French statesmen treat the Army as the *enfant terrible* of their country, France will never get anything like full value out of the large armed forces which she maintains.

SPAIN—ARMY.

The reorganization of the artillery, as a result of the disorders in that corps earlier in the year, is now complete, and a system has been adopted which the authorities claim will combine the maximum both of efficiency and of economy. The sixteen regiments of field artillery are reduced to eight, but the total strength has hardly been affected, and the saving is in commanding officers and staff. The colours of the disbanded regiments have been deposited in the Army Museum at Toledo, and those of the regiment which mutinied at Ciudad Real have been hung with crepe, while an inscription has been attached commemorating the unit's disgrace. It has been officially announced that upon the reconstitution of the artillery all save twenty-nine of the old officers applied to be employed.

It has been decided to re-arm the batteries defending the Spanish naval bases, and these are now being equipped with powerful armaments, while the personnel has also been largely increased.

SPAIN—NAVY.

The naval manœuvres took place last month in the Mediterranean, and His Majesty King Alfonso was present as on previous occasions. A notable feature was the number of representatives of the Press who attended on the invitation of the Government.

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The Cabinet has adopted a programme which provides for the construction of eight destroyers, a submarine depot ship, and four fast motor boats. This will involve additional estimates amounting to about £3,100,000, while it is announced by the Ministry of Marine that experts are at present engaged upon the examination of a submarine construction programme which would necessitate the expenditure of a further £4,300,000.

UNITED STATES—ARMY.

President Hoover has ordered a General Staff survey of Army expenditure, and although it is too early yet to say what reforms will be instituted as a result of this, it seems clear that a great many of the existing military stations will be abolished, and the troops transferred elsewhere. Senator Hiram Bingham recently declared that " at least fifty of the garrisons which the taxpayers are now called upon to maintain are not needed for national defence, and have no military value," and yet a sum of no less than £5,218,546 was voted this year for their upkeep.

There are many posts, particularly in the Western States, which in some cases can accommodate only a handful of men, and are relics of frontier days. Others, in or near large cities, occupy land which, because of its situation, is extremely valuable, but is too limited in extent for the training of troops. Most of these posts, with such exceptions as those along the Mexican frontier, are eloquent testimony to the powerful influence of the politicians of the various States in which they are situated.

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A GLIMPSE OF WÖRTH BATTLEFIELD TO-DAY

By Lieut.-Colonel P. R. Butler, D.S.O.

OF the many memorable personal experiences arising from our occupation of the Rhine, not the least pleasant to look back on will be one connected, not principally with Germany, but with Alsace—a visit, in June of the present year, to the battlefield of Wörth.

For a British officer to make this pilgrimage is to-day something of an event. It was not so before the Great War. For years before 1914—and actually in the early summer of 1914, I believe—a party of Staff College students had gone there annually from Camberley to study the battlefield, coming via Strasburg, and putting up at the little town of Niederbronn, which nestles in a valley between pine-clad foothills of the Vosges.

To-day all that has ceased. Wörth—once so significant—has been superseded and surpassed by vaster battlefields; and no warfare student goes there any more.

At the *Camp de Bitche*, a few miles now within the French frontier, is an artillery range to which British troops have been accorded access during portions of the year. This camp formed our official reason for the journey from the Rhine.

It was a drive of some 120 miles from Wiesbaden that we did on that fine June afternoon and evening. Our route led us first to cross the Rhine at Mayence, heading westward, and then for many miles across the uplands of Rhenish Hesse, to the high plateau about Pirmasens, and down into the wooded valleys of Alsace. It was a day of breeze and sunshine, with chasing shadows across the cornlands that for mile after mile marked Germany, and dappled light and shade in the beechwood country of streams and valleys that was France. Away to the right, as the day declined, we could see the cloud of coal-smoke that marked the Saar—man's worst affront to Nature in these parts—but steering well away from it we kept in country that was all fresh loveliness, and towards our journey's end saw roedeer steal across our path, making for water in the valleys.

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They were small valleys. Everything was on a smaller scale, somehow, than obtained in Germany. The closer you approach the frontier the poorer do the villages become. There is a difference between French and German that is difficult to describe. Both countrysides are entirely dependent upon agriculture; so it isn't that. But it is agriculture with a difference.

* * * * *

About twenty-four kilometres to the south-east of the camp, and at a considerably lower level, situated in a pine-wood valley and watered by pleasant streams, lies Niederbronn. "Niederbronn-les-Bains" is what the authorities (and, one supposes, its inhabitants) wish it to be called; for it contains springs of high medicinal value. Until quite recently, however, its arrangements have been primitive—according to modern standards—and it has been served by one old-fashioned hotel, the "Matthis." This little hostelry used to be well known to successive generations of officers from Camberley, and it still cherishes—somewhat pathetically—their memory.

The edict went forth, however, that Niederbronn-les-Bains was to be brought right up-to-date, and now a big hotel, complete with every modern convenience, has been run up. It takes most of the modern patrons of the place; and as a further inducement to visitors a Casino has been started, and during the "Season" (July to October) you may play *chemin-de-fer* there, or the game of *boule*.

Nothing could have been more out of place in this little Alsatian village—for that is all it is—than these "improvements." So, at any rate, two of a British party felt the other day, and they seemed doubly inappropriate upon one's return from visiting the battlefield of Wörth.

* * * * *

It was a perfect June evening as we reached the battlefield. We motored out from Niederbronn in a few minutes; and dropping down through Fröschwiller, through what had been, on that fateful 6th of August, 1870, the French position, we passed through Wörth itself, and climbed the opposing slopes to the spot where until recently a great monument had marked where the Crown Prince Frederick stood just as victory was beginning to incline to the German arms. From the rock pedestal we looked back across the valley at the

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French position; and we were easily able, with the aid of a map and a little pamphlet, published locally, to identify the salient features of the battlefield.

Down these slopes the German battalions had gone steadily, irresistibly, to be met by fierce French charges. We saw where in the bottom of the valley ran the little streams, the Sauerbach and Bieberbach, wherein so many on both sides were drowned. The streams had been dammed, and torrential rains had fallen overnight and flooded them. But their level was low enough now. We marked the re-entrant down which—as a last desperate resort—the gallant French cavalry had been poured. It is "trappy" country, and inevitably they had been held. Held and massacred. In a little while we were gazing on their monument—chasseurs, hussars, spahis—and the scattered graves around it.

Surely no battlefield that can be called a "field," and not a mere riven waste such as is Ypres or Verdun, is as amply monumented as Wörth. From our vantage point we had beheld them, scattered over the slopes and upon the ridges; and now we came upon them by the wayside—crosses, columns, groups of statuary—as we slowly descended to the valley and climbed again on the farther side. The one which dominates the field is the memorial to the German artillery—a tower upon the western slope, towards Fröschwiller. We made our way to it, over a rough cart track, passing French and German monuments alternately. A very fine one shows the lion of Wurtemburg holding down the "eagles" and arms of France. Among them is a machine gun of multiple barrels—the original *mitrailleuse* that gave the name to the very different weapon of to-day.

From the top of this high artillery tower you get a splendid view of the whole battlefield. On that scented evening of our visit the scene was one of ineffable contentedness and peace. All round about us the cutting and carting of the hay was going on—it is not stacked in cocks as it is with us—and the patient oxen worked away, or stood in dozing couples, and the fine young peasants reaped and tossed and gathered, precisely as their forebears must have done fifty-nine years ago, a few days ere the war began.

Over there, beneath the historic poplars, we had stood where the German Prince had stood about four o'clock on that fateful afternoon, when the battle began to go definitely in his favour. Just where we were standing now, and at th

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same few moments of the evening's close, MacMahon had played his cavalry charge—and lost.

* * * * *

We drove quietly back to Niederbronn, by the way we had come—a lovely country road through Reichshofen and along the valley of the Falkensteiner Bach. That evening we dined in the little inn of Camberley memories. We ate simple fare and drank a bottle of sharply flavoured Alsace wine. We gazed upon portrait-groups containing many famous British soldiers. Some of them had been taken at the Staff College and sent to the Matthis as souvenirs of visits. A special niche upon one wall has been set aside for Henderson ; for in this simple hostelry he worked upon a study of the battle, which never, I fancy, saw the light.

We had a long talk with the proprietor, who did not appear to be unduly depressed by the advent of the big new hotel across the way. It would not cater for clients such as his ; and, alternatively, he would get its overflow. His is the old-established house, imbued with all the spirit of the place. Its hall is filled with curios dating back to Roman times. His is the old furniture ; the rambling passages, and the whole house, are his, and the attendant mystery.

Many stories he told us about the visits of the parties of Staff College students before the war. There was one about a chance encounter between one such Camberley party and a Staff Ride of Prussian officers, which took place in the very room in which we had our dinner, and which from a most unpromising beginning proceeded to a friendly, almost embarrassingly friendly, close.

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OMAR KHAYYAM AND THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

By Captain Evan Glasbrook Richards.

USUALLY the Education Officer liked teaching English literature. It was rather fun to follow the evolutions of the mind of the soldier when it was chasing after that evanescent butterfly, the spirit of a poem. It was slightly like a hippopotamus interviewing a fairy. Of course, what they did appreciate was the direct simplicity of " The Private of the Buffs."

> " Last night among his fellow roughs
> He jested, drank and swore,—
> A simple private of the Buffs
> Who ne'er had looked before."

That was the stuff. Anyone could understand that! Worth any amount of those fellows—Swinburne and Browning! Bertram had several times tried to make his classes dislike it, had pointed out the tawdry sentiment and the bombast of the verse, but always uselessly. He knew that a question like " Compare the prospects, education and outlook of the soldier depicted in ' The Private of the Buffs ' with that of the Private of to-day " would be answered in the fullest detail by his class.

Yes, generally Bertram liked teaching English verse to the candidates for the Special Certificate of Education, but to-night he was tired. He had been correcting third-class examination papers until he felt that never again would he be able to spell " their " correctly, but invariably as " thier " and sometimes " there." So he was snappy with the dozen earnest soldiers who formed his class.

The set book was " The Golden Treasury," and the Additional Poems the section the class was studying. Bertram thought longingly of his comfortable fireside and contrasted it with the arid classroom. Why *had* he been so anxious to offer these excellent people facilities for improving their culture? Would a black mark have been set on him either in heaven or on earth had he pleaded that he was too busy to give instruction to candidates for Special Certificates?

" Damn missionary zeal! " he growled to himself. Then he proceeded with the lesson.

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" You, Riddall, want me to explain ' Porphyria's Lover.' "

" Yes, sir," said Riddall, a dark, intelligent Signalman who was thinking of a commission.

" Well, like most of Browning, it is a bit obscure. But the idea is that a madman is sitting alone on a rainy night when his girl comes to his house. He realizes that she is all his now, possibly for the only time, so he strangles her.

" ' . . . . . I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around
And strangled her. No pain felt she. . . .' "

The class considered ; evidently they felt this was no way to treat a lady.

" Why did she visit him, sir, if he was mad ?" asked Sapper Fremantle.

" Perhaps he only went mad in spasms like," suggested another of the class helpfully.

" Thank you," said Bertram. " What do you think of it, Sergeant-Major Winter ?"

Heavy lines of thought creased the solid Winter's brow.

" I can't quite see what he wanted to write it for. Why did he write it, sir ?"

This Bertram could not answer.

" Well, we'll take Omar Khayyam," said he, turning over the pages of his book. To himself he was wondering why Winter (who had only secured his first-class certificate by means of most immense mnemonics on the lines of the detail of Infantry Drill) had taken an interest in further culture. The reason was simple : Sergeant-Major Winter had in an expensive moment bet the R.S.M. that he could take a Special easily. Bertram did not, however, know this.

" You start, Riddall."

Riddall in an educated, rather priggish voice commenced,

" Awake ! For morning in the bowl of night . . ."

Suddenly as the poem proceeded Bertram realized a very keen interest on the part of the class. They began to wake up at the words,

" I heard a voice within the tavern cry,
Awake, my little ones, and fill the cup
Before life's liquor in the cup be dry."

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Bertram thought to himself, " The soldier's paradise : Saturday afternoon with a girl and alcoholic refreshment ! " He was, as we have said, rather tired.

" Well," he said to the class, " that is the philosophy of Omar. Live for the moment. Old sinner ! "

The class obviously disagreed with his estimate of Omar. Here was a man after their own hearts. Most soldiers live somewhat in the present. And here in an otherwise improving volume was a fellow who put into words what they had so often felt. This was the stuff. What the hell was the good of laboriously saving towards a dully respectable old age ? One was only young once, after all. And what a jolly old beggar he was, too ! Fond of his glass and a pretty girl, but a sensible chap and one who took a shrewd view of life !

" Sergeant-Major Winter, verse eleven," said Bertram, and Sergeant-Major Winter commenced to read.

Now Bertram knew Sergeant-Major Winter quite well. Also, on Parents' Day at the garrison school, he had met Mrs. Winter. Winter was stout, solid and red-faced. Mrs. Winter was his female counterpart. There were two little Winter girls at the school, always neatly turned out, earnest, dull and very plain. The Winter home was near the road, and showed a blaze of colour in the front—the cheaper flowers—and orderly rows of cabbages at the back. There was also an insecure-looking aerial. Altogether a model household.

So that when Winter started reading,

> " Here with a loaf of bread beneath the bough,
> A flask of wine, a book of verse—and thou
> Besides me singing in the wilderness . . ."

the picture of Sergeant-Major and Mrs. Winter engaged in that exotic scene with a loaf of ration bread and a mug of canteen beer caught Bertram below the belt.

He uttered a short, sharp laugh. The class gazed at him, surprised.

" I'm sorry," explained Bertram, confused. " I just thought of a joke I had heard in connection with this verse. Carry on."

And so the lesson wandered to its close. Bertram did not observe a strange, rapt expression on the Sergeant-Major's countenance, nor did he notice that he left the class-room still reading the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

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II

About a fortnight later Bertram was working in his garden when his wife came to him.

" A lady to see you," she said. " You bold, bad man ! Have you been deceiving me ?"

" Who is she ?" asked Bertram.

" A Mrs. Winter," said his wife. " And she wants to see you ' very partickler.' "

" What can she want with me ?" wondered Bertram. " Have her pie-faced kids been getting into trouble ?"

Mrs. Winter was in her best, but her usually placid face was swollen with recent tears. She gave the impression of a woman restraining a powerful emotion.

" I'm sorry to trouble, sir," she began, " but thought you could 'elp me." (Normally Mrs. Winter was meticulous with her h's.) " It's like this, sir: I've been married to Winter twenty years and 'e's always been a good husband to me. Differences of opinions, so to speak, but nothing serious. Then suddenly 'e comes 'ome from one of your classes quite different. 'E was very quiet at supper, and I told 'im 'e should have a dose of Epsom salts. ' It's not Epsom salts I want, but Life,' 'e says. And 'e stays up till one in the morning reading some blessed book or other. 'E changed from that day. Took to drinking port wine, of all things. That didn't matter. But you know that Violet Butterson, the girl at Tebbutt's ? "

Bertram knew of her, for he usually bought tobacco at Tebbutt's. A pretty girl, very shapely, golden, shingled and painted. He rather liked her. She was always so cheerful and such an unblushing minx. Many lovers had she, so it was said in the camp.

" I know whom you mean," said Bertram.

" Painted 'ussy with 'er skirts up to 'er waist. I'd like to strangle 'er ! " said Mrs. Winter viciously. " Well, a few days ago I finds out that she and Winter was making assassinations. Going into the woods together. Winter ain't much to look at for a girl, but I 'spose she wants to tell 'er pals she's a Sergeant-Major after 'er. Oh, sir, do 'elp me."

" My dear Mrs. Winter," said Bertram, " I should be delighted to help you, but I can't quite see where I come in."

" But, sir, that's just what it is. It's all along of some book you've been teaching him."

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Bertram considered. He immediately exonerated both Hall and Knight's Algebra and Workman's Arithmetic. French? But no, the books were quite harmless. No Marcel Proust there, only pretty little tales occasionally, innocently and mildly jocose.

"Can you give me something more to go on, Mrs. Winter?"

"Well, it was a green book—a mad sort of book, too. Because when I told 'im I was fed up with 'im and I'd go to my mother to-morrow, 'e said, 'To-morrow' (I remember just what 'e said)—'Why, to-morrow I may be myself with seven thousand ears,' though two would be enough for anyone, *I* should have thought."

"Omar Khayyam!" exclaimed Bertram; for he had recognized the mutilated

> "*To-morrow?* Why, to-morrow I may be
> Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years."

"I don't know if that was the subject, but it was a *green* book," said Mrs. Winter.

"I'm glad you saw me, Mrs. Winter," said Bertram as he showed her out. "I'll speak to Winter, though of course I can't say if my speaking will have any effect."

And, faithful to his promise, Bertram did speak to Winter after the very next lesson.

"Look here, Winter, you shouldn't take all the stuff you read too seriously. For instance, the ideas of Omar Khayyam might have been right and proper in Persia nine hundred years ago. But for a British Sergeant-Major to-day——"

Winter looked on the floor, worried but determined.

"I see you've heard, sir," he began slowly. "The fact is that those ideas mean everything to me. Till I read that poem I never knew how I had wasted my life. I married Mrs. Winter before I had had anything to do with women. It wasn't a love match, as you might say." Winter was very earnest and picked his words carefully. He was justifying himself to himself. "I married her because her uncle was my father's best friend and *they* wanted it. Not that she hasn't been a good wife, but passion—no! Then I read those wonderful thoughts of that old Persian and I realized that I'd never lived. There I was, going on in the same old way year in year out—Corporal, Sergeant, Sergeant-Major

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. . . Regimental some day and possibly Quartermaster. Same old round. No *fun*, no excitement, and in a few years I'd be too old for it. So when I read those lines,

> " ' What boots it to repeat
> How Time is slipping underneath our feet ?"

I decided to have a bit of a change. Don't you think I'm right, sir ?" he concluded, with a dumb appeal for understanding in his eyes.

" Certainly not," said Bertram, " if it means turning down Mrs. Winter to go chasing after a girl who isn't fit to black her boots."

Bertram had intended to shame Winter by parading the sinfulness of his action nakedly and bluntly. But it was a tactical error. For to misunderstand the Omaresque ideal as a mere girl-chase was to Winter blasphemy. He stiffened. Then he cocked his cap slightly and with a look of determined dare-devilishness on his face he said,

" I see you don't understand, sir. It's like this :

> " ' You know, my friends, how long since in my house
> For a new marriage I did make carouse,
> Divorced old barren Reason from my bed
> And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse."

Good night, sir."

" I've heard Miss Butterson called many things, but never that," replied Bertram disgustedly.

III

It was not to end thus, however.

One evening in late summer Bertram was going for a solitary walk. He was feeling pleased with himself. His work had been going well and he really felt he had raised the standard of education in the garrison. Also the classes were growing popular.

Absorbed in these happy thoughts, he noticed only dimly a figure that was rapidly approaching along the straight white road. He suddenly saw that it was someone he knew, no less a person than Sergeant-Major Winter. Bertram had heard rumours of the Sergeant-Major's amour, but he had not intervened again. Winter drew rapidly alongside Bertram and, passing him, saluted savagely. It was then that Bertram noticed that his face was distorted with anger and that his hands were clenching and unclenching rapidly.

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An instinct warned Bertram that something was badly wrong. So he turned quickly and said, " Sergeant-Major ! "

Bertram thought for a moment that Winter would not stop, but discipline asserted itself and Winter halted with a jerk.

" Sir ! " he said.

" I wanted to talk to you about your mathematics, Sergeant-Major—— Whatever *is* the matter ?" he said abruptly. The other's agitation was far too palpable to be ignored.

For a moment Winter hesitated, then he burst out, " It's that damn young squirt, Signalman Riddall, sir ! Wait till I catches him.

" ' One moment in Annihilation's Waste,
I'll stamp him back to common earth again.'

His pals won't 'alf sneer at him for leaning all awry and they'll probably have to ' bury him by some sweet garden-side ' . . "

" Stop quoting that confounded poem and tell me in plain English what Signalman Riddall has done ! "

" He's pinched my girl ! I was a bit late in meeting her, and someone told me they'd gone off together."

Anxious to save Winter from some violent action, the Education Officer kept pace with him.

" Do be sensible, Sergeant-Major."

Bertram realized that Authority would not stop him.

They were walking on grass now silently. Suddenly they heard voices from the other side of a hedge.

" That's 'er ! " whispered Winter excitedly. " Quiet, sir." The voices floated to them easily. There was the sound of a kiss.

" But I thought you were keen on funny old Winter," came in Riddall's voice.

" No," said the invisible Miss Butterson. " It was nice in some ways going out with him because he did use to take me out to suppers and cinemas. But he's a dull old stick. Only I couldn't get rid of him, though I heard his Company Commander had told him to give me up. But Lordy ! he bored me stiff. Always reciting some blooming poem about ' What then the lips you kiss ' . . . "

" Oh, the Rubaiyat," laughed Riddall. " Like this—— " Then he quoted a quatrain.

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" Yes, that's it, only you say it much nicer than he did. He can't speak really properly."

" Come over into the woods," suggested Riddall.

" Why ?"

" 'Cos it's darker."

" You are a one," giggled the other. " I'll think about it. How do you like my silk stockings ?"

" Very much indeed," came the answer. " I like their contents more."

" Naughty, naughty ! Well, anyhow, I've run a ladder in one sitting here with you, and silk stockings cost money." She sighed.

" Never mind. I'll get you the best pair I can buy in the camp to-morrow. Now will you come into the woods ?"

" Well, only for a minute or so. I've got to get back to supper."

The voices faded.

Sergeant-Major Winter had remained rigid as a waxwork. Then he spoke.

" That kid . . . only a recruit a year ago . . . *An'* me with all my service and experience." A pause, then, " God, what a fool I've been ! "

They walked back very slowly amid a heavy silence. Then suddenly the Sergeant-Major :

" What was the name of that poem, sir ? The one about the chap who strangled that girl ?"

" Oh, ' Porphyria's Lover,' by Browning. Why ?"

" Mr. Browning knew what he was writing about. That is a poem, that is. None of that Eastern slush about Fate, and moving fingers and damn to-morrow."

There was another long silence.

Bertram's house was quite near. He looked at the Sergeant-Major and saw that he had achieved a certain amount of calm.

" Well, good-night, sir. Thank you for stopping me from doing something foolish . . . I should have expected this, but . . . After all I'm not quite sure that it wasn't worth it. It was quite good fun—while it lasted."

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ST. CYR.

By Major G. V. Goodliffe, M.C.

COMPARATIVELY few people outside France realize that the kernel and possibly the keynote of the great French Army lies at St. Cyr, the nursery of its officers and its traditions, and the keeper of its glorious memories. Three thousand five hundred St. Cyriens lost their lives in the Great War, and their names and deeds are all recorded in the school, side by side with the records of former " Cyrards " killed in other wars, memories preserved as much for the guidance of the living as in honour of the dead.

St. Cyr, the Sandhurst of France, lies four miles west of Versailles. The school buildings, now humming with youth and military energy, first came into prominence in the reign of Louis XIV, when a seminary for young ladies was founded there by that obscure and hypocritical maker of history, Madame de Maintenon. It is an interesting fact that " God Save the King " originated at her school. The air was composed by Lulli for a visit paid by King Louis XIV to St. Cyr, and the words, which were written for the occasion by Madame Brinon for the young ladies to sing, ran as follows :—

Grand Dieu sauvez le Roi,
Grand Dieu vengez le Roi,
Vive le Roi.
Qu'à jamais glorieux,
Louis Victorieux,
Voie ses ennemis
Toujours soumis,
Grand Dieu sauvez le Roi,
Grand Dieu vengez le Roi,
Vive le Roi.

When the great composer Handel visited St. Cyr in 1721 he was sufficiently interested in the air to copy it and the words, and bring them back to King George I, who was so charmed by both that he promptly adopted them for the English national anthem. This is chronicled in the History of St. Cyr in the school library, and the author speaks with amusement of the origin of the tune, " dont les Anglais sont si fiers."

To return to St. Cyr, the seminary flourished till the Revolution, but in 1792 it was closed down and then turned

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into a hospital. Later Napoleon selected it as a suitable spot for his cadets, whom he transferred from Fontainebleau, where he first called them into being.

The school is chiefly composed of plain grey and white buildings, which form small enclosed squares to which are affixed suitable military names as Cour d'Austerlitz, Cour Wagram, etc. Some of these squares are full of flowers, and in springtime are a riot of fragrant lilac bushes. Others, laid down in grass, are planted with more important trees and intersected with numberless small paths ; but the big " Cour de Wagram " is more or less bare, being used for all the big ceremonies in the school. Certain old rooms which now form part of the general's apartments mark the abode of Madame de Maintenon, and her bones, thrice dragged from their resting-place in chapel and garden, now repose in a marble casket in the St. Cyr Museum, once the school chapel. It has long ceased to be a chapel, but probably no more sacred or hallowed spot could be found in all France. Its walls are hung with gallant memories and noble aspirations ; records of love and devotion to the school. Over the entrance door is painted the motto " Ils s'instruisent pour vaincre," and it is noteworthy that after the war of 1870-1871 this inscription was taken down and also removed from their colours. They were no longer victors, argued St. Cyr ; so they no longer had the right to their motto. Now it is replaced, and a very stirring ceremony was witnessed in the chapel when the new colours were presented to the school bearing once more the old inscription. This incident is characteristic of the teaching of the French officers and typifies their outlook. For forty-three years the school nursed its shame, awaiting the day of revenge and restitution. Just inside the door of the museum stands a signpost ; its iron grey and flaunting eagle denote its German origin. For years it marked the boundary of Alsace, and was brought triumphantly to St. Cyr after the last war.

Every conceivable trophy is scattered through the hall, and the walls are lined with portraits and photographs of fallen officers, sometimes of whole families, with their last letters and their groups of medals telling the story of their exploits. King George's photograph, lately presented by him to the school, is placed at the end of the museum beside that of King Albert of the Belgians ; and wax figures, clad in cadets' uniform of every period, line the aisle.

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Since Napoleon moved his cadets to St. Cyr the school has only lapsed once—from 1818-1819. It was little heard of from its revival until 1850, but about that date it seemed to receive fresh impetus, and ever since has been a very living force in France.

There are about six hundred cadets at St. Cyr divided into six companies, of which three are seniors (one-year men called " Les Anciens "), and the other three are juniors or " Les Melons." In addition, there is a selected number of non-commissioned officers being trained with a view to joining the reserve of officers ; instructors, cadets, and non-commissioned officers all told number about a thousand.

The school is commanded by a *général de brigade*, with a lieutenant-colonel as his second-in-command. The routine duties of the school largely devolve upon the latter, owing to the general having frequently to be away attending conferences and visiting military centres.

Although the opinion is almost universally expressed by officer instructors, old St. Cyriens, and even doctors, that the cadets are made to work too hard, no effort is ever made to bring about any alteration of their hours. In summer réveillé is at 5.30, and the morning from 6 to 11 is spent at outdoor military instruction ; luncheon then follows and recreation till 1 o'clock. From that hour till 7.30 the cadets work, with one brief half-hour's break for tea, at languages, examinations, and lectures. They then have another free hour for supper, and at 8.30 start work again and study in their own rooms ; 9.30 is roll call and lights out. The actual bookwork is very strenuous, with a greater variety of subjects than one would expect in a military school, as, for instance, civil law and political economy, which all rather tends to cramming the cadets with an overabundance of undigested facts. Another branch of teaching system which is interesting to note is the perpetual *viva voce* examinations to which pupils are subjected.

All this work leaves little time for games, and although outdoor sports are certainly coming more to the fore in the French Army generally, yet at St. Cyr games, if not discouraged, certainly are not encouraged. One afternoon a week is allotted to them, and the cadet argues (not without reason) that playing games once a week is as useless as it is tiring. Some go so far as to point out that they are at St. Cyr in order to work, not play. In fact, they view the subject

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from a rather novel point of view, balancing seriously the benefits and risks to health, incurred by playing football. Their physique, however, does not appear to suffer from so much sedentary work, and they seem thoroughly fit and in good condition as a whole. They spend one month out in camp in summer, generally in May or June.

Formerly cadets leaving St. Cyr went straight to the regiments to which they were posted. Now, apart from the Cavalry School at Saumur, where the successful candidates for the cavalry are sent for a course, there is the Ecole d'Application at Versailles, which is a new institution, where officers, prior to being posted to their own arm, obtain at least an elementary instruction in the functions of the various branches of the service.

The entrance examination for St. Cyr is competitive, and the cadet who gets top marks in his final examination passing out gets the first choice of cavalry or chosen regiment. The cavalry, for which there is much competition, only offers forty vacancies among some hundred and twenty aspirants. Another interesting point is that no outside influence can be brought to bear on a cadet's commission. The fact that his father may have been a cavalry officer will not in any way help him to become one. There are an extraordinary number of foreigners in the school ; they come from all over the world either to be attached for instruction or simply as cadets : this is rather well brought out in a sentence from a speech made not very long ago in the school :—" La vie maintenant s'ouvre devant vous Français, devant vous Polonais . . . devant vous Boliviens, Brésiliens, Siamois, qui êtes venus puiser à notre Ecole Militaire. . . ." If one adds to this list Luxemburgers, Persians, Americans, Finns, Swedes, Belgians, Czecho-Slovaks, and Jugo-Slavs, the cosmopolitan note can be fairly well realized.

Life at St. Cyr in many ways resembles that of a public school. The slang, the customs, the laws, and the bullying are all much on the same lines, save, perhaps, there is more pronounced personality in their system. Many pages would not cover the endless customs that reign there, dating back to the earliest days of the cadet school. Fortunately, they have mellowed and modified with the years, and bullying, which in the past was carried to great excess, is now confined to a little salutary cruelty and much ridicule, excellent education for the " Melon." Thus occasionally a chalk line is drawn

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all the way upstairs close to the wall. " Les anciens " take the wide path and most of the stairway, whilst the juniors find themselves confined to some two feet between the wall and the forbidding line. Again, a newly arrived cadet is suddenly asked the size of the Cour de Wagram, and if he courageously makes an attempt to reply, he is gravely presented with a match and ordered to measure it correctly with that. It is improbable, however, that this order is ever fully carried out. Equally all ordinary schoolboy ragging from booby traps to pillow fights and apple-pie beds, glorified by other more remarkable names, are constantly practised.

Once a year, on June 30th, a curious custom, dating back to the school's earliest days, prevails at St. Cyr. It is called the *demi-tour*, and on that day everything is reversed for twenty-four hours. Carpets are turned upside down, statues and pictures are turned round, and certain cadets even wear their tunics inside out. The juniors and seniors of the cadets change places, and the latter are compelled to obey the orders of the former. An unwritten law, of course, stands that no " Melon " suffers later for his deeds of this day.

The school slang to be reproduced would need a dictionary all to itself. The following are a few examples :—

Melon : Junior cadets.
Croco : A foreign pupil.
Pendu : An instructor.
Pendu Croco : A foreign instructor.
Pékin de Bahut : End of term (*Pékin* is the St. Cyr equivalent for our word " mufti "). Each day is written on the blackboard the number of days till the end of the term—*e.g.*, P.D.B. 50.
Sortie Galette : The general holiday, when even cadets undergoing punishment are permitted to proceed on leave.

Another institution at St. Cyr, beloved by the cadets, and without whom no sketch of the school could be deemed complete, is Malvina, an ancient and wrinkled *cantinière* who fifty years ago started supplying the cadets with all their small needs. Armed with her basket piled with cakes, fruit, sweets, etc., she is always to be found just inside the school gates, and even follows the companies to camp in June. From her unchanging post under the archway Malvina notes all who pass and everything that happens. She knows and

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remembers everyone almost in the way that a lodge porter at Oxford or Cambridge knows the undergraduates.

The greatest ceremony that takes place at St. Cyr is the baptism of the " Promotion." This baptism is the passing of the junior cadets to the status of seniors. They are baptized by the passing-out term, and receive a name by which their year is always referred to and remembered, rather than by any date. The name generally represents some great memory or event of the year, and the choice is often a difficult one.

The Promotion of 1871 was *La Revanche*. In 1914 the last one hastily christened was *La Croix du Drapeau*. After that they held no ceremonies at St. Cyr until the end of the war, but in 1919 at their great annual fete *Le Triomphe*, at which the baptism always takes place, four promotions were duly given their long-awaited names, the first of which was *La grande Revanche*. Three of them consisted of war-scarred young men back from the war. Only the fourth was made up normally of one-year cadets in the school, and their Promotion was that of *La Victoire*.

The ceremony, always an interesting and effective one, on that occasion was doubly so. It was, as usual, conducted by a master of the ceremonies, *Le Père Système*, whose selection is made in rather a curious way. When the new cadets join St. Cyr, the hundred who have the lowest marks have to report one day ahead of the remainder, and the first cadet to pass through the school gates is theoretically selected as the Père Système ; practically such is not quite the case, for, although always drawn from the hundred with the lowest marks, he is generally chosen with a view to his suitability for the position. On the occasion of the 1919 ceremony he was a lieutenant who had left the school in 1914 with the *Promotion du Croix du Drapeau*. He made the usual long and eloquent speech, passing from gravity and deep feeling referring to the war years to the wildest flights of mockery and imagination when the christening of the new cadets followed on those of the war companies. Pouring on their heads streams of merry insults, as is the time-worn custom, he besought *les hommes* to try to be worthy of the entirely unmerited dignity of becoming officers. An extraordinary spirit of oratory and fun is loosed on these occasions—a spirit that is entirely French. The *Père Système*, once more addressing the companies drawn up at one end of the ground, calls out " *A genoux les hommes*," and the cadets kneel down. The

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next order is " *Debout, les officiers,*" and they spring to their feet. They then sing without musical accompaniment their famous song *La Galette*, and the outgoing cadets at the other end of the ground pick up the air and sing back to them. The general is then called upon and declares the previously chosen name given, and the ceremony comes abruptly to an end.

The *Triomphe* in itself is a remarkable fête. The cadets indulge in every form of amusement to entertain their many friends and relations as well as themselves. They dress themselves up in amazing garments and carry their revels on to a grand ball in the evening, following on a circus, a revue, the baptism, a carousel, and a tango tea. The day is entirely in the hands of the cadets, and the general and his staff, although present, have nothing to say to the arrangements and entertainments. Enormous crowds of people flock to the *Triomphe* from Paris and Versailles, not only the families of the cadets and their friends, but countless old St. Cyriens make a point of going back and thereby keeping in touch with the school.

The era of after the war has been several times marked specially at St. Cyr by simple and moving ceremonies. Following on the presentation of the new colours came in 1922 the unveiling of the war memorial to their three thousand five hundred dead by the President, M. Millerand. On that occasion the War Minister, speaking of the gallantry of the officers from St. Cyr, mentioned the episode of their going into battle *gantés de blanc*.

The incident to which M. Maginot referred was a very remarkable one, and it illustrates so well the spirit inspired by the old that it will not come amiss to tell it here. At the end of July, 1914, on the outbreak of war, the *Promotion Montmirail* left St. Cyr after only one year in the school, but before going they announced to the juniors that they were to be speeded up and given an immediate *promotion* in order to be ready in their turn to leave at the end of one year instead of the usual two. The news was received with tremendous enthusiasm, and that summer evening the companies duly turned out in the Cour de Wagram and received their name of *La Croix du Drapeau*.

The *Père Système* of the *Promotion Montmirail* conducted the ceremony and made the usual long speech of counsel and patriotism, reminding the young men of the immense conflict ahead of them and the gravity of the situation that had led to

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such an unusual step. He wound up by a glowing exhortation to both *promotions* to remember the teaching of St. Cyr and to vow with him that " if fate leads us to battle, we will charge in our white gloves and cassoars. Vow to die like St. Cyriens." The cassoars are the red and white plumes of the cassawary, which are worn in the front of their shakos by the cadets. The legend appertaining to them is that once on the field of battle a St. Cyrien lay dying of a terrible wound. To him came " *l'ange de la gloire*," who, smiling, dipped a wing in his blood as an emblem of remembrance. The cassoars worn in the shako make a very smart finish to the full-dress cadet uniform of light blue with crimson epaulettes.

The two companies enthusiastically assented, and the vow was joyfully made. It was the eve of war, and they were all young boys obsessed with the idea of dying for France. This idea seems part of the French training. Where another might swear to fight for his country, a Frenchman will always swear to die for it. The scene was profoundly moving ; an onlooker described it thus :—" Scène d'une élevation au dela de toute expression, trop française sans doute, mais magnifique de grandeur et de simplicité." This oath, taken so eagerly, was not lightly laid aside as impracticable. When the cadets left for the front not one forgot his plumes and gloves, and when their turn came the red and white plumes flashed up and over and the " Cyrards " charged, all " *gantés de blanc*." No incident could serve better to illustrate the spirit of St. Cyr, and the enthusiastic upholding of the traditions it teaches : love of country, love of honour, and love of the school.

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SOME REMINISCENCES OF AN OFFICER'S WIFE

IN all my varied wanderings I think the twelve months I spent in Ulster in 1920-21 remain the clearest in my mind.

The amazing atmosphere of revolvers, endless alarms and Curfew passes that one lived in, the nights that my husband went off on raids rounding up Sinn Feiners while I lay awake wondering how things were going ; the hospitality of Ulstermen to " the military," and the drives home, after dining out, through empty streets, showing our passes to every group of soldiers and police that we met, nearly getting shot one night by an over-zealous young soldier when we didn't stop quite quick enough for him, the night we got a bayonet through the talc window of the car, and then the horrible day when our mare was shot in the streets of Belfast, with the groom standing helpless and unarmed beside her.

I shall always remember his tearful face when he came to tell me how he was stopped in the Falls quarter of Belfast (where he had no business to be) by three men with revolvers, who gave him thirty seconds to dismount and then put three rounds into her chest at point blank range—the cowardly curs—but she managed to stagger as far as the gates of Victoria Barracks before she actually died. Poor old " Ninon de l'Enclos," but the groom could not compete with such a dreadful mouthful—to him she was always " Kit." And Kit is her name on the hoof which he had mounted for us. He was an old soldier with twenty years' service who lived for his horses (and beer), and I always understood that he ran amok in the Sinn quarter that night.

The Orangemen, of course, loved the " milithary," and it was quite a common sight to see one of Harland & Wolfe's workmen get up and offer his seat in a tram to an officer ; but at times they took the law into their own hands, especially after the murder of some popular D.I. I have in mind one such riot at Lisburn, when the Orangemen were playfully setting fire to the Sinners' houses, and making bonfires of their furniture in the streets—and if they could catch them, making the Sinn Feiners play the role of Guy Fawkes. On this occasion a boot shop was set on fire and looted ; it

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happened to be next to a spirit store, always a fatal attraction for a Belfast mob ; and naturally every small boy in the place turned out to help. This normally took the form of supplying ammunition to the " fighting forces," and, as luck would have it, most of the side streets were paved with round pebbles, known locally as " kidneys." These could be fairly easily prized up, and made admirable missiles.

Well, to get back to our boot shop, a small barefooted ragamuffin dashed into the place, pinched a pair of boots and retired to a peaceful gutter to put them on. To his dismay they were both right-footed boots ! He threw them down, rushed madly back to the shop, and managed to secure another pair. On trying them on he found that both were left-footed boots. He therefore cast round to find one of the original pair, and when last heard of was searching in the debris, muttering : " An' they'd stheal the very eyes out o' yer head."

Then things grew brighter and feelings less tense ; Belfast threw her heart into the preparations for the opening of the Parliament of Northern Ireland by His Majesty the King, beginning with the elections which, seen through English eyes, had their humorous side.

At the time I had a very staunch Loyalist housemaid, most anxious to record her vote, but too timid to venture forth unless she was taken both ways in a car she knew all about. As all the troops were confined to barracks that day I asked one of our friends who was taking people to the poll to be sure and call for Bridget. We waited all day in vain, and when I next met my friends I told them they had missed a perfectly good Loyalist vote. " But we didn't," they said at once. " We voted her all right." Later, when we heard how they manage little things like that in Ireland, we realized that we need not have had any anxiety about such a small matter as one odd vote. Perhaps the following stories will explain what I mean.

The first concerns County Antrim. The system of election is proportional representation, and all six Loyalist candidates were attending a meeting at a small county town not a hundred miles from Belfast, and each spoke in turn for a few minutes. Then up got a red-hot Orangeman, one of the true " black protestants " of the north, and gave the audience a loud voiced harangue, that would have been envied by any speaker in Hyde Park, winding up with the

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following startling piece of advice : " And Oi'll tell yer what to do. Foind out all the names of the Sinn Feiners on the register, and go to the poll bright an' early, and ' *vote* ' 'em. We want this election to be a real credit to us."

And sure enough, no Sinn Feiner dared show his nose at a Loyalist booth, and vice-versa ; yet about ninety per cent. voted, including many who had long since gone aloft. In fact, one M.P. was asked afterwards if Oliver Cromwell had voted for him.

The next episode happened even nearer Belfast. Polling was taking place at the village school, one of the leading Conservatives was taking people to the poll in his car. At about 6.30 p.m., as he arrived with a fresh batch of voters, he was approached by some of the officials, and told that about eighty per cent. had voted ; did he think it time to " vote " the remaining twenty per cent. ? He answered that as there was still one and a half hours to go, he thought it a little early as yet, and on inquiring who hadn't put in an appearance was told that a lot of married couples were the culprits. At that moment a man arrived, gave his name and address and asked to be allowed to vote. The following dialogue then took place :—

" You've voted already."
" Oi have not."
" Ye have."
" Oi have *not*, Oi tell ye."
" Ah well, yer've bin voted."
" Oi don't moind about that, Oi wants me own vote."
" Are ye married at all ?"
" No."
" An' that's a pity."
" And why."
" Shure and if ye was married, ye could vote."
" Faith, and what's to stop me bein' married ?"
" Glory be an' there's nothin'."

So a girl was solemnly brought up from the crowd as his bride of a minute. He looked at her, and sadly shook his head. He was then allowed his pick from several volunteers. He carefully chose one, put her arm under his, and was just going to walk up to record his vote when he noticed she had no wedding ring. Aghast at such an idea he stopped and pointed out his discovery to the onlookers. But some bright

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spark in the crowd produced a small curtain ring and offered it to him ; he slipped it on the girl's finger, marched boldly up to the booth, asked in a loud whisper : " And what name did ye say Oi was ?"

" Mr. and Mrs. O'Duffey."

" Well and here Oi am on me weddin' day, dragged here to vote."

And all the Returning Officer said was : " And it didn't take long for your wife to get on the register, did it ?"

After the elections came the opening of Parliament. Thousands flocked into the city in every sort and shape of conveyance. Soldiers and police lined the streets, and some of the local " Specials " were used to walk up and down in front of the crowd and pick out any Sinn Feiner they recognized. When asked how they knew them they replied : " Shure, an' we can smell 'em."

The " Black and Tans " were brought up to march in the procession, picked marksmen were posted on every roof, with orders to shoot first and ask afterwards ; in fact, every precaution was taken. As an Ulsterman said to me, " A little shooting now and then does none of us any harm, but it would never do when the King comes."

The procession and official opening went off without a hitch, but behind it all was still a tense feeling (for some who had to do with the making of the safety arrangements) of what " might happen," which even the most fervid loyalty of the crowd could not banish. And never have I seen such a magnificent reception as the King was given.

My husband was standing next to the head of the Belfast police as the King stepped aboard his yacht. " Thank God not a thing has marred the day. Come along to the Ulster Club and have the longest drink you ever saw," was the policeman's welcome invitation.

Only one incident arose, and that was an attempt on the troop train, taking back the 10th Hussars, when the troops dispersed after the King's visit. The train was derailed, but it was one carrying horses mainly ; most of the poor beasts had to be destroyed, though curiously enough we came across one of the survivors in the gunner lines at Aldershot the other day.

After the opening of Parliament I chiefly remember an orgy of entertaining. The Curfew was still in force, but I was the lucky possessor of an " all-night " pass, and we were

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in great demand in the evenings as we were able to remain on for a rubber of bridge, when all the other guests had to hurry home. Theatres had to begin at some impossible hour, shortly after tea, and dances either ended at 9 p.m. or literally went on till the milk rounds started.

The kindness and hospitality of the north of Ireland are proverbial, and we were very sad indeed when the inevitable marching orders came along. Shortly afterwards we went to Egypt, which, though in a very unsettled state, never gave us quite the thrills, humorous and otherwise, which we had met in the " Disthressful Country."

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WOMEN BRIDGE PLAYERS

By Daphne M. Raynsford.

"YES, it's you and I. My deal, I think. I may as well warn you that I have the most rotten luck at this game. I never hold a card. Truly! I've lost three pounds already this week, mostly playing for sixpence."

Almost word for word, that is the way we are greeted by quite a large percentage of women bridge players. Experience has taught us that probably only the last sentence is the naked, unvarnished truth, and the speaker is blissfully unconscious that her constant reiteration of such sentiments as the above do definitely contribute towards her losings.

Bridge is a partnership, and, like all human affairs, psychology plays an important part. To sit down with a glowing confidence in your *vis à vis* is an undeniable asset. Even tiny sprinkles of cold water can affect enthusiasm, and that note of inevitable defeat not infrequently breaks into harmonious reasoning and, unconsciously, saps your élan and will to win. "I never hold a card" is an amazing egoism. It is impossible to believe that week in, week out, month in, month out, year after year, one player is chosen by Fate to pick up only cards of a low value, and yet that is what some players would have us believe. They have a faculty for remembering only their bad hands and flaunting them forever in the faces of their long-suffering partners.

So much for the pessimistic frame of mind, and to it is often added an unthinking indiscretion. You have to lead to a "No trump" declaration. Before you have selected your card, the dealer, unable to conceal her anxiety, says: "Oh, partner, I want *one* card so badly," and, perhaps, on seeing that Dummy holds some excellent hearts, "Oh, how I wish I'd said something else!" Now it does not take a mind, trained to make deductions at cards, very long to deduce from phrases of this sort where the weakness lies, and immediately the dealer's chances of going game are narrowed.

This is elementary, but no one who plays bridge in feminine circles will deny the prevalence of this type of player. Women probably get more practice at the game than the average man, and on the whole their standard of play is

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good, and many are very good players indeed, but a very large number drift along and in spite of almost daily practice never increase their skill. Certain it is that the higher flights of the game are definitely beyond the capabilities of the many, but it is ridiculous that quite an appreciable number of women should so frequently refuse to bring their common sense to bear upon the matter which engages so much of their leisure time. Let them throw pessimistic utterances to the winds alone on the privacy of a hill-top, but around the borders of a card table let them breath only a philosophic patience and a steady, undimmed hope.

Let each woman possess her soul throughout the play of the cards with an impenetrable calm, to burst if need be into explanation, indignation or jubilation when the last trick is turned. Let her say " No bid " without despair in her voice, and call " Four spades " without elation, and the coveted 250 will be inscribed on her side of the score a good deal more frequently than it is at present.

(An article on " Contract Bridge for Women " will appear in the January number of THE FIGHTING FORCES.)

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TACTLESS TACTICS

An Egyptian "After-Dinner" Story.

"THE Colonel's compliments, sir; he would like to see you in the Orderly Room at once."

Thus rudely were my thoughts disturbed as I stood pretending to supervise a squad of men who were ceaselessly filling their magazines with dummy cartridges, which they invariably decided to eject. Now, when I am told that the Colonel wants to see me at once I go through a regular process, all the phases of which are so familiar to me that I begin to fortify myself against them even before they arrive. First, I get a funny sensation in the wind, as though my innards were a jelly being carried by a drunken waiter; then, my conscience asks, "What have I done now?" and my brain replies, "Don't be an ass; it's only to ask about Pte. Snodgrass's feet." "But," says Conscience, "you never visited your married families last month." "No," retorts Brain, "but I certified that I did." And so the fight goes on all the way to the Colonel's office, and, the nearer I get, so does the jelly feeling extend, part extending to my knee-caps, which quickly get completely out of control, and part rising to my throat, causing me an acute thirst. But, as I have said, these experiences have happened to me so often that I am ready for them, so when the Colonel says, "Oh, by the way Thompson, I was in 16 Platoon's barrack-room this morning and was much struck by the way they have polished their ash-bin," I reply with the full assurance of a man who has just had a sack of potatoes lifted off his stomach, "Oh, yes sir, Mr. Youngass's platoon; there has been a great improvement lately."

But this time I realized it was a matter of greater import, for Brigadier Thunderclap was there, while he, the Colonel and the Adjutant were poring over a map.

"Good morning, Thompson," said the Brigadier, as I humbly approached, do you know the ground near Ibn ez Zift?"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "a little." I had been stationed at Ibn ez Zift for three months, but it is never wise to know too much even when you ought to.

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" Well, then," said the Brigadier, " about these divisional exercises : I'm to command the Red Force, jumping off from Mafishia, while old Tom Bloodred is to command the Blue Force, about Maleshia. At zero, whenever that is, I'm to advance towards Maleshia, capturing the Purple Line "—his finger described an arc on the map—" which our aeroplanes report to be occupied. Of course, I don't know what old Tom will do ; he may try to hold me with a small force on the Purple Line, while he moves the bulk of his force behind the Lunatic Asylum to attack me in rear. By the way, the Lunatic Asylum is out of bounds. I have decided that your battalion is to be the Red Force advanced guard, and since you know the country so well, the Colonel intends your company to be the vanguard."

" Oh, but I thought . . . " A cough from the Adjutant reminded me that this was no place for thought. I ceased to think.

* * * * *

At 5.55 a.m., ten days later, Brigadier Thunderclap was saying to the Colonel, while I listened, " Now I don't want any delay. Push on, find his soft spot, and attack with vigour" and five minutes later 13 Platoon, forming the " Point," left camp and continued to do duty as " Point " until its Lewis gun mules were frightened by an aeroplane. There was a slight delay to allow 14 Platoon to take over 13's duties, which they did to the accompaniment of a good deal of laughter and banter. " 'Oo's got the runaway gun now ?" was evidently the easing of an old score. Meantime, the remainder of the battalion was catching up the vanguard, and messages were being received, urging the need for haste and information. Soon enough, however, we met—or perhaps " passed " would be a more appropriate word—the enemy. There they were, some six hundred yards to our right. The worst had happened : in spite of all the Directing Staff's precautions the two vanguards had not met head-on.

Knowing the nature of the ground—*i.e.*, that all cultivation and the Lunatic Asylum were out of bounds—it was not difficult for the two opposing commanders to manœuvre themselves into an *impasse*, which would enable them to go off in search of umpires and other comforts ; but the shadow of a great crime hung heavy over the spirits of all.

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The pow-wow took its classic form. " Brigadier Bloodred, will you kindly tell us your plan and version of what happened?" Then, " That's very interestin'. Now, Thunderclap, let's hear what you've got to say." And finally, " Well, gentlemen, you have all heard what happened from the point of the two opposing commanders, but before you go I should like to comment on the operations. In the first place I would like to point out that the two vanguards actually got alongside one another before they were spotted. Now, this shows bad scoutin', and, on the part of the Red Force, actual loss of direction. After two months of preliminary trainin' this was most disappointin', and I . . . "

" No you don't, General," I jumped up and shouted, " that is absolute rot. Do you imagine that you can have everything both ways? Do you imagine that the vanguards can both push forward with dash and scout at the same time? Do you imagine that Lewis gunners can run faster than mules? Why, you put the Lunatic Asylum out of bounds when God knows you ought to be . . . "

My sentence remained unfinished, for as I was speaking the General appeared to grow bigger and bigger, until he seemed to swallow up all the other colonels and captains in the camp. Bigger and bigger he grew until . . . Bump!

" Good Lord," I said to myself as I climbed back into bed, " that's the last time I have prawns for dinner."

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A GURAL SHOOT IN KUMAON

By Major H. S. Browne, D.S.O., M.C., R.A.

THE outing I am going to describe is within the reach of anyone who is stationed in the hills in the north of India and can take a few days' leave. Gural are to be found at elevations between 3,000 and 8,000 feet from Kashmir to Bhutan, and also in parts of Assam.

One lives in a bungalow (the Indian Forest Service are very good about lending theirs) or in a tent, and takes one's own servants and food, the shooting being reached by means of coolies and bullock-carts ; riding ponies can be hired if wanted. The cost is consequently within the means of even a poor married officer like myself.

Apart from the fascination of gural shooting, which lies largely, I think, in the difficulty of getting in amongst the gural and studying their habits, it is in many ways very good training for hill warfare. I see no necessity to risk either life or limb, but one has to scramble to get close to gural, as they inhabit the most precipitous places they can find, and one learns thereby what slopes are possible and what are not. Practice is obtained in picking up targets quickly and in judging ranges in the hills, and a head for heights is acquired. Experience also is gained in the quick use of a rifle in every kind of position ; a shot is rarely obtained lying down.

Gural and serau, since they do not drop their horns, are open all the year, and are almost the only shooting to be obtained near most hill stations in the north of India in the hot weather (with the exception of panther). Serau inhabit steep, wooded ravines near gural country, but they were closed for five years in the district I was in, as they are becoming scarce there. The serau is called a wild goat in official shooting rules, but he is bigger than a goat.

The gural is the size and shape of a goat, and, being smaller than the serau, can go into more inaccessible places ; I imagine that panther get very few gural.

Like most herbivorous animals, gural graze in the morning and in the evening. The rest of the day they seem to spend either basking in the sun (often lying on the top of rocks to get the full benefit of it) or lying under an overhanging rock to get shelter from the rain. I judge this to be the case, both

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from personal observation and also from droppings found. They are so local that, when it is the close season for everything else, it is safe to hand one's rifle to the shikari until the gural slopes are reached. Gural are never to be found where the trees and undergrowth are thick (where kakar, the barking deer, is found), or on gentle slopes. One can therefore go at a good pace until open precipitous parts are reached, but then the pace must be slow—firstly, to avoid making too much noise; secondly, to avoid slipping; and, thirdly, to avoid getting out of breath, which might result in the loss of a gural.

It unfortunately often happens that a shikari is apt to forget that he has naked feet, which are as good to him as another pair of hands, whereas the sahib has foot-gear, which cannot be suited to every kind of surface—shingle, mud, grass and rock. Not content with going into all the awkward places he can find, he usually sees a gural when in the most difficult part of an awkward place. However, if one's hand is too shaky to hit the gural, at any rate taking the shot has the effect of making one forget the precipice that made it shake.

The rains are not a good time to go gural shooting, as the mist sometimes prevents all work for an hour or more at a stretch; but if the mist is coming and going, as often happens, advantage can be taken of it to get to a good viewpoint without being seen by the gural, which appear to rely more on sight to tell them of an approaching enemy than on hearing or sense of smell.

One reason for this, perhaps, is that they make a good deal of noise themselves when moving about. When one is sitting still in the mist, listening, falling stones are a good indication of the presence of gural. On the precipitous slopes which they inhabit they frequently have to jump some distance from one ledge to another, and, as the ground in places is covered with shingle, even they cannot help displacing a stone or two.

It is amazing to see them drop down a khud. When they are alarmed they must sometimes drop 20 or 30 feet in one leap. On one occasion, as I came up a slope and carefully peered over the top, I saw a good buck looking at me from about 30 yards off across a narrow ravine. He was standing on a tiny ledge, which was so narrow that I wondered how he could rest on it, and so inaccessible that I wondered

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how he had got there. I think he had heard me, but was just waiting to see what it was that was coming towards him, being loth, I suppose, to leave his safe perch unnecessarily. At any rate, as soon as he saw me, he dropped straight down, apparently into space. I could not see where he landed, but it must have been at least 30 feet below, as I could see that height down his side of the ravine.

That incident reminded me very forcibly of Ernest Thompson-Seton's story, " Krag, the Kootenay Ram," in his " Lives of the Hunted." Krag was being hunted by two men with rifles, who had three Russian Borzois to help them. He and his ewes were cornered, with only two alternatives : one, to stay and fight the wolf-hounds, which Krag would have been quite willing to do had not the rifles been behind the hounds ; the other, to drop down the cañon, which was 500 feet deep. Thompson-Seton describes how Krag led the way and the ewes followed, with absolute success ; the hounds also followed, and were, of course, dashed to pieces. The leaps they are described as taking are from 10 to 30 feet, and Krag was obviously a very much heavier and more strongly built animal than a gural (remember the way in which he killed the wolves that attacked him). As a gural's hoofs are " of horn and rubber built," just as Krag's were (the toe horn and the heel rubber), there is really nothing surprising in a gural also taking a leap of 30 feet.

Since a gural is no larger than a goat, and has the same flat sides, not a round barrel like a sheep, the chances are that he can stand on a narrower ledge than can a sheep. His small horns do not impede him, as they slope back in a curve towards his tail and do not project sideways ; the points of a good head are only 3 inches apart, the length of the horns being from 6 to 8 inches.

It is very difficult to tell the gural doe from the buck, as the doe is very little lighter in colour, and has horns, though the horns are shorter and as a rule thinner than the buck's. I shot a buck with $7\frac{1}{4}$ inch horns, the fourth largest recorded head shot in Kumaon, and my friend the same day shot a doe with $5\frac{1}{2}$ inch horns. The doe's body was larger than the buck's, and the difference in colour was not marked, even when they were seen side by side. The doe is a slightly lighter brown than the buck, the colour of a buck being very much that of an ordinary rabbit.

My shikari told me that, when resting in fine weather,

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the buck lie on rocks and the does on the ground, but how much truth there is in this I do not know. Certainly the shikari themselves, though their sight with the naked eye is equal to, or better than, the average officer's with field-glasses, will often say, after sighting a gural, that they do not know whether it is a buck or a doe.

When I heard gural for the first time, I had just separated from my friend and his shikari, and I was wondering why they were beating the bushes as they went forward, when my shikari whispered, " Gural, sahib." He used to describe the sound of the gural's alarm-note as " kåt, kåt," pronounced like the English word " cut," but it is for all the world like someone beating a bush. It is also something like the sound of a single stroke of a saw going through wood, and may be described as a hissing snort or cough.

It was when I met my 7¼ inch gural that I heard it most distinctly. I had started out at 5 a.m., as usual, but, instead of going back at about 10 a.m., I stayed out, as it was a glorious day. The mist came down about 12 o'clock, so I climbed to a spot where I thought I should get a good view (a spur with a valley on each side) and waited for the mist to clear.

The gural saw me before I saw him. He was by himself, as old buck usually are. The front teeth of an old gural are long and sloping, as in a horse; their age can also be told by the number of rings on their horns. When the mist cleared away he got up and coughed at me—being annoyed, I suppose, at having his mid-day rest interrupted, and trotted off the comparatively gentle slope he was on, across the ravine in front of me and up the face of the cliff opposite. He must have felt safer when he had gone some distance up the cliff, for he stopped and coughed at me again, thus giving me the chance I was waiting for. He turned over sideways two or three times in the air, and fell to the bottom of the ravine, about 40 feet, without touching the cliff. Then, to my amazement, he got up and trotted off; but it was a very feeble trot, and I hoped to find him not very far away. I thought he was hit in the body, as he was going sound on all four legs, and when we arrived at the place where he fell we found grass mixed with blood, so we knew he was hit in the stomach and could not have gone far. After tracking the blood for a little over a hundred yards, we came upon him stone-dead.

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FISHING AND SHOOTING

By HECKHAM-PECKHAM.

FISHING.

I THINK it can safely be said that the past season has been one of the worst fishing seasons on record. The rivers have been so low that only in a very few cases have the salmon and sea trout been able to run. To judge by the reports the Mayfly season was very fairly good but, on the whole, trout fishing has been very poor indeed.

One of the most sporting kinds of fish known to the angler is the sea trout, or peal, as they are called in Devonshire, or white trout, to give them their Irish name. In certain rivers in the South and West of England these fish will only take at night, unless there happens to be a spate, in which case they can be caught by spinning with a small silver minnow. When fishing at night there are several considerations to be carefully studied. To begin with, it is as well to examine by day that portion of the river you propose to fish, so that you may know where the snags lie, such as trees, bushes, etc., and also where are suitable places to land a fish. The best kind of fly to use is one with a silver body, similar to an Alexandra, Junglecock, Silver Blue, or Silver March Brown; any of these flies will attract the fish so long as the correct size is used, and I should advise anybody fishing at night for peal to err on the large size.

At night the peal will move up and down a pool, and once you have discovered the pool where they are, it is not necessary to move your place much while you are fishing. Remember to avoid starting before it is dark and not to go too near the bank before fishing. Peal are very shy fish, and any vibration on the bank is liable to prevent them from taking. While fishing the fly should be drawn slowly through the water and a fairly stiff rod should be used. Peal take very quietly, so it is essential to strike quickly and not to have too long a line.

There is something intensely fascinating about this kind of fishing in the stillness of the night, only broken by the occasional splash of a fish jumping. Then when you are into a fish, how wonderfully exciting it is and how difficult it is to land him.

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For his size the peal will play better than any other fish and when hooked will run and jump in all directions, taking yards and yards of line with him. Then comes a moment when you think he is done, but not a bit of it, off he goes again with amazing vigour and as he is jumping and running away with your line fears may arise lest you lose him altogether. But if you play him well and have your reel set fairly stiff, you will eventually bring him near the bank, but woe betide you if you have the slightest bit of slack line. Do not be in a hurry to land him, but wait till he is on his side and his beautiful silver body is showing up in the dark. Then get the net under him, and victory is yours.

In the Devon rivers these fish will run from 1 lb. to 7 or 8 lb. The big ones enter the river about May or June, and the small ones, or harvest peal, as they are called, start to run about the middle of July. The season ends on October 1st.

SHOOTING.

The fishing season will be over by the time this is in print and we can only hope that next season will be an improvement on the last as we turn our thoughts to shooting and hopes of big bags, good stands and plenty of invitations. Indeed, grouse and partridge shooting may be said to be already in full swing and prospects for the season as a whole seem most hopeful. This year, with its long spells of hot weather, has been wonderful from a breeding point of view, but, as a keeper remarked to me, " It has been a wonderful breeding season, both for game—and vermin." There is, I am afraid, no doubt that vermin, especially hawks and stoats, have bred most prolifically, and, of course, the damage they can effect on occasion is appalling. I recently heard of a case where a bitch stoat with her young got into a field and in one night took fifty chick pheasants. Hawks and owls, too, are detestably clever in the matter of outwitting the keeper. A short time ago, in a bird field that I know of, the following tragic episode occurred. A little owl used to sit on a tree some distance away from the bird field. He got to know the keeper quite well and as soon as his back was turned, down the owl used to swoop and carry off a young pheasant. The keeper hid himself and did everything he could to get the bird, but it was too cute for him. At length a bright idea occurred to him. He gave his boy, aged fifteen,

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his gun and hid the lad under a box. Then he himself walked about the field, and, after a bit, started to walk back to his house. No sooner had he got about fifty yards away from the field when down swooped the little owl and was just starting to carry off a young pheasant when the boy fired and killed it, but he also killed twenty of the young birds as well! A terrible scene took place between the keeper and his son and when I appeared on the scene in the evening they were not on speaking terms, the keeper declaring that the boy was a perfect fool, who thoroughly deserved the kicking that he had given him and that the only thing the boy was fit for was to go and join the Army, or the soldiers, as he described it. Passing over this slur on the honourable profession which I had adorned for over twenty years, I turned my attention to the boy, who then took up the tale and said his father was an inhuman brute who had hurt him very much. At this stage Mrs. Keeper arrived and had more to say on the subject than either her worthy husband or her son. Shortly afterwards I was able to bring happiness once again to the family by having the owl stuffed, in the act of carrying off one of the young pheasants, and presenting it to them.

I should like at this stage to remind readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES that I shall be only too glad to answer any inquiries they may make on the subject of the handling of shooting syndicates, getting a gun in a syndicate, looking after a shoot, buying a gun, new or second-hand, etc., etc. Inquiries should be addressed to The Editor, marked "Shooting," and a FIGHTING FORCES coupon must accompany the inquiry.

In Scotland the opening day for the grouse was very wet and several parties had to postpone shooting. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire, on the other hand, the weather was excellent, and in the part of Derbyshire, where I was shooting, conditions were ideal for walking the moor. It is always a great source of satisfaction if one manages to kill with one's first shot. This year I was lucky. We had been walking for about ten minutes when a lovely covey of twelve birds rose in front of me, and I managed to get two nice young birds with a right and left, much to the joy of the keeper. Taking our day's experience as a whole, coveys seemed to be small, and there were many barren pairs. This was no doubt accounted for by the extreme cold that prevailed during the nesting season, when a certain number of eggs must have suffered. How-

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ever, generally speaking, reports from all over the country are decidedly good.

Partridge shooting opened this year on September 2nd in what must have been the hottest weather experienced for years past. Bags generally were heavy. A good deal has been written both in this and other journals about the decrease of partridges in this country. It is comforting, therefore, to be able to state that, judging from this year's reports, the stock is improving. This year in Surrey, for example, which is not a particularly good partridge country, there is a very good stock indeed. In one place, not thirty miles from London, I helped to shoot, with 6 guns, 50½ brace on about 130 acres, which is, in its way, a record. If the weather had not been so hot, another forty brace could easily have been bagged. It was a wonderful day, but everybody, guns, keepers and dogs, were completely done in by 3 p.m. It was very pleasant to note the great attention and kindness which the keepers showed to their dogs. Each of the three keepers who were out carried a full water bottle for their dogs, and whenever they saw a dog was tired and thirsty they made an indentation in the top of their hats and poured some water in it for the dogs to drink. I had never seen this done before, and hope this may come to the notice of the R.S.P.C.A. This Society admittedly does a lot of good, but one cannot help wishing they would confine their activities to the many cases of real cruelty that exist, instead of ill-advised agitation against blood sports. It is a well-known fact that every true sportsman is fond of animals and loathes to see their dumb friends ill-treated or overworked.

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YACHTING

WITH this issue of Yachting Notes we have regretfully to report the close of yet another season—although, this year, any regret is distinctly tempered by the recollection that the season has proved to be almost a record from the point of view of the fine weather enjoyed from May until well into September, and from the fact that the muster of craft at the various regattas and yachting fixtures has been unprecedented. Which of these two factors has contributed most towards making 1929 a record yachting season it is hard to say, but, perhaps, one is not very far wrong in attributing most of the praise to the weather. This undoubtedly has done much towards tempting a great number of former landsmen to forsake the endless miles and heat of the road for the pleasures of uncrowded pastures afloat—enjoyed by motor-cruiser and speed-boat. Sailing men cannot but regret the fact that although this year has produced a record number of newcomers to the sport, by far the greater majority of them are motor-boatists pure and simple. It is a pity, perhaps, for those who begin their sea apprenticeship in such a manner can never hope to acquire that nice balance of seamanship that their " sticks and string " forbears possessed. Of course, it is argued, in these days of the super-reliable marine motor, that seamanship is scarcely necessary ; there is much in that, and it would be well, perhaps, for the hard-bitten mariners to realize that their marine world is changing rapidly. Recently we saw a large notice set up in a certain harbour, " Parking for Boats and Runabouts." Advertisements to encourage newcomers point out that motor boats are just " sea cars "—they have their self-starters and head lights and parking lights and so forth, almost the exact replica of road cars in every essential detail. It all makes it so much more easy for the car owner to tackle : nothing new to learn—he just gets out of his car and into his boat, and it runs the same way.

Many a visitor to this year's Cowes noticed the seemingly sudden change which the internal combustion engine has brought to the Roadstead and the Week. Gone nowadays are the trim yachts' gigs and cutters and steam pinnaces—all is motor—either inboard or outboard. The water seems

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to have a permanent tang of exhaust about it, and more often than not the night air is made hideous by the reports of an under-silenced engine. Even this, however, could do nothing to mar the year's excellence. From a sailing-racing point of view it has known no equal since the early nineties. Almost consistently throughout the season six of the " big class " have faced the starting gun, and we believe we are right in saying that Lord Waring's cutter *White Heather* has sailed in every race for her class throughout the season. From beginning to end, and throughout the length and breadth of the sailing kingdom, there was universal disappointment at the absence of H.M. the King's famous old *Britannia*, but this is a defect which is to be remedied next year when the black cutter, come rain, hail or snow, will carry the red and blue racing flag at the truck once again. *Astra*, of whom so much was expected in the early weeks of the season, was obliged to drop out of the racing fleet owing to the tragic death of her owner, Sir Mortimer Singer. On the form which she showed in the eight starts which she made, however, there can be little doubt that she would probably have been at the head of her class. As it was, however, Fortune put her at the bottom in the list of winning flags. On form the big class seem to have sailed very closely, giving an empirical order of *Astra*, *Candida*, *Westward*, *Shamrock*, *White Heather*, *Lulworth* and *Cambria*. Taking the more concrete results of prize flags throughout the season, however, *White Heather* comes an easy first, followed by *Shamrock*, *Lulworth*, *Candida*, *Cambria*, *Westward* and *Astra*. Thus, taking things all round, it would seem that the older boats—the gaff-rigged cutters—head the list and the new Bermudan-rigged craft follow on after. If this is genuinely the case then the " battle of the rigs " is no nearer a decision than ever. There are those who moan plaintively that the handicap on time allowance was a little generous to the old boats and hard on the Bermudan cutters. This is scarcely the case ; to penalize the old craft would doubtless mean the end of their racing days and, in consequence, a greatly reduced racing fleet ; to over-penalize the new ones would be to discourage further building to the class. Broadly speaking it would appear that the handicapping throughout the season was as fair and as equitable as it could possibly have been—and that the older boats have rather triumphed, as a type over the newer ones.

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Turning from the all-interesting " big cutters " to the 12-metre class, we come to a record of magnificent racing. Almost up to the opening of Cowes Week there was very little to choose between *Mouette*, *Flica*, *Iyruna* or *Iris*. In the year's opening regattas they had run almost to a dead heat, but, as the season expanded the string began to open out and at the close of the season at Dartmouth it would seem that Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith's *Mouette* was easily at the head of her class, with Sir W. P. Burton's *Iyruna* second, *Flica* (Mr. C. R. Fairey) third, and Mr. Guinness' *Iris* a good runner-up. Thus the same boats managed to maintain their lead in a big fleet of hard-sailing craft throughout the season. In the 8-metre boats *Unity* was extremely successful, as was *Paula IV* in the " sixes. " Moving on to a still smaller type of racing boat—the 14-ft. International Dinghy—one has to record that that marvellous small-boat sailer Mr. Uffa Fox has again carried off the Prince of Wales' Cup from a very large field. Sailing *Daring*, which he had built himself, he made a very hard race for it against Mr. T. Thornycroft, finally repeating the success he obtained last year with *Avenger*. Of isolated instances of International sport we have first of all the Seawhanaka Cup Races over in Long Island Sound, in which the British boat, *Caryl*, was able to wrest the cup from its last year's captors, the American team. In the races for the Coupe de France an English boat, *Unity*, was similarly successful against Madame Heriot's *L'Aile*, a similar win coming to this country in the races for the Cumberland Cup. The One Ton Cup, however, went abroad once more. Next year will see a British team of " sixes " visiting the United States to race in Long Island Sound for the British America Cup—almost at the same time that Sir Thomas Lipton will be making yet another bid for the America's Cup with his projected *Shamrock V.*

From pure racing to pure cruising is almost too much of a jump, and in these days of so-called ocean racing in this country it is convenient to use that as a bridge. For the fourth year running the Fastnet Race passed off satisfactorily, the cup being won by Mr. R. Somerset's ex-Havre pilot vessel *Jolie Brise*. This is the second time this vessel has been successful in this event, the other occasion being in the inaugural race when she was owned by Mr. E. Martin. An even bigger, and more " ocean " ocean race which saw the light of birth this season, was the race from Plymouth to

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Santander. In the match for the King of Spain's Cup, however, only one British vessel entered—Lord Stalbridge's *Cetonia*—but was placed second. In the smaller boats' section several of our cruising craft entered, though nothing like the number one would have expected if there were any real enthusiasm for ocean racing in this country; this race was won also by Mr. Somerset's *Jolie Brise*. Last year the Ocean Racing Club arranged a match for the smaller classes of cruisers from the Wight to Cherbourg and back; this season the fixture was repeated and was further reinforced by a similar race sailed under the burgee of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

And that seems to be about all—except that cruising is still busily going on although racing has stopped this many a long day. The racing craft are, almost to a keel, hauled up for the winter, or are in process of being struck down, but the fine weather persists, and with it the good sport of cruising. If one wishes to seek the cruising man he is now resting somewhat from his labours, and is to be found at anchor in the more delectable spots of the earth—where autumn tints are beginning to colour the landscape and where the tang of bonfires scents the evening air—up the Dart, the Beaulieu River or in the recesses of the Orwell.

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CARS FOR THE SERVICES

III.

TWO undoubted snags in connection with motoring are the necessity for paying for a license and for insurance.

About a license there is very little to be said, except that an effort should always be made to pay by the year, as quite an appreciable amount is saved by doing so. For example, in the case of a car for which the full annual rate is £14, the quarterly payment is £3 17s. Four times £3 17s. is £15 8s., so that £1 8s. is saved by the annual payment. However, we have sufficiently vivid and painful recollections of the monthly budget in our salad days, and of pondering as to how far Cox would sanction the fluctuating overdraft, not to have the fullest sympathy with those who take the line of least resistance and pay by the quarter. However, one way or another, the license has got to be paid, and that's all there is to say about it.

But about insurance there is quite a lot to be said, and the taking out of a policy should be a matter for very careful consideration. Little points are apt to be missed in reading over the policy, and speaking from experience, we think we shall not be far wrong if we say that the great majority of officers are apt to give anything that looks like a legal document the most cursory consideration. The best thing to do is to deal direct with one of the big companies, and to have a heart-to-heart talk with one of the representatives of the company selected, at the station where you happen to be serving. And seeing that an officer leads a vicarious existence, and spends his life going to courses, etc., all over the kingdom, and is often ordered abroad at very short notice, it follows that dealings with a company which has branches everywhere at home and in many parts of the world as well, is the obvious line of action. There are a great many companies who have not got these facilities, and as a consequence officers who deal with them may suffer great delays when their claims are dealt with. The golden rule of insurance is to have *personal* dealings with the representative of the company concerned, and not only by correspondence only. When you are on the point of taking out a policy and have actually got the company's official in front of you, you will not hesitate to ask all sorts of questions which you would not take the trouble to put down on paper, or possibly even think about unless

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it were that your mind was stirred by the bodily presence of one to whom you can address your questions.

There must have been a number of people caught out by frozen radiators during the severe frost of last winter. Some of the best companies included protection against frost, a good many did not. We feel convinced of the value of the personal interview, and to any of our readers who are on the point of taking out a policy, or are not satisfied with the policy they have, we will, if they apply to us, guarantee to send a representative of one or other of the largest and best known insurance companies in this country, who have had dealings with this Journal. Inquiries should be addressed to the Editor and marked "Insurance," and a FIGHTING FORCES coupon should be included in the letter. We feel sure that they will not regret having applied to us, and that this course of action will prove of real benefit and a real economy to them. Of course, all questions of insurance, as well as motor insurance, can be dealt with at the same time.

If, and when, you should be sufficiently unfortunate to have an accident, it will often save an immense amount of trouble if you drop in at the local branch of your Insurance company and get their representative to assist you in answering the questions, which sometimes may appear to be rather abstruse, but which for the most part are susceptible of quite a simple answer. If this personal relationship between the officer insured and the insurance company is maintained, the tiresome business of making out a claim will be robbed of half its terrors.

The most usual inquiry that we have had from abroad about cars is with regard to deferred payments combined with a guarantee of re-purchase. This is probably far and away the most satisfactory and most economical method of getting the use of a car during your leave period at home, and those who are interested in it cannot do better than write to University Motors, Ltd. (whose advertisement appears in the present issue) for their booklet "The Secret of Successful Leave." It will be of use and a saving of time, to quote here the example given in their booklet with regard to terms of payment under this system :—

	£	s.	d.
Cost price of car	200	0	0
25% deposit on total	50	0	0
Leaving a balance (including interest)	159	15	0

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This amount, £159 15s., is split up into twelve equal monthly payments of £13 6s. 3d., the first of which is due one month after taking delivery. The total outlay for six months would therefore be :—

	£	s.	d.
The initial deposit on delivery ...	50	0	0
Plus five monthly instalments of £13 6s. 3d.	66	11	3
Total ...	116	11	3

The re-purchase price on a car, value £200, less 35 per cent., would be £130. From this deduct the amount still due for the remaining seven instalments, £93 3s. 9d., and the balance, £36 11s. 3d., plus the interest overcharged, is refunded to you on return of the car. From these figures it will be seen that six months' use of a new £200 car will have cost less than £80, or just a little over £13 a month.

If this figure of £200 for the cost of the car appeals to the reader, the Standard Nine is worth consideration. For a little less or a little more, one or other of two models can be obtained, *i.e.*, the 9 h.p. "Fulham" Saloon at £185, or the 9 h.p. "Teignmouth" Fabric Saloon at £215. There is also the 9 h.p. "Selby" Four-Seater Touring Car at £195, and after the brilliant summer that we have just enjoyed many people are beginning to modify their verdict that a saloon is the only possible car for this country.

To the officer on six or eight months' leave there is one primary essential in a car, *i.e.*, reliability. Loss of time is the one unforgiveable sin. It is exasperating, for example, if you are booked to play in a cricket match, say, for "The Stragglers of Asia," and you fail to reach your destination through car failure.

Standard cars may have had minor defects in the past, all companies have had their bad patches, but a really reliable engine has always been a keynote in Standard workmanship, and there is no doubt the new "Nines" set a very high standard of mechanical perfection. The springing is excellent, and here we might stress that this is an enormously important point. The intending buyer of any make of car should take an immense amount of trouble in ascertaining that the springs are really good. Some "Standard" models in the past have not been beyond criticism in this respect. The writer, for example, has one such, which admirable in every other

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respect after two years' continuous wear, calls forth contumely from his feminine relations on account of its springs. But there is good half-elliptic springing on the new models, and there are two rebound leaves on top of the master leaf, instead of one as hitherto. The length of the springs, too, is sufficient to provide comfortable travelling for the occupants of the rear seats, who have, in so many cars, to suffer such agonies of discomfort.

"Devilish noisy in second gear," some people will probably say when Standard cars are mentioned. Well, they used to be, though noise plus efficiency is better than comparative silence plus inefficiency any day. However, this noise has been eliminated from the new models in quite a remarkable degree, thanks to a recent invention, which allows of the gear wheels being ground after hardening. Appearance and finish have always been strong features of Standard workmanship, and they retain their smart appearance in quite a wonderful way in comparison with many other cars.

The "Teignmouth" Fabric Saloon is fitted with a "Stanlite" sliding roof which can be opened or closed at will when the car is in motion. This roof can be fitted to the "Fulham" model at an additional cost of £5.

For the rest, ignition is by magneto; the carburettor is the Solex horizontal type; there is central control (Standard owners may miss the "gate" of previous models, which has given place to the more usual ball change method), and an excellent system of lubrication by gear pump.

The length of the wheelbase is 8 ft. 3 in., width of track 3 ft. 9 in., overall length, with luggage-grid up, 12 ft.

Number of miles to the gallon is, of course, always a varying factor, dependent on a great many circumstances. The Standard Company themselves carried out a test with two 9 h.p. machines, one a fabric saloon, and the other an open four-seater. These two cars were run continuously night and day for one month, seven drivers being employed, each driver having six hours on and fifteen hours off. Each car covered a set circuit of 153 miles every six hours. The route was through several towns, and included four severe hills, and an average running speed of twenty-six miles per hour was obtained. The total mileage was 18,000 miles, and petrol consumption worked out at thirty-seven to forty miles per gallon. It is a factor well worth considering in these days of higher priced petrol.

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"The Fighting Forces"

INQUIRY BUREAU

(1) The Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects.

Questions on Heraldry can also be answered, and, in fact, any military question which requires research.

(2) Inquiries about Yachting, Hunting, Shooting and Fishing will also be dealt with, as heretofore. Also inquiries with regard to Motor Cars.

(3) Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

(4) Inquiries from lady readers, on any service subject in which they are interested will be answered as far as possible.

All inquiries must be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon, which will be found at the end of this number. A stamped, addressed envelope must also be enclosed. The nature of the inquiry should be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, *i.e.*, "Fishing, Cars, Education," etc.

Selected answers to inquiries will appear in the following number.

The following are a few of the inquiries received during the past quarter.

Battle Honours, Medals, Colours, etc.

1. Did any other battalion of The Middlesex Regiment besides the 25th Battalion serve in the Russian and Siberian Campaign of 1918-19?

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The 25th Battalion was at Vladivostock on August 3rd, 1918, and at Omsk, Siberia, in September, 1918, and returned to the United Kingdom (Glasgow) on October 8th, 1919. No other battalion of this regiment was in Siberia. It must have been this battalion which earned for the regiment the Battle Honours "Dukhovskaya" and "Siberia 1918-19."

2. Was the Honour "Murman 1919" earned by another battalion of The Middlesex Regiment, or was the 25th Battalion present at both operations, *i.e.*, did the 25th Battalion fall back on Murman from Siberia?

A special detachment comprising personnel from certain battalions of the Middlesex Regiment served with the Murman Force, on the strength of which the Regiment was, presumably, granted the Honour "Murman, 1919." The 25th Battalion did not join this force.

3. Which regiment was granted the first Battle Honour?

The methods by which active service is commemorated are very varied (*vide* a fairly exhaustive article on this subject in FIGHTING FORCES for April, 1929). To the old 18th Foot, later The Royal Irish Regiment (disbanded in 1922), belongs the honour of being granted the first honour. King William III granted them one of his own badges, the Lion of Nassau, with the motto "Virtutis Namurcensis Præmium" for their distinguished services at the Siege of Namur in 1695.

As regards honours in the form of a word, "Emsdorff," granted to the 15th Light Dragoons (later 15th Hussars) in 1768 by Royal Warrant, is the first. The Battle of Emsdorff was fought on July 16th, 1760.

The earliest campaign to be commemorated is "Tangier, 1662-1680." The honour was granted to 1st The Royal Dragoons and The Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey) under Army Order 180 of 1909. Under the same Army Order the following regiments were granted "Tangier 1680": Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards and The Royal Scots (The Royal Regiment).

4. What is the origin of the custom of wearing medals as a decoration?

Before the institution of medals, war service was rewarded with chains, bracelets, collars and badges. To the chains and collars was usually attached a jewel, badge or medal, which formed part of the decoration. Sometimes only the medal was awarded and the recipient copied those who had received the higher decoration.

It is fairly clear that the earlier medals were not intended to be worn, as they were not provided with a hole or ring or other means for suspension. The Carnatic medal, issued by the H.E.I.C. in 1784, had no such means of suspension, but the sepoys usually punched holes themselves in the medals through which some coloured cord was passed to hang it round the neck.

The medals authorized by Charles I for good service in the Forlorn Hope were intended to be "worn on the breast." The large Dunbar medals had no means of suspension, but the smaller ones had.

The earliest official reference to medal ribbon is to be found in an Admiralty letter dated November 9th, 1796, referring to the Navy Gold Medals, and this marks the commencement of the practice.

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5. Have Colours always had fringes ?

No. Fringes were not authorized for Colours until 1859 (*vide* Queen's Regulations) to improve their appearance when their size had been reduced from 6 feet flying and 5 feet 6 inches deep to 4 feet flying and 3 feet 6 inches deep.

6. When was the rank of " Trooper " officially authorized ?

Under Army Order 222 of 1923, as amended by Army Order 296 of 1923.

7. One sometimes finds General Officers of high rank referred to as " Commander-in-Chief " and " Commanding-in-Chief," Which is the correct term ?

The title of the supreme Army Command has varied, and both of the above terms have been authorized at various periods.

From 1660 to 1674 it was Captain-General ; in 1674 Monmouth was Commander-in-Chief ; Marlborough was Captain-General ; Wellington was Commander-in-Chief, but his successor was appointed Commanding-in-Chief, and this was the title of the Duke of Cambridge's appointment in 1856. In 1887, however, the title was altered to Commander in-Chief, and so it remained until abolished in 1904. The last holder of the office was Lord Roberts.

8. In which campaign were bayonets first used ?

Bayonets were introduced into the British Army in 1662, and were first used on service at Tangier the following year. They were the " plug " bayonets, *i.e.*, they had a wooden handle which was screwed into, or " plugged " into, the muzzle of the musket.

9. Why do The Royal Scots Greys wear bearskin caps in full-dress, instead of metal helmets similar to those of other dragoon regiments ?

The bearskin of The Royal Scots Greys commemorates their gallant conduct during the Battle of Ramillies (May 23rd, 1706), when they swept off the field the French Grenadiers.

10. Some time ago I remember hearing of a girl who enlisted into the 82nd Regiment and had a remarkable career. Can you throw light upon her ?

The girl referred to is no doubt Mary Ann Talbot, born in 1778. She was entrusted to the guardianship of an officer of the 82nd (now 2nd Bn. The Prince of Wales's Volunteers), who took her to San Domingo and enrolled her as a drummer-boy in the regiment, as an alternative to her being sold as a slave.

She served with the regiment at Valenciennes and then deserted and joined a French privateer. This ship was captured by the English, and she revealed her identity but not her sex, and served as a cabin " boy " at Howe's victory on the glorious June 1st, 1794. Later she was taken prisoner by the French and served eighteen months in prison at Dunkirk. She suffered much from her wounds and died at the early age of thirty.

11. When were Field-Marshals introduced into the British service, and who was the first ?

This rank was introduced in 1736, and Lord George Hamilton was the first of the rank, his commission being dated just two days prior to that of John, Duke of Argyll.

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Education.

1. I am not at all satisfied with the preparatory school where my boy is at present, more especially as it is proving much more expensive than I imagined. Do you recommend my taking the boy away and sending him to another school? His age is 11½.

No, it is too late to take your boy away, and it would not be in his best interests. As regards expenses, we advise you to take a strong line and insist on the "extras" being cut down as much as possible.

2. Can you recommend a good preparatory school in or near Oxford?

You cannot do better than send your boy to Lynams (The Dragon School). The staff alone is a guarantee of the excellence of the type turned out.

3. Particulars with regard to my boy are as follows . . . What public school do you recommend, preferably in the north of England?

Sedbergh is, in our opinion, the best north country school, but see the Education article in the present number.

Cars.

1. Having read the article in your April, 1929, number, I should be extremely grateful for all information you can give about the "sale and re-purchase" system of obtaining a car when on home leave? I shall be home on leave next year, and wish to obtain a car on the instalment system with the guarantee of re-purchase after my leave is finished (six months).

We are forwarding you "The Secret of Successful Leave," a booklet issued by University Motors, Limited, of 83, Piccadilly, W.1, which will give you all the information you require.

[Several other inquiries about the "Sale and Re-purchase" system were received, and we have referred to it in the article "Cars for the Services," which appears in the present number. As regards University Motors, we are always glad to recommend this firm, as Captain R. M. Millar, who is in the Sales Department, at 83, Piccadilly, served "alongside" the Editor of this Journal, and we have no doubt that the firm will do their very best for any reader of THE FIGHTING FORCES.]

Various.

1. I have to lay in a stock of champagne for our big annual commemoration guest night. Can you recommend a good brand of champagne?

This is rather outside the usual line of inquiry, but Bollingers have always been good friends of this Journal, and we have no hesitation in recommending you to get Bollinger's "Special Cuvée," which is very popular now-a-days, and deservedly so, for it is a really excellent brand at a very moderate cost. Bollingers has always been a name to conjure with, there is a pleasing, satisfying note about it, and we can recommend their "Special Cuvée" as being really sound and really good.

[*N.B.*—Sporting inquiries have been answered individually, and answers have not been published in the present number through lack of space.—ED.]

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

19.—FORTUNES IN THE WEST

By V. E.

JIM BLAKE paused in his cogitations, and under the stress of emotions said to himself: "Yes, I must try the West. I have tried the coal mines, studied hard and had the results of my preparations suddenly curtailed by the war, when, in the grip of war fever, I joined up and gave four years of my life for King and Country. Now I have tried every available kind of work, but I am forced to the conclusion that fortunes in this country are a thing of the past: made in plenty, apparently, by the people who remained behind while the boys were stopping the invading hordes on the fields of Flanders and elsewhere in the war zones. At the best of times, even in a steady job, life is difficult. Wages are so small and the economic scales of this country are so finely adjusted that Dame Fortune is over-handicapped. Look at the daily illustrated papers: fashions on the Riviera, basking in the sun at Deauville. This ostentatious flaunting of wealth is not likely to breed a spirit of content in a man who is ambitious, works and studies hard, and sees all his schemes and honest endeavours to obtain sufficient of this world's goods and chattels continually going up in smoke. Yes, it was better before the war; but the war also lifted the veneer—it opened the eyes of people who were previously content to live peaceful lives, but who are now assiduous supporters of the Labour Party and thoroughly dissatisfied with the old order of things. Well, anyway, I shall book a steerage passage on the *Montcalm* and betake myself to the land of promise."

The following week saw Jim Blake installed as a steerage passenger on board the *Montcalm*. He was a tall, slim built, athletic young man with a strong determined face, grey eyes and dark hair. The type of man who would follow a project through if once he came to the conclusion that the particular enterprise was sound and worth trouble. He had just sufficient money to let him pass the Immigration Authorities at Quebec—a little over five pounds. Among the medley

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crowd of passengers were many returning Canadians and people of the " Old Country " who had made good in the land of promise and who had been paying a visit to their native land. Jim Blake got into conversation with some of these people ; but according to the replies he got regarding agriculture and work in general, it seemed as if Canada was also labouring under the aftermath of war. One man from Alberta said, in reply to Jim's assertion that he was going on the land, " I don't think you will like it !" Jim thought to himself, " This does not sound very encouraging. However, ' Faint heart never won fair lady.' It can't be much worse than where I have come from, that's one consolation."

Eventually, after a fair voyage, they steamed into Quebec, and the long, tiresome routine of passing the Customs and Immigration Officer commenced. The steerage passengers were herded into great wire cages and kept waiting for an interminable period before being led out like sheep to interview that great dignitary, the Immigration Officer. Eventually Jim found himself free at last, feeling rather vicious towards Immigration Officers and officials in general.

He now considered which line of direction to take in this country, and decided to make for Montreal, his small capital not permitting distant travel. He betook himself to the station, and eventually boarded a train for Montreal. The journey was longer than he expected ; the train did not travel quickly—at least, not so quickly as the Old Country trains. He surmised that was probably on account of the great distances they traversed. On the other hand, they were quite comfortable ; the heating arrangements were excellent, and a cistern of ice-cooled water was installed at the end of each coach. At the conclusion of this trip there were many happy reunions, a large number of the passengers from the *Montcalm* arriving by the same train. He was rather confused amid the babel of tongues, the French Canadians alternately speaking French and English. He passed the night in the Alberta Hotel, where they charged him five dollars for a night. This was disquieting and made a dent in his small capital.

The following day he wisely came to the conclusion that to get away from the town was the best policy, so he took a train to a small place called Franklin, about eighty miles from Montreal and close to the borders of the United States. This trip practically engulfed the remainder of his capital.

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This did not worry him very much, because during the war he was attached to the Canadians in France for twelve months, and was sufficiently conversant with their characteristics to know that they were always willing to help a lame dog over a style. When he arrived there he commenced looking for work, and eventually obtained it with a farmer at two dollars a day and board—not a fortune, but at least a start. The work was hard, heart-breaking at times; these sons of the soil don't know what fatigue is—they go at it all day while it is light. After a few weeks he began to toughen up, and, thanks to the excellent food and fine, bracing, open-air life, he began to look and feel a new man.

At this time he commenced inquiring about farms, and eventually ascertained that one stepping-stone to independence is known as taking a farm on the shares.

"Taking a farm on shares" means that a man with no capital, but well experienced in agriculture, agrees to take another man's farm over as it stands, including livestock and all accessories which go with a farm. He works the farm, and at the end of the year he divides the profits with the owner. That is one way of acquiring sufficient capital to buy a ready-made farm. For example, if the price demanded for a farm is 15,000 dollars, he could pay down, say, 1,000 dollars or more, depending on his means, and the remainder is paid off annually with a small percentage on the balance. It takes a few years to acquire a farm like this, but there are ample opportunities of doing so. A certain amount of caution and experience is a valuable asset in this type of speculation, in case one buys a pig in a poke.

A third method for a man with no capital is to go out West. There are one or two trains which run every year for the harvest, and the fare is negligible considering the distance—a week's journey. Once out West, he can hire himself to a farmer. The wages vary from five to ten dollars per day, according to the man's experience and ability, but even a beginner can do well if he is strong and not afraid to work, whereas if he can work a motor tractor he can easily make his ten dollars per day. When the harvest is over he can hire himself to a farmer for the winter; there is practically nothing doing during that period, the intense cold sometimes rendering it unsafe to proceed out of doors. The work then consists of feeding and tending the livestock, and occasionally drawing loads of wood if the stock on hand is

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running low. Some farmers don't pay wages for winter work—simply board and lodgings in lieu. In the spring the real estate agents will give a man a quarter section of virgin soil or more if he can manage it, and stock it with livestock and machinery. If the man is lucky and has a good harvest the first year, he is made. However, the demon luck crops up in this; a man might toil five years and never have a harvest. This does not sound very encouraging, but the violent gales sometimes completely destroy a whole crop; then there are dry seasons when everything is burnt up; but he must take the good with the bad if he wants to wrest his fortune from Nature's storeroom. The ironical part about the real estate agent people is this: they give, say, a quarter section fully stocked to a man with no capital, and if he is unlucky the first year and cannot pay part or interest due on the property, they take it from him, reselling it later as improved land at a bigger price. So these gentry derive a lucrative living at the expense of their unfortunate brethren.

These pointers, Jim thought, were really the most important as far as prospects of future independence was concerned. Of course, there were the coal mines, where an experienced miner could in good times earn as much as fifteen dollars per day. Jim discovered that quite a large number of Canadians worked in the mines and lumber camps during the winter, saving enough money to pay their fees at a university during the summer session. In this way they qualified for posts as mine managers and surveyors, etc. In some places board and lodging is so cheap that a man can save more than two-thirds of his pay; so if he is industrious and thrifty, he can soon amass sufficient capital to start himself either on a ranch, sheep farm, ordinary farm, fruit growing, or whatever he thinks is most suitable and best for himself.

With this gradually accrued knowledge, Jim Blake took the harvest train out west. On reaching his destination, the sight he witnessed was awe-inspiring: as far as the eye could see was nothing but a golden sea of waving, shimmering wheat. As he looked it seemed to advance and recede like the waves of the sea. As he gazed spellbound on this entrancing panorama, scintillating under a blue dome and scorching sun, he became quite giddy. He could find no words to express himself. That was not surprising, for one must see the great plains of grain to get a proper conception

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of it. Even then it will be silent admiration, which is, after all, the best praise. It certainly is worth crossing land and sea, if only to gaze on this wonderful vista.

He hired himself to a farmer and worked all summer, but he did not return to the town at the end of it; he hired himself to another farmer for the winter. When the spring came round he did not fall a victim to the blandishments of the estate agents; he worked another year in a similar manner, and at the end of two years had saved quite a decent sum of money—enough, Jim thought, to see him through a bad spell if he was unfortunate the first year. The following spring he started on the estate agent plan, but had no harvest on account of an extremely dry, hot summer. However, thanks to his forethought, he had enough capital to stall off the estate vulture, and the following year fortune smiled on him. He followed up this success with a touch of the gambler's fever in his veins; he increased his land, staked every dollar on a future harvest, and, as the saying goes, "Fortune favours the bold"; she smiled again, and Jim was a made man. From then onwards he never looked back, and, although he has not yet made a fortune, he is travelling steadily in that direction.

Such opportunities as these are only available for a few in the Old Country, but in the West these chances are open to anyone who has the strength, courage and necessary determination. Fortunes are not always made, but the odds are in favour of those who are *bona-fide* triers attaining in time a standard of independence which they could not, even in their wildest flights of fancy, hope to attain in the Old Country.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor, "The Fighting Forces."

No. 2811-E,
MILITARY FINANCE DEPARTMENT,
SIMLA,
June 12th and 13th, 1929.

DEAR SIR,

My attention has been called to the article entitled "The Army Budget in India," which appears in the Editorial of your issue of April, 1929, and which has been quoted by the Press in India. The article contains certain definite mis-statements regarding which I am sure you would like to have correct information.

In the first place, it is stated that certain items such as Royal Air Force, Customs Duty, Royal Indian Marine, Indian Territorial Force, Auxiliary Force (India), Pensions and the Army Finance Department, which appear in the Military Estimates in India, have no counterpart in the War Office vote. This is true of the first three items, but as regards the remainder, you will find corresponding provision in the Home Army Estimates for a Territorial Army, for Pensions, for a Financial Staff at the War Office and outstations and for a Royal Army Pay Corps.

In the second place, you state that out of the 50 crores allowed to the Commander-in-Chief in India, about a fifth is absorbed by finance and audit establishment. The facts are that the total net budget under the control of the Commander-in-Chief amounts to 55 crores, and of this total only 1 crore or 1·8 per cent. is absorbed by the Military Accounts Department, which is responsible for payment and for the accounting and audit of this expenditure. The cost of the establishments of the Financial Adviser (Rs.6¾ lakhs) is borne entirely by the civil estimates. The remainder of the article fails to appreciate the wide extent to which the military authorities are responsible for their own internal economy and finance.

Yours faithfully,

A. F. L. BRAYNE,
Financial Adviser, Military Finance.

To the Editor, "The Fighting Forces."

INDIA,
June 7th, 1929.

DEAR SIR,

In your Editorial headed "The Army Budget in India," published in your issue for April, 1929, I am surprised to see the following statements to the effect that :—

1. The Army Budget in India is burdened with such items as the Army Finance Department, and that "No such items are borne by the War Office vote."

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2. "Out of 50 crores allowed to the C.-in-C. in India, about a fifth is absorbed by finance and audit establishment."

If you refer to the respective Army Estimates of the two countries for the year 1928, you will ascertain the following facts :—

(*a*) The cost of pay and financial establishment of the Home Army was £511,000 (approximately), borne at votes 1 and 12 of the Army Estimates.

(*b*) The cost of the Military Accounts Department in India was approximately 1 crore and 3 lakhs of rupees.

(*c*) The cost of the Military Finance Department (*i.e.*, the Government Secretariat) is *not* borne by the Army in India Budget.

In view of the above facts, your statement that finance and audit establishments in India absorb one-fifth of the Army Budget is inexplicable.

I can only imagine that one-fiftieth and not one-fifth was meant, and that the latter was a printer's error.

However, it is read and conceivably believed. Might one therefore ask that in view of the fact that your article is a criticism of a public service in India, founded on wide inaccuracies, the above corrections should be given due publicity ?

The following comparative table of expenditure on finance and audit services at Home and in India for the year 1928 is of interest :—

	Cost of Finance and Audit Service.	*Strength of Army.*	*Cost per Head.*
Home	£511,000	153,000	£3 6 0
India	£770,000	328,000	£2 0 0

The above are rounded figures.

I am, yours, etc.,

"CORRESPONDENT."

[We gladly accept Mr. Brayne's correction contained in the second paragraph of his letter, and offer our apologies for what was, admittedly, an over-statement. We also offer our regrets for the typographical error by which one-fiftieth became converted into one-fifth. Mr. Brayne's statement that the cost of the establishments of the Financial Adviser is borne entirely by the Civil Estimates is technically correct, but he omits to mention, what we think is a fact, that the head under which this item of some £50,000 per annum falls is the Army Department, which is the particular civil department of the Government of India whose business it is *to keep the Army in its place*. The taxpayer remains the same whoever spends the money. This, in fact, is the *fons et origo malorum*, and the whole gist of our complaint, to wit, the existence of the present uneconomical and irritating system based on suspicion and political expediency. As regards Mr. Brayne's statement that we fail "to appreciate the wide extent to which the military authorities are responsible for their own internal economy and finance," we can only say, with all respect, that we do nothing of the kind. We know only too well from personal experience that the military officer is held entirely responsible for every penny he spends, even to

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the extent of being made to write up his own accounts, while his perfectly competent clerk breathes garlic down the back of his neck. No officer complains of, or denies having, responsibility. What he does complain of is that having been made responsible, he is thereupon hedged about with annoying, suspicious and usually senseless restrictions by a horde of parasitical, failed B.As. who, having attained these dubious academical distinctions, look to the beneficent Government to provide them with lucrative employment. We realize that we are a voice crying in the wilderness, and that in the present state of India's political development any attempt to cut down the finance and audit department would be made the subject of violent political agitation. But if we can make Parliament and the Government of India see that the present financial system is uneconomical, we may in time see a Viceroy strong enough to insist on much needed reform.

At the present moment an officer is held personally responsible for money spent by him on his unit, *if he can get the money*. The whole thing really resolves itself into a round game between the officer commanding and an Indian functionary calling himself a D.A.C.M.A. The British officer tries to avail himself of the financial assistance to which he is entitled for the efficient running of his unit while the auditor does his best to keep it from him.

The trouble with the finance departments of India is that they are suffering from over-Indianization. Ninety per cent. of the correspondence which emanates from the office of any C.M.A. in India is signed by an Indian whose military knowledge is nil, and whose dicta are based on badly-worded rulings in what is to him a foreign language. In short, when Mr. Fulan Das, D.A.C.M.A., returns a frivolous objection to a claim or account which has already been certified as correct by a responsible officer, his objection is based on an obviously imperfect concept of a regulation written in a foreign language. We are told, in the preamble to Army Regulations, that rules are to be interpreted in the spirit rather than the letter. On the other hand, the C.M.A. staff interpret all regulations in the letter because they do not understand the spirit. Regulations are meant to be a guide for those who can think for themselves.

We can now turn to the letter signed " A Correspondent." Most of the points raised by him have been dealt with in our remarks on the previous letter. As regards his comparative table, the figures appear to us to be a bit too rounded, and in any case comparisons between the two countries are very difficult in view of the difference in cost of living, wages, etc. However, let us admit that he shows that an excessive amount is spent in this country as well on finance and audit services. Even so, that does not disprove of our contention that the Indian finance and audit department is grossly uneconomical in its working, and that much of its time is spent in making hard-working officers answer stupid objections and sign unnecessary certificates. No doubt in most cases controllers of military accounts and assistant controllers personally do their best to be helpful, but we doubt very much whether they see more than a very small proportion of the spate of objections which emanate from their offices every day except on communal holidays.—ED.]

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To the Editor, "The Fighting Forces."

INDIA,
July 25th, 1929.

DEAR SIR,

Just a few lines to make an amiable protest against your Editorial note on page 183 of your July number regarding Indian Army bands. I do not think you can have heard many of the Indian Army bands playing, and I am also pretty sure you are wrong in stating that most Indian Army officers would like to see bands done away with. Certain Indian Army bands are exceptionally good, possibly some of the Gurkha ones being the best. Admitting that there is not much *military* use for Indian Army bands, they are extraordinarily helpful and useful on guest nights during the weary, hot weather months and for "Weeks," "At Homes," etc. The Government allowance for the upkeep of a band does not, of course, half meet the cost of upkeep, but I know of few British officers who mind stumping up for the extra cost, provided the band is a good one, and there really are quite a number of such (*pace* your note !).

However, under the new reorganization it is becoming difficult to maintain a full-strength band because, while Government allow in establishments for eighteen bandsmen, most bands run to thirty-five to forty men, and these have to be taken from the strength of the three rifle companies. Apologizing for the length of this letter,

I am, Sir,
Yours faithfully,
"BOMBARDON."

[It is always unwise to generalize, and we fear we may have been guilty of this crime, as regards the note in the Editorial of the July issue. At the same time, we feel bound to say in our own defence that we have heard a fairly large number of Indian Army bands in our time, and some of them rather added to the terrors of the hot weather than mitigated them. However, we unreservedly accept our correspondent's statement that Indian Army officers would not like to see their bands done away with, and also that there are quite a number of good bands.

The difficulty of course is keeping up a *good* band on a battalion basis, a difficulty which the Territorials at home are also experiencing in an increasing degree. We cannot believe that a really bad band is better than none at all, and it seems that the question of Brigade bands will have to be considered, though, of course, in India there are all sorts of difficulties in the way.—ED.]

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THE BOOKSHELF

GREEN ENVELOPES. John Murray. 5s.

There can scarcely be one home in an English village to-day where no green envelope is carefully kept and treasured, those once so familiar coverings to the precious missives from the far-spread expeditionary forces. To some of us they came irregularly over long, weary periods, and they lie now in bundles, the fading ribbon holding together the oft-scanned, blurred yet vivid sentences. In some, oh! such precious caskets, they can be counted, alas! on the fingers of one hand as they lie pitifully beneath the devastating official telegram with its briefly-worded message telling of the sacrifice paid.

The anonymous author of this book has conceived the idea of publishing some of the letters that reached a typical English village during those years when almost the entire manhood of its population were with our armies abroad. How wise is the inspiration his readers will agree. One by one the letters re-open for us the heart of England during those anxious days. Here, in this slender volume, we live again the experiences of thousands who could see before them a simple duty, and stuck manfully to that duty, though they were tested beyond hitherto possible endurance.

The types stand out in clear relief. The fine breeding of the Squire, his quick-tempered yet just and manly spirit, ever faithful to the highest standards of his race, his caste and his fox-hunting traditions. The modest Melrose too, wins our approbation as he ably officiates as adjutant and readily gains the recognition of his merits, which were hid in the peaceful days from his sport-loving neighbours, for he could not afford to follow hounds. His letters are permeated with that quiet spirit of duty and determination entirely devoid of self-seeking which has left behind it in so many cases nothing concrete but a grave on foreign soil; but who can measure the value of such an influence?

A turn of the page will bring us to the breezy epistle of the ideal second-lieutenant, singing the praises of his devoted "Berseckers," or again we are smiling over the bucolic amorousness of Pte. Jock Jaggers, or applauding the wholesome commonsense and unadvertised gallantry of the Squire's sometime chauffeur, now Pte. Plimsol, A.S.C. Many well-remembered grouses are repeated by all ranks, but the inevitable English habit of leavening all things with a touch of humour never fails. Many of the letters contain sound and illuminating criticism, and if to their nearest and dearest these men sometimes reveal their detestation of the whole business of war, this bundle of letters amply displays the good old British doggedness of character that sees no way out of a job except by finishing it.

Then when tragedy stalks pitilessly through our village courage is not wanting in those at home, a deep sympathy binds all together in a common sacrifice, where even the rough tenderness of the old postman must surely carry some healing balm, and the wedding bells that peal at the close of the story ring for a congregation who can, we feel, be happy in the remembrance of those whose name liveth for ever more.

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JOSE ANTONIO PÁEZ. By R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM. Heinemann. 15s.

Over a century has elapsed since Canning called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old, but it is only now that Latin America is becoming anything more than a name to the vast majority of British people; and for this welcome change the works that for a number of years have come from the pen of Mr. Cunninghame Graham are very largely responsible. In this present volume he deals with a man of whom little has hitherto been known on this side of the Atlantic, but before the reader lays the book down, which he will do most unwillingly, Páez will be as familiar to him as any of our own national heroes.

The war between Spain and her insurgent colonies was essentially a civil one, for the number of Spanish soldiers engaged in the contest was comparatively small, and Páez himself commenced his military career on the Royalist side. Like every *venezolano* of those days, he was a born horseman, and the author rightly calls him Bolivar's Murat. Of the many almost incredible feats of which he was the hero, perhaps the capture of a flotilla of gunboats by means of a cavalry charge was the most remarkable, and it loses nothing in Mr. Cunninghame Graham's telling :—

> " With fifty of his Guard of Honour, riding with their girths and cruppers loosened, Páez galloped to the bank. Then, letting their saddles slide down to the ground, without dismounting they plunged into the stream. They held their lances in their mouths, and kept their horses' heads against the current by splashing water in their faces with their hands. Those on the bank kept up a constant yelling to scare away the alligators, whilst Bolivar and his staff anxiously watched the swimmers in their desperate enterprise."

The Spaniards on the launches were not unnaturally seized with panic at this novel mode of attack, and :—

> . . . " after an irregular discharge that did no damage, for all they had to aim at were the horses' heads and the men, naked from their waists upwards, they took to their canoes and fled. The horsemen, from the horses' backs, leaped on board the boats after a bloodless victory. Turning their horses loose, who at once swam back again to the same bank that they had left, without a single loss, Páez in triumph brought the launches back to where Bolivar and his staff were sitting like equestrian statues, hardly daring to believe their eyes."

When the independence of Venezuela had been won Páez did not prove himself so capable an administrator as he had shown himself a general, and he eventually died in exile. In spite, however, of the fact that he won his victories upon the small stage of Venezuela, his career is worthy of more consideration than has hitherto been paid to it, for Páez was the typical *caudillo*, and it was men of his stamp that, for good or evil, have set their mark upon so many of the republics of Latin America. Mr. Cunninghame Graham has written a book that must appeal to every type of reader.

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THE DECISIVE WARS OF HISTORY: A STUDY IN STRATEGY. By B. H. LIDDELL HART. Bell & Sons. 12s. 6d.

Captain Liddell Hart can always be depended on to state his case vigorously, logically and very much to the point. And so his books are always welcome, the more so, perhaps, because a pleasant streak of humour crops up occasionally in unexpected places. The present volume is doubly welcome, as far as we are concerned, because it advances a theory in which we have always believed that throughout the ages decisive results in war have nearly always been reached when the strategic approach to the enemy has been indirect, *i.e.*, when it has come from an unexpected direction or in an unexpected form.

The analysis of campaigns that go to prove this theory covers a period from the Persian invasion of Greece in 490 B.C. to the German surrender in 1918. Captain Liddell Hart deals in the first part of his book with Greek wars, Roman wars, medieval wars, the seventeenth and eighteenth century, the French Revolution, and 1854 to 1914; in all twenty-seven wars embracing more than 240 campaigns. In only six of these campaigns was a decisive result obtained by a direct strategic approach to the main army of the enemy. Had this outstanding lesson no bearing on the Great War of 1914-1918?

In four amazingly interesting chapters the author co-ordinates recent with past experience. "Whatever be our opinion of the merit of attrition, and of the argument that the whole period should be regarded as one continuous battle, a method which requires four years to produce a decision is not to be regarded as a model for imitation." It was interesting to read these words after reviewing "Sir Douglas Haig's Command," the review of which appears immediately below.

This is an admirable book; the views are expressed with commendable brevity, and the reader will close the book with the feeling that the author has proved his case and shown that "the true aim in war is the mind of the hostile rulers, not the bodies of their troops."

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG'S COMMAND. By GEORGE A. B. DEWAR, assisted by LIEUT.-COL. J. H. BORASTON, C.B. Constable. 21s.

This book was first published in 1922 and is now re-issued in one somewhat bulky volume. The idea was probably not present in the minds of the writers, but the views expressed by them undoubtedly contribute a very strong argument against the folly of war on the grand scale, that is to say, if we accept their statements. The dominant theme is that there could have been no evasion of the wearing down of the enemy forces by the so-called methods of attrition, that the hideously costly offensives of 1916 and 1917 were necessary before the immense military power of Germany could be broken down. On the other hand, we read, "If too great timidity, lack of resolution, or fear of responsibility causes a leader to abandon his enterprise too soon, the whole of the previous effort and sacrifice of his troops are wasted, and a task which a little greater courage or energy might have brought to a victorious conclusion has to be begun again from the commencement." There could scarcely be a more gloomy picture of what a big war entails.

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For the rest, the story is told clearly and graphically, and with an immense appreciation of Haig's patient, resolute will-power and how it was through Haig's intervention that Foch was appointed as Generalissimo.

THE VICISSITUDES OF ORGANIZED POWER. By THE HON. SIR JOHN FORTESCUE. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.

The above is a reprint of the Romanes Lecture for 1929, and every soldier who reads it will thrill with a sense of pride in his calling. The somewhat high-sounding title of this little book might discourage many readers. Actually Sir John Fortescue has given a brief account of how peace and order have been maintained in the Empire by means of organized forces and by the Army in particular. One paragraph we feel we must quote in full :—

" It is surprising that in our Army there is a bond of attachment between officers and men that is to be found in no other ? And note this striking fact. During the late war, when every man of every nation was pressed into the ranks, there were grave mutinies in the organized forces of all the great military powers—France, Russia, Germany, Austria and Italy. But there was none among the British. It is a strange pre-eminence in an unmilitary nation, but there has never been a serious mutiny in the British Army. There have been troubles in isolated regiments, which in one case extended to a greater part of a Mediterranean garrison, but never any grave revolt since the days of Cromwell. Yet no organized force in the world has been so sorely provoked by national malignity and neglect. How has it escaped the accursed thing ? I answer, through the loyal patience of the officers and the trust of their men—not in the State, but in them. It is not too much, I think, to say that we owe our national existence to our regimental officers."

THE GOLDEN ADVENTURES OF BALBOA. By A. STRAWN. Lane. 12s. 6d.

It was high time that an account of the career of Vasco Núñez de Balboa should be available for the English reader, and Mr. Strawn has done his work well. His hero has suffered too long under the cloud which has hung over him ever since Keats confused Cortez with Balboa, and placed the former, instead of the latter, " silent upon a peak in Darien." For this reason, too, the present author has been well advised to give his study the sub-title " Discoverer of the Pacific."

The interest in the exploits of the *conquistadores* is unending, but Mr. Strawn's work also serves a more serious purpose in that it shows the foundations upon which the Latin American states of to-day are built. The invaders themselves came from a country which was united in name alone, and when, in addition, there came into existence further racial differences as the result of intermarriage with the Indians, there was greater diversity than ever. It was small wonder that the Government at Madrid lived in terror that some ambitious adventurer would forestall Bolivar by three centuries.

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In not a few ways Balboa is one of the most attractive of the *conquistadores*, for he was less avaricious than the majority, and more merciful than any of his contemporaries. His career deserved to be rescued from oblivion, and Mr. Strawn is to be congratulated upon the way he has done it.

ITALY. By LUIGI VILLARI. Benn. 18s.

The author of this book is too well-known to require any introduction to his readers, and as one who is equally at home in England and Italy he is the natural interpreter of the latter to the former. In the present volume, which deals with the history of Italy during the past hundred years, Signor Villari is perhaps a little too inclined to take it for granted that Fascism is the *chef d'œuvre* of Italian unity, but for this very reason his book is the more valuable in that it represents the point of view of the overwhelming majority of his fellow-countrymen to-day.

In one respect, however, it is not too easy to agree with the author, and it is in his sweeping condemnation of the régimes which the *Risorgimento* brought to an end. It is the usual habit of historians, to whom failure is generally unpardonable, to depict conditions in the various states of which Italy was composed as intolerable, but they never condescend to give any proof of their assertions, and in this respect Signor Villari is, unfortunately, no exception. Indeed, one cannot help suspecting that the unhappy dynasts who lost their thrones to the House of Savoy have been painted far blacker than they deserved to be, and the time has surely come to redress the balance. On the other hand, Signor Villari, unlike many Fascist writers, fully recognizes the merit of Cavour, and one of his chief tributes to Signor Mussolini is that he is carrying on his predecessor's work.

It is not easy for a foreigner to decide how far Signor Giolitti deserved all the hard things that the author says of him, though it must be admitted that he left Italy in a condition little better than anarchy. For Signor Villari the Parliamentary System is something quite alien to the Italian mind, though he curiously ignores the fact that on its intellectual side Fascism is under a heavy debt to the French Nationalists. In fact he is weakest when he is dealing with the spiritual forces, and he is at his best in discussing the recent economic development of Italy, which certainly is phenomenal. The author is, however, fully alive to the growth of intolerance, though some readers may consider that he does not realize all its dangers.

In appealing for a better understanding of Italian problems, Signor Villari will undoubtedly meet with a warm response in this country. The form of government that Italy adopts is her own affair, and no sane Englishman will wish to quarrel with it; but it must be admitted that even her best friends in Great Britain deplore the cynicism that has too often marked the policy of United Italy, and that inspired the seizure of Tripoli in a time of profound peace on the flimsiest of excuses. Once the prevalent suspicion of her motives is dispelled, she will never lack sympathy, and the best way to achieve this end is by that fuller knowledge which Signor Villari's book is calculated to supply.

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THE ARMIES OF THE FIRST FRENCH REPUBLIC AND THE RISE OF THE MARSHALS OF NAPOLEON I. Vol. II. By the late COL. R. W. PHIPPS. Oxford University Press. 21s.

The author has taken each army of the First French Republic in succession and dealt with it in detail, and though the method may have its drawbacks from the point of view of historical sequence, it will prove of value to the military student, to whom we have no hesitation in recommending this volume. In face of modern developments the study of past military history is occasionally regarded as having lost its importance, and we remember hearing one of the most brilliant of our present-day generals declare that he had learnt nothing from the study of these bygone campaigns. Yet these earlier Revolutionary wars, between 1792 and 1796, have very definite lessons for our military leaders, and a study of the characters of such men as Jourdan, Lefebvre, Bernadotte, Soult, Ney, Saint-Cyr and Pichegin is of very real value.

Political interference in the conduct of the campaign was amazingly rife in those Revolutionary days, and it is a symptom which every soldier who hopes for high command must take into consideration. In no campaign can he ever hope for freedom from political interference, nor indeed would it be in the best interests of the nation that he should be entirely unhampered in his actions. It is the latent antagonism so often apparent between soldiers and politicians that has been so often a source of trouble to this country. All those who are interested in such questions would do well to study this volume. There is an excellent index.

FURTHER ASPECTS OF MECHANIZATION. By BRIGADIER-GENERAL H. ROWAN-ROBINSON. Clowes & Sons. 6s.

The author believes that success in the warfare of the future on average terrain in civilized countries lies in the purest form of mechanization. He shows that Great Britain and America alone have taken seriously to the replacement of men by mobile machines, and that even they both incline rather to motorization than mechanization. He blames the authorities for not having a clearer policy and for a persistent attempt to put new wine into old bottles. In short the author considers, and there are many who will agree with him, that the military authorities are not really adjusting their minds to new conditions. It is not possible here to deal with Brigadier-General Rowan-Robinson's criticism of details, but his remarks are well worth studying. They are out-spoken in places, but they are none the worse for that. The Army has suffered too long from lack of constructive criticism. Perhaps the most important chapter of all deals with " Air Forces and Mechanization " and the need for further co-ordination between Army and Air Force. " At the present moment there are no officers in the army equal to commanding in the air, and no great number among the more senior with much air experience of any kind. In the Air Force, on the other hand, there are no officers with ground experience of mechanized troops." Such a state of things must be wrong, and there is obvious need for some radical alteration in our organization.

This is, we think, one of the best books that the author has written.

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MILITARY LAW. By LIEUT.-COLONEL S. T. BANNING, C.B.E. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 8s. 6d.

Some thirty-two years ago the writer received instruction in Military Law at the R.M.C. from Major Banning, who was an instructor at the College, and he can remember that, dull as the subject was, Major Banning used to present it in a form that was really almost palatable. And so it is with his book which has now reached its seventeenth edition and has been largely rewritten and rearranged. The book is very much more than a mere textbook to help officers pass their Military Law examination, it is a valuable *vade mecum* which cannot fail to be of use to them when dealing with questions which are of almost daily occurrence during their military life.

THE OPERATIONS IN EGYPT AND PALESTINE, 1914, TO JUNE, 1917. Illustrating the Field Service Regulations. By Lieut.-Col. A. KEARSEY. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 3s.

1915 CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE. The Battles of Aubers Ridge, Festubert and Loos. Considered in relation to the Field Service Regulations. By Lieut.-Col. A. KEARSEY. Gale & Polden, Ltd. 3s.

These two little books, compiled from official sources and, in the first case, from notes made personally during the campaign and, in the second, from information received from those who took part in the battles, approach their subject from a new angle, and should prove of unquestioned value and real interest to Army officers. The normal headings of an appreciation of the situation are followed—*i.e.*, factors affecting the attainment of the object, courses open to the enemy and ourselves, plans—but the fact that the author is dealing with incidents that actually happen adds a zest which is usually so lacking in a mere academic exercise. There is in each book a diary of events, and the battles are also considered independently in relation to F.S.R.

The author's endeavour has been to make comments with judgment and impartiality. Possibly he might have let himself go rather more freely on occasion, for it is in everybody's interest that defects in leadership should be freely criticized, but apart from this he has succeeded admirably in his aim. We can strongly recommend these useful little books.

ON THE HIGH SEAS. By Commander Keble Chatterton. Philip Allan. 10s. 6d.

This is a collection of yarns, and very good yarns too, about ships, men and the sea. Stories of piracy and the slave trade are always thrilling, but in this book there is added thrill, for every episode recounted is true and every character actually lived. The last three chapters, "On Patrol," "Gambling with Death" and "High Seas Fleets" deal with episodes of the Great War, some of the details being obtained at first hand. The book contains some excellent illustrations.

A PREFACE TO MORALS. By WALTER LIPPMANN. Allen & Unwin. 10s.

The author of this work, who is a citizen of the United States, is to be congratulated upon his success in holding a mirror to the age in

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which we live. In one short volume he deals with modern tendencies in religion, politics, and morals in the narrower sense of the word, and if he is at times perhaps a little too inclined to rely upon evidence from his own side of the Atlantic, his conclusions are for the most part applicable to Anglo-Saxon civilization as a whole.

Mr. Lippmann points out very clearly that far from being the preoccupation of mankind that it was in the past, religion is to-day only one among many of man's interests. In his opinion the indifference towards religion which is so characteristic of the younger generation is a very serious phenomenon, in that it does not proceed from any desire to put something else in its place, but is the result of a complete disbelief in all spiritual values. At the same time, the author has little confidence in Modernism, whose followers say in effect :—

" I have examined the alleged pronouncements of an all-knowing God ; some of them are obviously untrue, some are rather repulsive, others, however, if they are properly re-stated, I find to be exceedingly good."

Such an attitude Mr. Lippmann does not believe to be a satisfactory foundation for a religious revival.

In the realm of politics the author finds the same spirit of disillusionment. The promises of that Liberalism which was so dear to the nineteenth century have not been fulfilled, and we are now feeling the inevitable reaction. In this section of his work, however, Mr. Lippmann does not show a complete understanding of the causes which have undermined the Parliamentary System, for the revival of autocracy is really due to the failure of democratic government to deal with the economic difficulties of the post-war period. He is right, however, in his contention that the outstanding feature of the age, in politics as in religion, is the scepticisms of a large number of the citizens in every country.

Penetrating as are Mr. Lippmann's observations upon the religious and political tendencies of the day, his analysis of the modern attitude towards sexual morals is nothing short of masterly. In pointing out that the growing knowledge of contraceptive methods has made the external control of female chastity impossible, he places his finger upon the cause of what the older generation is inclined to deplore as the immorality of the age. Birth control has made woman the mistress of her relations with the opposite sex, and the full effects of this revolution have not even yet been felt.

In short, this book is at once suggestive and stimulating, and it should appeal as much to the general reader as to the student of the subjects with which it deals. Mr. Lippmann is certainly outspoken, but he has a knack of hitting the nail on the head in a way that makes his opinions of very great value indeed.

THE GROWTH OF INTERNATIONAL THOUGHT. By F. MELIAN STAWELL. Thornton Butterworth. 2s. 6d.

This volume, the latest addition to the Home University Series, is quite up to the standard of its predecessors, and no higher tribute could be paid to its merit. In some two hundred and fifty pages Mr. Stawell traces the growth of international sentiment from the Amphic-

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tyonic Council to the League of Nations, and he shows how in the past the efforts which have been made to induce the nations to combine have always had as their object, not peace, but a crusade against some third party.

The reader may regard the contents of this book as an incentive or a warning, according to his views upon the subject of which it treats, but there can be no doubt that in either case it contains many lessons for the future. On practically every page there is conclusive evidence that international feeling is a plant of very slow and tender growth, and that it cannot be forced by any organization, however efficient—the movement must come from below and not from above. Mr. Stawell obviously knows his subject thoroughly, and if at times it is a little difficult to see the wood for the trees, the fault is not his, but is due to the limitation of space imposed upon him.

NOVELS.

WOLF SOLENT. By J. C. POWYS. Cape. 15s.

This book represents an ambitious, but unsuccessful, attempt to combine the craft of Thomas Hardy with that of Marcel Prévost. It tells the story of a schoolmaster in the middle thirties who is engaged by an eccentric Dorset squire to compile a pornographic chronicle, and of the people with whom he comes into contact while engaged upon this salacious task. Almost without exception the latter are freaks or degenerates, and they give the book an atmosphere of unreality which deprives it of any claim to distinction. Moreover, in spite of the author's obvious literary gifts, he is unable to resist the temptation to take the bit between his teeth, and the result is as often as not sheer bathos.

Mr. Powys has also committed a serious blunder in making his hero a man on the threshold of middle age. Men in the thirties may seduce village maidens, but they certainly do not afterwards marry them, nor wander the fields in a lovelorn state rhapsodizing about the droppings of the cattle. If the author had only laid his plot in the Dorset of reality, rather than in the Dorset of his own imagination, he might have written a masterpiece, but before he can do this he must rid himself of the idea that eroticism in various forms is the one interest of the West country peasant.

ALL ELSE IS FOLLY. By PEREGRINE ACLAND. Constable. 7s. 6d.

This book is frankly disappointing, in spite of a most laudatory preface by Mr. Madox Ford. It purports to be a novel of the war written from the point of view of an officer in the Canadian infantry, and it must be admitted that the descriptions of actual fighting do not lack a certain merit, while there is no trace of that pacifist propaganda which is so popular with most writers. When, however, one has said this one has enumerated all the good points of the book, for it is impossible to recognize the British officer of the war in the drunken lechers of Mr. Acland's story, or his female relatives in the abandoned nymphomaniacs with whom his hero has a series of *liaisons*.

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The author's satire, for it is nothing less, upon life in a Canadian unit may safely be left to the tender mercies of Dominion critics, but his book is as poor a work of art as it is bad history. None of his characters ever come alive, while the portrait of the Socialist turned Imperialist because he was asked by Royalty where he was wounded is worthy of the "popular" press at its worst. If Mr. Acland has a Canadian public, which we take leave to doubt, we trust that the latter will accept our assurance that promiscuity and inebriety are not British national pastimes, in peace or in war, and in return we can promise that the author's English readers, who are not likely to be many, will treat his Canadian types as the caricatures they undoubtedly are.

SQUAD. By JAMES B. WHARTON. John Lane. 7s. 6d.

Through the minds and speech of a squad of eight men, differing intensely in education and mentality, we gain a picture of the war from the angle of the American soldier suddingly introduced into the Great War. It reads very true to life, and gives us an excellent insight into the feelings and actions of eight "American citizens," one Swedish-American, one Serbian, one Jewish, one Irish-American, one Italian and three real Americans. It is interesting and very readable, and helps us to see things through American eyes, obviously no easy proposition.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

LOS CAUDILLOS BARBAROS. By ALCIDES ARGUEDAS. Tasso. 8 Pesetas.

This book treats of a little-known period of Bolivian history, and it affords an excellent illustration of the danger of applying Western ideas of government to people who are in no way fitted to assimilate them. Melgarejo and Morales, the *caudillos barbaros* of the title, were little better than illiterate, and they both owed their rise to power solely to the fact that none of the innumerable Bolivian Constitutions was in any way suited to the country's real needs; while the acquiescence of the citizens in their tyranny shows how far the Bolivian of their day was from being fitted to play the part that the constitution assigned to him.

The author has done his work well, and his description of the excesses of the two tyrants is impressive in its cumulative effect. He has, however, possibly from motives of delicacy, omitted all mention of the quite unprintable incident which led to the rupture of relations between Great Britain and Bolivia, though it is clear from his account of the orgies in which Melgarejo indulged that it has been in no way exaggerated. The days of Melgarejo and Morales in Bolivia are happily past, and that country should now be assured of a prosperous future, but the story of their crimes contains the lesson that unless a constitution is evolved from beneath, and not imposed from above, a tyranny, such as they exercised, is inevitable.

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LE ROYAUME DE CE MONDE. By L. R. LEFÉVRE. Gallimard. 12 fcs.

This is undoubtedly one of the most powerful novels that has made its appearance in France, or any other country of recent years. The problem with which it deals is by no means uncommon in life, though it is rare in literature, and the author is therefore to be warmly congratulated both upon his choice of subject and upon the way he handles it. Briefly, this is the tale of a girl in the late twenties, who, having sown a plenteous crop of wild oats, settles down to an apparently happy married life in Rouen. Soon, however, the narrow outlook of provincial society, combined with its hypocrisy, both admirably depicted by M. Lefévre, begins to weary her, and, in spite of her struggles she finds herself pining for the excitements, even for the very lubricity, of her unmarried life. Chance brings an old lover to Rouen, and she flies to him, only, however, to find that he has now repented of his past, and that he will have nothing to do with her. In despair, she surrenders herself to an elderly roué, a friend of her husband, and then commits suicide.

It is impossible in a few lines to do justice to Mr. Lefévre's masterpiece. He uses his genius to place before his readers the problem whether virtue, on occasion, may not be more productive of harm than vice, for, as one of his characters says, "le royaume du Christ n'est pas de ce monde, et nous sommes de ce monde." At the same time, he is never dogmatic, and he is far too great an artist to spoil his work by adopting the tone of a missionary. It is sincerely to be hoped that M. Lefévre will soon find a translator, for whether as a psychologist, a philosopher, or an artist he is equally entitled to an audience of international proportions.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(To be reviewed in January Number.)

WILLIAM DAMPIER. By CLENNELL WILKINSON. Lane. 12s. 6d.

THE WHITE MUTINY. By SIR ALEXANDER CARDEW. Constable. 12s. 6d.

HILARY GROWING UP. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. Benn. 8s. 6d.

THE PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON. By J. HOLLAND ROSE. Bell. 3s. 6d.

SHORT STORY COMPETITION.

Only two stories were submitted for this Competition, and under the circumstances it was decided not to award the prize.—ED.

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Contributions should be typewritten (not single spacing), though this is not essential; they must bear the name and address of the sender, but pseudonyms can be used to sign articles if desired. All contributions should be addressed to the Editor, "The Fighting Forces," 2, Amen Corner, London, E.C.4.

Unaccepted contributions will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope, but the Editor does not hold himself responsible for any loss.

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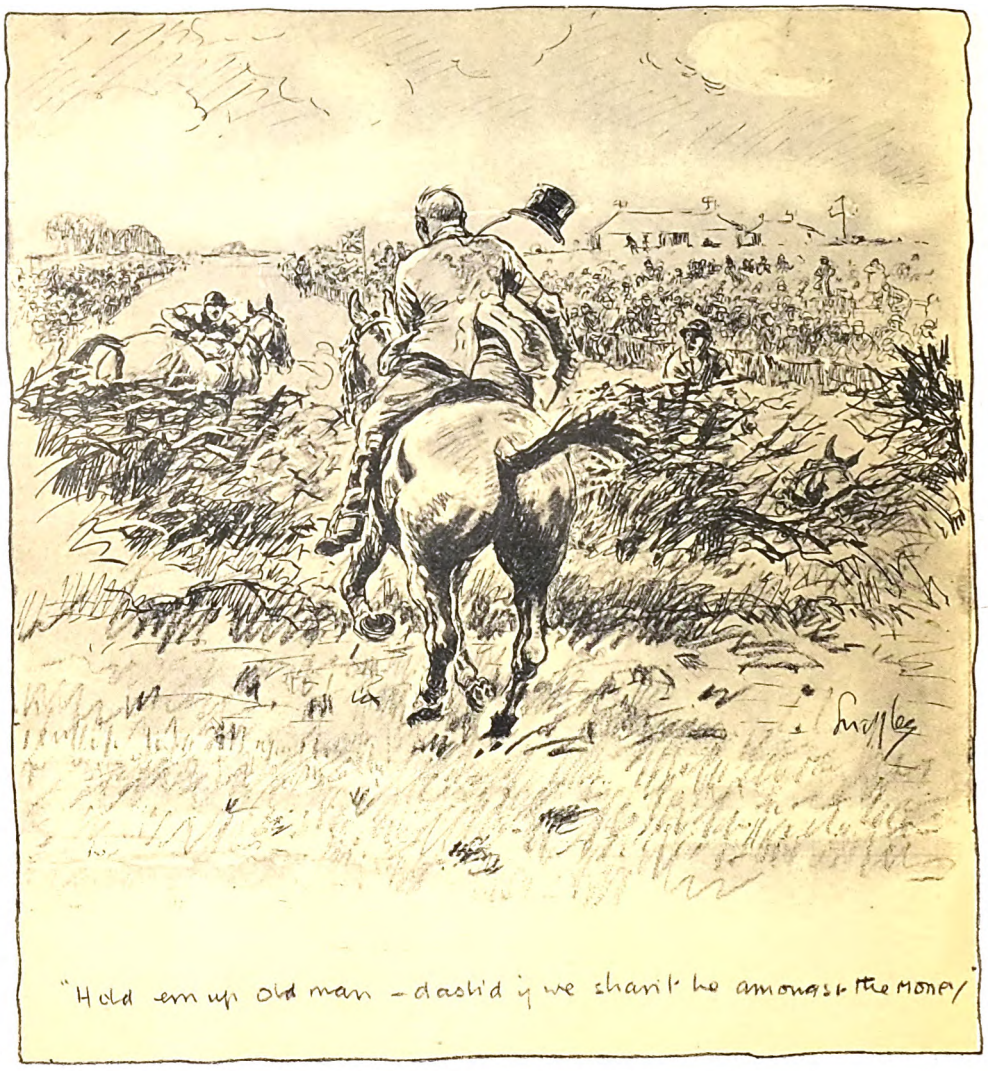

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The FIGHTING FORCES

VOL. VI JANUARY, 1930 No. 4

EDITORIAL

The Political Situation.

Although home politics are undoubtedly more embittered than when we last wrote, the situation in its broad outlines remains unchanged. There is no indication that the Government is losing ground in the country; the Conservatives are proving surprisingly feeble in attack, while the Liberals, in spite of the brilliance of a few of their leaders, would appear doomed to reduction to a mere handful at the next General Election.

All this is not, however, to say that we think the Prime Minister and his colleagues invariably act in the best interests of the Empire—far from it. We see, for instance, no reason to modify the views which we expressed in our last number with regard to the proposed Egyptian treaty, while the policy of plundering and blundering that the Government has adopted with regard to unemployment will, together with other commitments, almost certainly result in Mr. Snowden being faced with the necessity of raising at least thirty millions of additional revenue this year. How the country is going to find this money without more unemployment being caused, it is difficult to see; and that in its turn means further grants for relief, and so on *ad infinitum*. The plain fact is that the present Government was returned to provide work, but as it has failed to do this it thinks that the electorate can be bribed to forget the promises of last May. Whether or no this belief is justified remains to be seen; but in the meantime industry stands to be crippled, and the vitality of the nation sapped, by the dole.

Apart from finance, the Government's record is none too bad. The raising of the school leaving age is a definitely progressive measure, and the resumption of relations with

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Russia is only a frank recognition of the inevitable, though Mr. Henderson's methods of arriving at this result leave a good deal to be desired. After all, the forms of government that Russia adopts is her affair, not ours, while so far as Bolshevist propaganda in this country is concerned, we agree with Viscount Cecil that the most remarkable thing about it is its utter futility. For the rest, Labour in office is little more than Liberalism writ large, and the Government should be able to count upon a very considerable measure of Liberal support at the next General Election. Finance, however, will be the acid test of its tenure of office, and until Mr. Snowden outlines his Budget proposals a final judgment cannot be passed, although at the moment the omens are certainly none too favourable.

* * *

The Plight of the Opposition.

The real strength of the Government, however, lies in the ineffectiveness of the Opposition. The attendance of the Conservative members during the last session was disgraceful, and it is to be hoped that their constituents will call them to account. If the Conservative party really believes that the Labour measures are detrimental to the best interests of the country it is its duty to oppose and to amend them on all and every occasion; but its present attitude can only serve still further to dispirit its supporters, already sufficiently discouraged by the verdict of the polls, and to raise doubts as to its honesty in the mind of the man-in-the-street. This slackness is by no means confined to the rank and file, for at a recent division upon an issue of the first importance Mr. Baldwin and Lord Eustace Percy were the only members of the late Cabinet present in the House of Commons.

The root of the trouble is, of course, that the party is very far from being united, and there is a pull-Devil, pull-baker struggle going on all the time between its progressive and reactionary elements. The recent conference was a complete triumph for the latter, and resolutions were carried, by enormous majorities, which must have made Canning and Disraeli turn in their graves. Nor is this all, for anyone acquainted with the working of the party machinery can quote instances where the younger men and women have been cold-shouldered, while the intellectual appeal of Conservatism is completely and consistently ignored. The safe seats are

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given to wealth rather than to brains, with the result that, as a whole, a more reactionary body than the present Conservative members of the House of Commons has probably never sat there.

In these circumstances we frankly confess that we see but small chance of the party's return to office in the near future, and, barring the remote possibility of another "Zinoviev letter," a General Election during the course of the present year seems likely to result in a victory for the Government, which should obtain a small majority over the other two parties in the House of Commons. At the same time, the Conservatives have a chance if they care to make use of it. If they will leave Labour's Russian policy alone and concentrate on finance, they will receive a great deal of support in the most unexpected quarters. In short, let the Conservative party but listen to the counsel of its progressive elements, and its stay in the wilderness may be brief; but at the moment there is no sign of any such wisdom on the part of those who are responsible for its destinies.

* * *

Lord Beaverbrook's Campaign.

The campaign for Empire Free Trade is undoubtedly making considerable headway, and its author, Lord Beaverbrook, is to be warmly congratulated upon his courage in raising the subject in the House of Lords a few weeks ago. It is unlikely that any of the three political parties will, at any rate for the present, adopt his proposals, but they do represent an ideal, that of Imperial unity, which must make a strong appeal to every thinking man and woman in the Empire.

At the same time, it cannot be denied that there are serious practical objections to the scheme, of which not the least is the problem of India. If trade within the Empire is to be really free then Indian manufactures must enter Great Britain without the payment of duty, and the effect of this upon Lancashire in particular can well be imagined. Then, again, the amount of British capital invested outside the Empire is far greater than is commonly supposed; in Latin America alone it amounts to some fifteen hundred million pounds, and any readjustment of trade upon a considerable scale would have to be very carefully carried out. Above all, before the British electorate is likely to be converted by Lord Beaverbrook, the latter must show that there is an

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appreciable body of opinion in favour of his proposals in the Dominions themselves, and of this there is as yet no great sign.

All this is not to say that the cons outweigh the pros, but rather to emphasize the fact that the conversion of public opinion will take some time. It is stated by Lord Beaverbrook's opponents that his programme will do nothing either to relieve unemployment or to help the British farmer, but if the Dominions are to supply the home market their population will have to be very considerably increased, and that must reduce the number of the unemployed in the United Kingdom, while with the money thus saved on the dole a bonus of, say, one pound per acre on all cultivated land could surely be paid to the farmer. In short, it is our opinion that all the implications of Empire Free Trade have not yet been considered even by its supporters, and that if, as we believe it can, a comprehensive scheme of Imperial resettlement be coupled with Lord Beaverbrook's proposals, then it is likely to meet with support in quarters which are at present indifferent or hostile. In any event, it is a noble conception, and has definitely lifted the tariff controversy on to a higher plane.

* * *

An Imperial Defence Staff.

Once the full effects of the Imperial Defence College have had time in which to make themselves felt, we may hope one day to see the best brains of the Services at work preparing for the inevitable—an Imperial Defence Staff. At present the framing of war plans and measures for Imperial Defence is done by the staffs at the Admiralty, War Office and Air Ministry independently of each other. In these circumstances, not only has the ground to be covered many times over, but *the specialized knowledge and experience of these experts is not brought to bear on related problems at the same time.*

Under the present system it is obvious that the best results are not likely to be obtained. Moreover, without co-operation in framing their proposals, the three departments interested tend to lose sight of all but their own point of view. Plans are produced which, in the nature of things, are in some respects bound to conflict. The arbiters of policy are not presented with a perspective view of their problems as a whole.

It would appear to us to be indisputable that an Imperial

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Defence Staff would prove more efficient and possibly more economical, though as we point out elsewhere, it is unwise to lay too much stress on economy in questions of staff organization. An Imperial Defence Staff, working under the Chiefs of Staff Sub-Committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence on war plans and measures for Imperial Defence would seem to be one of the soundest measures of reform that could be put into operation.

* * *

The Naval Conference.

The Five-Power Naval Conference will be opened by H.M. the King on January 21st. Its deliberations will be of world-wide importance, for the matters to be discussed embrace the full naval strength of the Powers concerned.

It is hoped to come to an agreement as to the size, armament and length of life of Capital Ships; the type of cruisers; the size of destroyers and submarines; and the numerical strength of each country represented in the various arms of their Navies. This is an extensive programme, and it is not expected that the Conference will have drawn up its report before April.

We do not propose to wander too far into the realms of speculation as to its conclusions, but there are one or two points that are worth noting. Great Britain and the United States are, in principle, agreed to parity in the matter of cruisers, and it only remains to agree as to what constitutes "parity." Japan considers 70 per cent., as compared with Great Britain and the United States, as being the lowest figure commensurate with security. That percentage would bring her to parity with us in the larger type of cruisers, and it is possible that we may urge her to accept a slightly lower figure.

Italy requires as many cruisers as France, but France, like Great Britain, has her colonies to consider. She also has a longer coastline and an Atlantic, as well as a Mediterranean, outlook, and Italy will have to make out a very good case if France is to accept it. France and Italy are little interested in Capital Ships, but Great Britain and America are likely to agree as to the limitation in their tonnage and broadsides, and there would appear to be no reason why Japan should not fall in with their view. As regards destroyers, as long as an agreement can be arrived at as to size, there should be little difficulty in arriving at a ratio.

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The problem of the submarines is more difficult. Great Britain and America would probably be prepared to scrap their submarines if the other Powers would do likewise. The submarine, however, is essentially the weapon of the weaker nation. In time of war, the country that has the superior fleet of surface craft is often in a position to maintain a blockade of her enemy's ports. The Great War taught the world that the submarine, whether it is used for its legitimate purpose or for attacking merchantmen, is virtually the only type of warship which can get to sea from blockaded ports. For this reason it is a far greater sacrifice for a weaker Naval Power to agree to the abolition of the submarine as a war vessel than it would be for a stronger one. Although a good deal of discussion has gone on in Italy as to the utility of the submarine as a weapon of defence, it is reasonable to suppose that Italy, France and Japan would not agree to abandonment, though there are rumours to the contrary.

It would appear to us that the question of submarines should be considered jointly with that of destroyers. For instance, an optional clause might be introduced which would allow these Powers which give up their submarines altogether to have an extra quota of destroyers and, of course, *pro rata*, for reduction. In any case, it is hoped that some measure of agreement will be reached which will lead to a limitation in these unholy craft.

These are the principal problems which the Five-Power Conference has set out to solve. No Limitation of Armaments Treaty can, however, be signed until the Five Powers have conferred with the Lesser Naval Powers, and the co-ordinating authority will be the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations. Should an extensive reduction in armaments be agreed to, the purely domestic problem of the "axed" officer must then be considered.

* * *

The "Axed" Officer's Outlook.

The above paragraph brings to the fore the question we touched on in the last number of this Journal. "What about the future of those officers who will have to leave the Service?" We urged that they should be sure of a generous gratuity and of official assistance to find them employment.

We would go further than this.

Naval officers are "caught young." At the age of

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thirteen and a half they enter the Naval College at Dartmouth, where their education is conducted on Service lines for the Service only. When their education is complete they have no qualifications for any other profession, with the result that when they are " put on the beach," the majority of them, if they get employment at all, only succeed in getting jobs for which a Board School education would be adequate.

This, we consider, is all wrong. The Admiralty should see to it that personnel whom they have educated from infancy for their own special requirements should, before being discharged, receive at the public expense some further education or training that will fit them for the requirements of civilian life.

The mere payment of a gratuity is useless, and official assistance to find work is very little help to the ex-officer, in these days of specialization, unless he has the necessary knowledge and technique. Employers will offer positions to ex-public schoolboys of eighteen or 'Varsity men, but not so freely to ex-officers.

Work is so hard to get that the discharged officer soon finds he has no chance unless he is prepared to invest money. He has no experience in business matters, and so falls a victim to the first financial shark who crosses his track.

His gratuity gone, there is little hope for him. If, by any chance, employment is eventually offered, he accepts it with avidity, although it is, more often than not, work that would be more suitable to his late servant on board his last ship.

In the ordinary course of events, when naval ratings are approaching completion of their period of service, they get some months in the naval barracks undergoing training that will fit them for civilian employment, and we feel that the " axed " officer is at least entitled to equal consideration.

It seems to us that this question should be considered from the point of view of all three Services combined, and there should be no great difficulty in instituting combined courses of Vocational Training for officers.

* * *

The " Ersatz Preussen."

The new German *Panz-Kreuzer*, if it has not revolutionized modern cruiser types, has at least attracted world-wide attention.

The important elements of cruiser design are gunpower (viz., range, rapidity of fire and

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weight of broadside), speed, protection and radius of action, and it is the correct proportioning of these factors and a few minor ones, within certain agreed limits of tonnage, which makes for the best type of cruiser. Too much protection, in the form of armour, militates against speed. Too much gunpower reduces radius of action, and so on. What is the best proportion, of course, depends on individual national requirements.

It is possible that the *Ersatz Preussen* type might be, to the French, an improvement on their *Tourville* class, but at the same time it is also possible that the *London* class of 10,000 ton cruisers is at least as good a type for our purposes. America is impressed, but not sufficiently to cancel her programme.

French naval opinion tends to the theory that in cruisers the best form of protection is superior gunpower and accurate shooting at longer range. There is a good deal to be said for that contention. Time and again, throughout the ages, have victories been won at sea which are attributable principally to good shooting. Long radius of action may get an Admiral to a position of strategical advantage; speed may enable him to obtain some tactical superiority, and protection may help him to minimize the effect of the enemy's blows; but good shooting, preferably out of range of his enemy, is the factor which finally decides the issue.

There does not, however, appear to be justification for the view, so freely expressed in the French press, that the *Tourvilles* have been a gross mistake. That this is not the French official view is borne out by the fact that the *Dupleix*, the sixth of the class, has just been laid down. The explanation given by the French press is that the money has been voted, and if not used would be lost altogether to their Navy. This appears to us to be an inadequate one, for they would hardly perpetrate what they consider another gross mistake just because the money is there and might as well be spent. For this reason we think that, although there may be a majority for the *Ersatz Preussen*, there is at least a strong minority report in favour of the present type, sufficient at any rate to justify the laying down of the *Dupleix*.

The *Ersatz Preussen* will undoubtedly influence future cruiser designs, but it has not yet definitely rendered the *London* class obsolete.

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The "Mary Rose."

At a service held at Portsmouth Cathedral on November 8th, attended by the Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, three Admirals of the Fleet, including Earl Jellicoe, and over sixty other Admirals and a number of Military officers of high rank, a model of the fourth *Mary Rose* was received into the Cathedral as a memorial to " All those officers and men of His Majesty's Navy who have upon the High Seas served the King with faithfulness at the cost of their lives, and to commemorate more especially those who perished in the destroyer *Mary Rose* in the North Sea on October 17th, 1917."

This is a fitting, if belated, tribute to the gallantry displayed by the officers and men of this little ship and especially by the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Commander C. L. Fox.

There has always been an uneasy feeling that well-deserved recognition should have been extended at the time to those who survived and (posthumously) to those who lost their lives in this action. The withholding of such recognition suggests that in the opinion of the Admiralty at the time, the Captain of the *Mary Rose* either committed a tactical error or exceeded his instructions, or both, in attacking the two German cruisers *Brummer* and *Bremse*, after his consort, the *Strongbow*, had already been put out of action. The official Admiralty report of the action hints as much in that it refers to " the *Strongbow* and *Mary Rose*, *which formed the anti-submarine escort.*"

In other words, in official circles, the two destroyers were expected to keep off submarines, but to run away from any *apparently* superior force of surface craft.

Whether this is so or not may never be known, but the fact remains that it is a matter for national regret that no personal honours rewarded these brave men, and that it has taken us twelve years to make any recognition at all.

Briefly the action was as follows : At 6.15 a.m. the two German cruisers opened fire on the *Strongbow*, which was astern of the convoy, and the first salvo put her out of action. The *Mary Rose*, which had been ahead of the convoy, turned and attacked the enemy. From the recorded movements and the stories of the survivors, it appears that Lieutenant-Commander Fox's intention was to attack with torpedoes, for, as the *Mary Rose* turned to fire them, she was hit by a

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salvo in the engine-room, which stopped her. The Captain came down from the bridge and, inspiring his men with his own cheerful spirit, fought his last gun till the ship sank with her colours flying.

Has the action yet been seen in its correct perspective?

Taking known factors only into consideration, in attacking the *Brummer* and *Bremse*, the *Mary Rose* was pitting her three 4-inch guns against eight 5·9-inch guns, but she was also armed with 21-inch torpedoes. The effect of a determined onslaught, made unexpectedly with the intention of attacking with torpedoes, had at that time yet to be tested, and it may be that Lieutenant-Commander Fox was not satisfied that his enemy was *definitely* superior until such an attack had been tried. The mischance that landed a salvo in the engine-room at the moment of turning to fire his torpedoes by no means proves that such an attack was a tactical error.

In support of a theory that it was not, it may reasonably be argued that when the same convoy was attacked on December 12th, under the escort of the *Pellew* and *Partridge*, the *Partridge*, after she had been hit in the engine-room and stopped, actually did get a torpedo launched which hit one of the four attacking ships. It is true that the torpedo did not explode, but that fact does not upset the argument. The *Mary Rose* had just as good a chance of hitting the *Brummer* or *Bremse* with a torpedo as those ships had of sinking her, and, had she succeeded in doing so, would undoubtedly have gained a victory. It was just the merest chance whether she turned sufficiently to fire her torpedoes just before she was hit or just after.

One can only speculate as to what was in Lieutenant-Commander Fox's mind when he turned and made his attack.

It is a well-known fact that in the convoy were ships flying the flags of four different countries, so that, had the *Mary Rose* made off and left the convoy to its fate, the report would soon have gone round the world. A miscellaneous collection of merchantmen would hardly have known the difference between the *Brummer* and a destroyer, and flight—though some might think it tactically correct—would hardly have done our prestige any good at the time.

The fact of the matter is that the destroyers on the Scandinavian Convoy were badly let down by the Covering Forces. Captain A. C. Dewar, R.N., in the " Encyclopædia

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Britannica," writes : " The Grand Fleet Cruiser Forces were disinclined to be merely escorts ; they preferred to be Covering Forces some way off." This statement has not been challenged.

There were, at that time, Covering Forces (provided by the Commander-in-Chief) whose duty it was to cover the important operation of bringing home the convoys, yet on this occasion the first news that a disaster had taken place was at 7 p.m., twelve hours after the action, when the armed trawler *Elsie* arrived at Lerwick. The Covering Force knew nothing about it.

It has been argued that the *Mary Rose* could have withdrawn and informed the Covering Force by wireless. The argument does not hold water ; for the Scandinavian Convoy was attacked again on December 12th, and again the Covering Force, which this time received the signal, was of no assistance, and again one of the destroyers was sunk.

Had the " disinclination " of the Covering Forces to be " merely escorts " been over-ridden by higher authority, and had they been instructed to keep in visual touch with the convoying destroyers, three valuable war ships, two convoys of merchant ships, and many precious lives would have been saved, and no doubt some of the raiders would have been sunk.

Sometimes for weeks at a stretch the Escorting Destroyers for the Scandinavian Convoys never once sighted one of the Covering Forces, and it was, at the time, a matter of constant wonder why the Germans did not send out something to attack the convoy. Thus, for months on end, the convoy was run backwards and forwards, most inadequately protected by destroyers, whose officers knew only too well what their position was. When, eventually, Lieutenant-Commander Fox found himself holding the honour of his country in the palm of his hand, with all the world looking on, he did the right thing.

In other words, in the absence of the Covering Forces, he used his own discretion and carried out their duties. He made a deliberate, swift and determined attack, and was all but successful. The name of Lieutenant-Commander C. L. Fox should be handed down to posterity as one of England's " Very Gallant Gentlemen."

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The R.N.R.

The Royal Naval Reserve proved itself in the Great War to be such a vital factor in the naval defence of the Empire that, somehow or other, we feel it ought to be galvanized into some form of " self-expression " or " self-advertisement," though precisely in what form it is difficult to say. For the R.N.R. is incurably modest, and in times of peace " lies low and says nuffin." When Naval Estimates are discussed, it is barely mentioned ; some meagre provision is made for its upkeep, and there's an end of it. And yet the R.N.R. bears precisely the same relation to the Navy as the Territorial Army does to the Regular Army, and it is every whit as important.

It is a curious thing that the Admiralty has never shown any great affection for, or interest in, the R.N.R. This being so, we suggest that this splendid body should in future be administered by Territorial Associations, the members of each County Association affected being suitably reinforced by a small naval element.

We can imagine Lord Derby, the popular chairman of the Council of County Territorial Associations, welcoming the R.N.R. and at once making them feel that they really do hold a prominent place in the affections of the nation. A suggestion somewhat on these lines has already been made in a previous number of this Journal, and we feel it would be a very practical piece of inter-Service co-operation.

* * *

Army Reductions.

" I skipped the political paragraphs." Thus wrote a valued Service correspondent, after expressing his satisfaction with the Editorial paragraph entitled " The Need for Generalship," which appeared in the October, 1929, FIGHTING FORCES. " I skipped the political paragraphs." The phrase is probably symptomatic of the Army as a whole, the Army which goes about its job, discusses various methods of training, discusses the pros and cons of mechanization, and generally takes little or no heed of the political situation of the day. Is such an attitude the correct one ? We wish we could think it were, but seeing that Army reductions in the very near future are, in our opinion, an inevitable corollary of the present political and world situation, it surely is the business of the Army to take a lively interest in what is going on, and make its own suggestions with regard to the lopping off of those of its limbs which can most easily be spared.

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It seems to us to be the paramount question of the moment. Heads of Departments at the War Office are, no doubt, dealing with the subject of possible economies at the present moment, but there is no sign that the opinions of the units themselves are being sought, no signs of conferences of Commanding Officers, whose views on such a subject are obviously of the greatest value.

From time to time articles from serving officers and editorial paragraphs have appeared in this Journal on the question of possible economies and reductions in the Army. They may be summarized as follows.

* * *

The economies affecting the Army as a whole would appear to be three in number—

Economies affecting the Army as a whole.

(*a*) Abolition of the Cardwell system.
(*b*) Amalgamation of Woolwich and Sandhurst.
(*c*) Reduction in the establishment of Subalterns.

"A suggested substitute for the Cardwell System" was the title of an article which appeared in the previous number of this Journal, by Brigadier H. Clementi Smith and Lieut.-Colonel E. N. F. Hitchens. The proposal, as far as the Infantry was concerned, was to convert all regiments now of two battalions into one-battalion regiments, who would be continuously stationed at home, and to form at the same time an overseas army, remaining permanently abroad. Space does not allow of us restating the details of the scheme and its application to other branches of the Service. It would unquestionably be productive of considerable economies, and has also many obvious advantages. One economy can be emphasized—*i.e.*, the saving of the very large sums of money spent on the movements of complete units to and from the various parts of Empire. £1,436,000 was spent on Quartering and Movements in the 1928-29 Estimates. It is obvious, too, that the system would lend itself to a general lowering of establishments, and it must be remembered that the pay of the Army—£9,023,000 in the last Estimates—is by far and away the largest item of Army expenditure.

(*b*) The amalgamation of Woolwich and Sandhurst has, for a long time, been under consideration, and the time certainly seems ripe for the scheme to be put into practice.

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The future Sandhurst might then become a military university, from which all cadets need not necessarily enter the Army. Those who did not, should however, be called upon to serve at least four years in the Territorial Army. Such a system would be far superior to the present somewhat unsatisfactory O.T.C. organization. On the above lines, Sandhurst, combining economical fees with absolutely first-class education, would make an immense appeal to parents, especially the father who has himself served in the Army.

(*c*) Reduction in the establishment of subalterns. This is another subject which has been for a long time under consideration, but which never seems to get any farther. Yet, apart from being an undoubted economy, it would have very many advantages. The present overburdened list of officers and the prospect of promotion, growing year by year ever more dismal, call loudly for remedy. A reduction in the establishment of subalterns, thus bringing more into proportion the number of junior as compared to senior regimental officers, would go far to improve the present unhappy state of promotion. Until more reliance is placed on N.C.Os. and they are given additional responsibilities, their powers of initiative will never be properly developed. The time has surely come when the status of the N.C.O. should be raised; in short, he should be allowed to carry out many of the duties which to-day are performed by subalterns. An article on this subject will appear in the April FIGHTING FORCES.

* * *

Economies affecting arms of the Services.

1. *Cavalry*.—There are at present twenty Cavalry regiments, excluding the Household troops. Five of these regiments are stationed in India. It would appear feasible to reduce, by further processes of amalgamation, the number of cavalry regiments to seventeen, of which only two would be stationed in India—one, say, at Meerut (*i.e.*, as near as possible to the headquarters of Government) and one at Lucknow. Cavalry are obviously of little use on the Frontier; for purposes of internal security, cavalry in conjunction with armoured cars are of undoubted local value, but such duties can be carried out just as efficiently by Indian cavalry. Then again, when it is a question of dealing with disturbances some distance away from actual garrisons, a combination of aeroplanes and armoured cars is undoubtedly best. To those

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who consider our world responsibilities do not justify the abolition of three British Regular cavalry regiments, it may be pointed out that the Palestine campaign, the most brilliant cavalry campaign in the history of the world, was fought entirely by Yeomanry, Dominion and Indian Cavalry. Furthermore—and this fact is not generally realized—our Yeomanry regiments at the commencement of the war set a brilliant example in the way of rapid and efficient mobilization.

It only remains to add that if, in answer to the urgent demand for national economy, it is decided to carry out the dismal job of abolishing certain cavalry regiments, the need for that attractive luxury, the equitation school at Weedon, will be correspondingly diminished.

2. *Royal Artillery.*—The promotion of officers in the Royal Artillery is in such an appalling state of stagnation at present, that it would be little short of criminal to suggest any abolition of units, which would add still further to the difficulties of the present promotion situation. Reduction in the establishment of men, consequent on mechanization, has been in progress for sometime past and will, of course, continue. In any case, until such time as the War Office authorities have made up their mind with regard to the correlation of Artillery and Tank Corps, it is not feasible to make any suggestions.

3. *Royal Engineers.*—The Royal Engineers pursue the even tenour of their way, for the most part undisturbed by the dissentions of rival schools of thought which battle over the bodies of other branches of the Service. As far as economies are concerned, it has been suggested that a reduction of expenditure and increased efficiency would result if the Royal Engineers were organized into two separate branches, combatant and non-combatant. The suggestion would appear to be feasible, and an article on the subject will appear in the next number of this Journal.

Expenditure on works, buildings and lands in the 1928-29 Estimates reached the respectable figure of £3,040,000.

4. *Infantry.*—The abolition of the Cardwell System would, as stated above, lend itself to reduction of infantry establishments and possibly to a small reduction in the number of battalions required for the overseas army, especially as

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Air Force responsibilities are undoubtedly on the increase. A further economy which would almost inevitably follow would be the grouping of regimental depots. It is hard to understand why this has not been adopted before. The present small depots lead rather a hand-to-mouth life, and have many difficulties to contend with by very reason of their smallness. Rebate from the N.A.A.F.I. is exiguous and rarely sufficient to meet the many needs of the depot. Sports are difficult to maintain, especially as regards the expenses of matches away from home. The maintenance of the diminutive officers' mess is by no means an easy matter. These difficulties would disappear if the depots were grouped.

5. *The Barrack Department.*—The Barrack Department is a wing of the R.A.S.C. As we have pointed out before, this expensive department is little more than a middleman. It is somewhat invidious to suggest the abolition of a department employing a number of deserving officers and men, and if anything is done in this direction, it is to be hoped it will be done slowly. At the same time there is, in our opinion, not the slightest doubt that the various functions of the Barrack Department could be quite adequately carried out by other existing means.

6. *The Territorial Army.*—The Territorial Army and Reserve Forces cost £5,399,000 in the 1928-29 Estimates. This sum unquestionably represents excellent value for money and it is difficult to see how any reductions can be made. On the contrary we have consistently advocated a proposition which would involve a slight increase of expenditure, *i.e.*, that in the case of the Territorial Army marriage allowance should be drawn at a younger age than twenty-six, which is the age for men of the Regular Army. Such a step would prove of the greatest assistance to recruiting. As a set-off against this, it might be possible to economize by not issuing chargers to infantry company commanders during annual camp. Quite a number of these officers would view this economy with great equanimity.

There are rumours that Territorial establishments are eventually to be brought down by several thousands. It can only be hoped that this rumour is exaggerated.

* * *

The appointment of Sir Philip Chetwode to succeed

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The new C.-in-C. in India.

Sir William Birdwood as Commander-in-Chief in India has been received with the greatest pleasure and satisfaction by the Army in India as a whole. Sir Philip has not only a distinguished record in the field, but possesses to a remarkable degree the power of adjudicating wisely and well on the many remarkably difficult training problems of the present day. His summing up at conferences held after exercises and manœuvres has the rare characteristic of being always essentially lucid and practical; this faculty for clear thought and lucid utterance should be of the greatest help in his political dealings not only to himself, but to his officers and men whose interests he can be depended upon to back up to the best of his ability. Those who served under him at Aldershot before he left for India were always glad to see the Commander-in-Chief; his kindly words and broadminded views were a pleasant change from the raucous invective that used to emanate from other sources about this period.

Field-Marshal Sir W. Birdwood has been asked by the Secretary of State for India to serve for a further period of three months after the completion of his tenure of office on August 5th, 1930.

* * *

Promotion by Selection.

Sir Philip Chetwode is said to be an enthusiastic supporter of the new system of promotion by selection, a system which we think could be tried with considerable advantage in India. Although a selection board exists and meet periodically at Army Headquarters, there is still too much promotion by seniority. The principle, so far as one can see, appears to promote a man automatically so long as there is no particular reason why he should be passed over. Why, for instance, should an officer who has done nothing but Intelligence work for the last fifteen years, be given command of an important Frontier brigade? Long service in a trying climate perhaps demands a rather less drastic method of selection than obtains in the Home Army, but the present system of promotion in India might certainly be stiffened up with advantage.

* * *

India is going ahead rapidly with her policy of mechanization. Not only because of the progressive spirit which

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recently has begun to permeate the Army in India, but because India is the best part of the Empire for the thorough testing of mechanization. However realistic it may look, experiments with mechanical vehicles can never get really near active service conditions on Salisbury Plain. Workshops and all the facilities of a highly-organized country are too close at hand. In India we have every type of country likely to be encountered by the British Army in whatever type of war it is likely to engage. Even after a hundred and fifty years of British rule, India is still a long way off being able to call itself an organized, civilized country. Workshops, civil mechanical vehicles and spares are far from plentiful and maintenance of a mechanized force is frequently more a case of ingenious organization and improvisation than merely, as in England, of calling up the nearest garage. Not only does India offer more scope for ingenuity and genius of organization among officers and staff, she also affords more practical experience to the intelligent and highly trained driver. England and, for that matter, Europe are covered with roads and usually good roads—at the worst the countryside is fairly easy going. In India roads are comparatively few, bridges are fewer, and every kind of terrain is to be encountered ; sand, broken ground, mud, water crossings, and any other horror in the imagination of the motorist. Anyone, given time and material, can extricate a lorry from a snag, but it takes a driver of experience and intelligence to work his lorry round the snag without falling into it. And time is the most important factor in the problem of mechanization. Whether it be a supply lorry, an ambulance, an A.F.V. or a staff car, unless it can arrive at its destination in time and intact, its usefulness is very considerably reduced if not cancelled. And India is practically the only country of the Empire where really *practical* experience of mechanization under war conditions can be gained.

Mechanization in India.

Incidentally, we are pleased to note that India is coming into line with Home and giving extra corps pay to those officers of the I.A.S.C. who hold engineering qualifications, *e.g.*, the Associate Membership of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers.

* * *

By this time the Government will be firmly ensconced

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The Move to Delhi.

in Delhi for the cold weather, and with it will be about half of Army Headquarters. The other half remains in Simla, and for the most part grumbles vigorously, partly because it is left behind in the cold, but mostly because of the dislocation of business caused by having half of its files in Simla and the other half in Delhi or in the post bag. That the bi-annual migration has its advantages for the individual is not denied, but it is quite definite that the annual dislocation which results when Army Headquarters is divided is most inconvenient and expensive both in time and money. What a pity the first hardy pioneers who located the summer headquarters of the Government of India did not choose Mussoorie instead of Simla. Then Army Headquarters could have had its main offices in Dehra Dun, which is only fourteen miles from Mussoorie and is on the broad gauge railway, instead of being, like Simla, at the end of seventy miles of narrow gauge mountain railway.

* * *

Staff Reorganization.

For the information of those of our readers who are studying for promotion or the Staff College, and are likely to be asked awkward questions on the higher administration of the Indian Army, it might be as well to point out the implications of the recent reorganization of the Master General of Supply branch at Army Headquarters. Previously this functionary was entrusted with the business of manufacture and provision, whilst the Quartermaster-General was responsible for distributing the results to the troops.

These two branches have now been brought more into line with War Office practice. The Master General of Supply has now become the Master General of the Ordnance, and is responsible for the manufacture, provision and distribution of all ordnance stores for the Army in India. The Director of Contracts, who originally was a subordinate of the M.G.S., now works for both the M.G.O. and the Q.M.G. The main effect of this change is that these two principal staff officers now work on parallel lines instead of one behind the other. There is still one difference, however, between the M.G.O. in India and his opposite number at the War Office. The latter has assumed responsibility for all mechanical vehicles. In India this is still done by the Q.M.G.

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The Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly.

It would be difficult to speak too highly of the "Royal Army Service Corps Quarterly" (New Series), the first number of which has recently made its appearance. The various subjects that are discussed are dealt with in a series of short, crisp, informatative paragraphs, from which the human interest is never absent, *e.g.*, "A Corps like ours is very apt to acquire a warped point of view about the relative importance of training for war and administrative routine. In theory we all admit that training for war comes first. In practice, administration, though not so important, is so urgent, that it inevitably receives first consideration. Training can always be postponed, administrative difficulties must be dealt with immediately." This is criticism at its best, and the paragraph quoted gives an excellent idea of the delightful style in which the whole journal is written.

This journal will prove of interest and value to officers in every branch of the Service. It is produced at the R.A.S.C. Training College, and printed by Messrs. Gale & Polden, Ltd. Price 2s. 6d.

* * *

Air Force Expenditure.

There are strong rumours that there will be no reduction in R.A.F. expenditure in the forthcoming estimates. This is to be expected in view of the well-known sympathy of Labour members generally toward the Air Force. Moreover, the Air Force has a very powerful and able advocate in Lord Thomson. If the R.A.F. were to be given a greater degree of responsibility in the defence of the Empire, as a result of the recommendations of an Imperial Defence Staff, which we have discussed in a previous paragraph, nobody could raise the slightest objection to such a course of action. As it is, liberality towards one Service and stinginess towards another will not help much towards that cordial co-operation between all three Services, which we have so constantly advocated.

* * *

Air Defence.

The recent statement in the House by the Under Secretary of State for Air that all the new squadrons provided for in the last Air Estimates are to be formed during this financial year is a very satisfactory announcement. Air Defence is an extraordinarily difficult problem, a problem that becomes even

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more difficult as the potentialities of air attack become increasingly greater.

Taking the world situation as it is we are quite ready to believe that the chances of another war in the lifetime of the present generation are exceedingly small. So long, however, as there is the slightest possibility of nations reverting to that highly uncivilized method of adjusting their differences, *i.e.*, warfare, and remembering the extraordinary unpleasant things in the way of bombing raids that we ourselves were preparing to do to Germany in 1919, if the war had continued, so long must we refrain from taking chances with our Air Defence, whatever else we may do in other directions. Of course, for two nations to bomb each other's towns and civilian populations is an incredibly foolish proceeding; but human nature being what it is, it is impossible to say, at present, that the danger of such an eventuality occurring has been entirely eliminated.

* * *

The R.A.F. Display and Air Force Accidents.

Recent fatal accidents in the Royal Air Force have directed attention to the risks that are taken, and, we consider, unnecessarily taken, in what can only be called "stunt" flying. There is little doubt in our minds that so long as the R.A.F. Display includes in its programme, year by year, "stunt" flying at low altitudes, so long may fatal accidents be expected. It seems to us absolutely atrocious that there should be strict orders to the effect that there is to be no stunting under a height of 2,000 feet, yet constant practice at considerably lower altitudes than 2,000 feet is essential for such officers as take part in the stunt flights at the R.A.F. Display. Last year a very brilliant flying officer was killed as a result of practising, at low altitudes, for the R.A.F. Display, and later in the year two more officers were killed, purely as a result of stunt flying.

Furthermore, though it seems incredible, the Service is being called upon to put up stunt flying at meetings organized by aero clubs. Recently at the opening of the aero club at Hull one of Cranwell's most brilliant cadets was killed through over-confidence in flying close to the ground. One can imagine the fury of parents whose son was sacrificed in this way, and we feel sure we are voicing public opinion when we say that it is not the business of Service units of the R.A.F. to take part in aero club circuses. It is no doubt

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urged that air-mindedness is to be encouraged amongst the general public; that without the participation of the R.A.F., aero club shows would not be a success; furthermore, there is little doubt that there is, or has been, a certain amount of wire-pulling as between heads of municipalities and the political heads of the Air Force, with a view to obtaining the services of R.A.F. personnel on these occasions. It is definitely and criminally wrong. The organizers of civil flying meetings, if they want to break people's necks, should get civil pilots to break theirs, and not jeopardize the lives of valuable service pilots of whom, Heaven knows, we have only too few, as it is.

* * *

Where Life is Good.

Some thirty years ago the Editor of this Journal was stationed with his regiment, The Prince of Wales's Leinster Regiment (Royal Canadians), at Halifax, Nova Scotia. Memories of the peculiarly delightful time he spent there are still sufficiently fresh to enable him, in all sincerity, to call attention to the short notice which appears at the end of this number of THE FIGHTING FORCES entitled "Where Life is Good." Nova Scotia is a most attractive province, and Halifax a most charming town. The Leinsters were the last British Regular regiment to be quartered there, and it is a thousand pities that it is no longer a station for the British Army.

* * *

"The Fighting Forces" Imperial Geography Bureau.

We should also like to call attention to the article in the present number entitled "'THE FIGHTING FORCES' Imperial Geography Bureau." A general recently complained, in connection with his son's promotion paper on Imperial Geography, that the boy had read a well-known book on the subject and knew it off by heart, but really would have done better to have read *The Times* diligently. In point of fact no candidates for promotion or the Staff Colleges can hope to keep abreast of current Empire events by reading a book and diligent reading of *The Times* is a very big proposition. The Bureau aims at solving this difficult problem, and we confidently believe it will prove of great assistance to Army and Air Force officers generally.

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THE BATTLE OF CAMBRAI. NOVEMBER, 1917.

By Major C. A. L. Brownlow, D.S.O., R.A.

I.—Inception.

In August, 1917, Sir Eustace Tennyson d'Eyncourt, in charge at home of tank construction, wrote to the Commander-in-Chief suggesting that tanks should be used in a more favourable terrain than Ypres. The Commander-in-Chief replied that many factors had to be considered in choosing the battle ground (Ypres), and that, at present, the tank was not the deciding one.

The ill success of tanks in the third Battle of Ypres weighed heavily on the Tank Corps, who were a new arm, and who felt that the value of the tank was being wasted by employment in the wilderness of mud and shell craters in the Ypres Salient.

On September 7th, Brig.-General Elles, Commander of the Tank Corps, requested G.H.Q. that the bulk of the tanks might be withdrawn from Ypres into reserve, with the object of employing them elsewhere in favourable country either in raids or in a definite attack. The request was granted and the withdrawal of the tanks took place.

About this time the idea of using the tanks on a large scale as the main blow of an attack began to germinate. Favourable terrain was a decisive factor in their employment, and a project for the use of tanks about Lens, on the First Army front, was considered.

In August, Sir Julian Byng, Commander of the Third Army, took hold of this idea and formulated a definite plan for a surprise attack, without any previous artillery bombardment, by using large numbers of tanks to break down the defence. Early in September he suggested his scheme to G.H.Q. The C.G.S., General Kiggell, was averse to the proposal, owing to the lack of troops at that moment to back up such an attack. The question, however, was discussed with the Commander-in-Chief, who directed General Byng to elaborate his project.

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This the Third Army Commander did, and early in October again went to G.H.Q. and asked for a decision. The Chief, who had been also considering the idea, especially in its wider strategical and political aspects, gave the decision for the attack to be prosecuted; but, owing to the fighting still in progress in Flanders, the troops available were limited and the objective would in consequence be limited also.

From the moment the Chief's decision was given the plan became a reality. G.H.Q. strained their resources to the utmost to place the maximum force at the Third Army's disposal. The commander of the Third Army was responsible for the plan and its execution.

II.—General Situation.

The general situation at this time was as follows :—

(*a*) The Third Battle of Ypres was in progress. It terminated on November 10th.

(*b*) The Austrians, with German assistance, opened on October 24th a successful offensive against Italy.

(*c*) Russia was rapidly breaking up, and in consequence German forces on the Eastern front were being freed for employment elsewhere.

(*d*) France was recovering from the disastrous results of the Nivelle offensive, which had shaken the morale of her army.

III.—Preparations for the Attack.

The attack was based on surprise. Secrecy, therefore, was of the utmost importance, and the plan of attack was kept secret by Higher Commanders as long as possible. It was told to General Elles, Tank Corps commander, on October 20th, and on October 25th was disclosed to senior officers of the Tank Corps at a conference.

The French were informed, but long notice was not given them. They made certain dispositions so that, if a break through was made, they could assist the British in exploitation.

On October 25th a draft scheme of the attack, known as GY, was issued by Third Army H.Q.

Object (as given in scheme GY) :—

> " The object of the operation is to break the enemy's defensive system by a *coup de main* with the assistance of tanks ; to seize Cambrai, Bourlon Wood and the passages

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over the Sensee River, and to cut off the troops holding the German front line between the Canal du Nord and that river. Further, to exploit the success so gained by advancing generally north-east and rolling up the German defence from the south."

Scheme GY further states :—

" *Deciding factor.*

" The deciding factor in the operation is our ability to seize the crossings over the Canal de L'Escaut at Masnieres and Marcoing, cut the enemy's last line of defence—the Masnieres line—and pass the cavalry through before the enemy can bring up his reserve divisions to the spot and organize either a counter-attack or a new defensive system."

Surprise was the essential factor to success.

Date of Attack : November 20th, 1917.

Front of Attack : From the Bonavis Ridge on the right to the Canal du Nord on the left (10,000 yards).

ENEMY.

(*a*) *Strength.*—The German 54th Division held the front, with the 9th Reserve Division on the south and the 204th Division on the north. The 204th Division was relieved by the 20th Landwehr Division just before the attack.

Three regiments were in line, each with one battalion in front, one in support and one in reserve.

About 150 guns covered the front.

The 54th Division H.Q. was at Cambrai.

It was estimated that no German reinforcements could be brought to this front under forty-eight hours.

A day or two before the attack the 107th Division from Russia detrained at Cambrai ; our intelligence had an inkling of this, but were not certain. The presence of this Division vitally affected the course of the battle.

(*b*) *Defences.*—The German defences were of great strength, having been carefully sited and prepared prior to their occupation when the German army retired to them from the Somme area early in 1917.

The defences comprised three systems :—

(i) The Hindenburg Line was the front system of trenches, heavily wired and covered by an outpost system which in places was very strong.

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The trenches were sited generally behind the crest line, were about eleven feet wide at the top, six feet at the bottom, and seven to eight feet deep. They were, therefore, too great for the Mark IV tank to span, so that special arrangements for crossing had to be made (see below).

(ii) The Hindenburg support line was a similar system, though not so developed.

(iii) The Masnieres line was not yet complete, though generally wired.

The width of No Man's Land varied from about 500 yards to 1,000 yards.

It should be remembered that the whole area occupied by the British had been laid waste by the Germans in their retirement; for instance, all the trees in the north-eastern part of Havrincourt Wood had been felled.

BRITISH TROOPS AVAILABLE.

Divisions.—The 20th and 36th Divisions holding the line; 6th, 12th, 29th, 51st and 62nd reinforcing Divisions for the attack; 40th and Guards Divisions in army reserve.

Cavalry.—The 1st, 2nd and 5th Cavalry Divisions were allotted for the break through. The 3rd and 4th Cavalry Divisions were also in the army area.

Artillery.—

13-pr.	90
18-pr.	480
4.5 in.	126
60-pr.	89
6-in. How. ...	140
8-in. How. ...	30
9.2-in. How. ...	28
12-in. How. ...	10
15-in. How. ...	2
9.2-in. gun ...	2
6-in. gun	12
Total ...	1,009 guns.

(*Note.*—In addition to the artillery there were a large number of trench mortars.)

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Tanks.—Tank Corps, consisting of 1st, 2nd and 3rd Tank Brigades (1st Brigade: "D," "E" and "G" Bns.; 2nd Brigade: "H," "B" Bns.; 3rd Brigade: "A," "F," "C," and "I" Bns.). Total, nine battalions. Each battalion consisted of three companies, each of four sections, each of three tanks.

The number of fighting tanks (Mark IV) employed in the battle was about 378. In addition, there were 98 administrative tanks.

A tank crew consisted of 1 officer and 7 other ranks. Male tanks were armed with two 6-pr. guns and four Lewis guns; female with six Lewis guns.

A tank was proof against bullets and splinters, and could span a 10-feet gap or surmount a 5-foot obstacle. Its speed over good ground was about 4 m.p.h. or 120 yards a minute; over trenches it was much slower. It could pass through wire, leaving a track passable by infantry. Its circuit of action was 25 miles.

In order to overcome the difficulty of the wide trenches, which were beyond their span, the tanks carried fascines which, by a special arrangement, could be automatically placed in the trench to be crossed.

Training.—Owing to the reliance that was to be placed on the tanks, special training of tanks with infantry was carried out. The infantry of divisions and the tanks were concentrated behind the line for this purpose, each division carrying out a fortnight's training. A special drill was evolved, but the chief advantage gained was the mutual confidence so engendered, which ensured co-operation in battle.

The importance of this previous training must not be overlooked. It was the tactical key of the battle.

The essence of the drill was as follows:—The tank section of three tanks was the tactical unit, and was allotted a tactical area and an objective. The section tanks were organized into an advanced guard and two infantry or main body tanks. The advanced guard tanks moved about 100 yards ahead and kept down fire of enemy. The main body tanks, moving abreast about 50 yards apart (interval varied according to situation), made gaps in the wire, dropped fascines in the trenches, and crossed—one of them operating on the front trench and the second on the support trench.

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The infantry was organized into :—

(*a*) Trench cleaners ;
(*b*) Trench stops ;
(*c*) Supports.

They followed the main body tanks in file in order to take advantage of the lanes in the wire made by the tanks.

CONCENTRATION.

Tanks.—It must be remembered that the tanks used in the battle (Mark IV) had no strategical mobility owing to short circuit of action, wear in movement and the physical strain on the crews.

They had, therefore, to be moved by rail, which entailed special trucks, of which there was a shortage. To meet this, heavy British and French trucks had to be employed.

To move the three brigades of tanks required 36 trains, the weight of the tank limiting the train loads to one company (12 tanks).

The tanks were detrained at stations on the railway, Bertincourt—Fins, between November 15th to 18th.

After detrainment the tanks moved to concealed " lying-up places " behind the line, such as the south portion of Havrincourt Wood.

On the night of November 19th-20th the tanks moved to their points of deployment, which were about 1,000 yards from the German front line.

Reconnaissance was carried out before the battle both of the enemy position and of routes from lying-in places. These routes were taped, as well as the position of deployment.

Extensive administrative arrangements had to be made. To give an idea of the work entailed, the following stores were dumped for *each* tank brigade in forward areas :—

Petrol	... ...	30,000 galls.
Oil	... ...	7,000 ,,
Grease	... ...	10,000 lbs.

In addition, there was a central dump on the front of the attack at Ytres, containing :—

6-pr. ammunition	...	24,000 rounds.
S.A.A. ,,	...	2,000,000 ,,
Pistol ,,	...	47,000 ,,

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In corps reserve was the following :—

Petrol	75,000	galls.
Oil	18,000	,,
Grease	25,000	lbs.
6-pr. ammunition ...	30,000	rounds.
S.A.A. ,, ...	2,000,000	,,
Pistol ,, ...	25,000	,,

Artillery.—Of the thousand odd guns comprising the artillery supporting the attack, 667 guns had to be moved in from other areas.

All the moves were by march route, the last stages taking place during the night only.

The artillery was concentrated between November 8th-9th and November 16th-17th. Nearly all the artillery came from the north, and had to pass through Bapaume owing to the few roads available. Divisional artilleries moved independently of their divisions—*i.e.*, under their C.R.As.

As an instance of the mass of troops on the move, on the night of November 15th-16th 6 batteries, 1 divisional artillery, 1 army brigade, 4 heavy artillery groups marched through the town of Bapaume to their areas and 17 batteries marched into the town.

Detailed preparations had to be made for the reception of all this artillery reinforcement. This included the selection of battery positions and observation posts, camouflage of the same, laying of communications, arranging concealed wagon lines, dumping of ammunition, establishment of headquarters.

No preliminary bombardment was to herald the attack on account of surprise. Wire-cutting was not necessary, as this task had devolved upon the tanks. So, to ensure secrecy, registration was forbidden.

Guns were carefully calibrated beforehand, and battery positions were fixed on battery boards. Shooting was done off the excellent trench maps in use. Meteor was sent to batteries as a normal routine. It must be borne in mind that survey was in its infancy and was not developed to the standard of to-day. But this battle was the first outstanding example of surprise predicted shooting on an extensive scale.

As an instance of the work entailed in preparation, the artillery supporting the 62nd Division were along the road running through Havrincourt Wood. All the trees on the enemy side had been felled by the Germans in their retire-

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ment in February, 1917, and so the road was exposed to view. During one night a screen of brushwood was erected the whole length of this road and the batteries concealed behind it. The Germans never noticed the batteries nor the disappearance of the road. The range to the enemy front was about 2,000 to 2,300 yards.

Large amounts of ammunition were dumped—in the case of the 62nd Division, 700 rounds per 18-pr. gun and 450 rounds per 4.5-in. howitzer. The work of bringing all this ammunition forward was a laborious and heavy task.

Divisions.—Two divisions (36th and 20th) were already in the line. Five divisions (6th, 12th, 29th, 51st and 62nd), less artillery, had been concentrated in the back areas for training, and were brought up to the front of the attack by night moves—one division by road and four by tactical trains (*i.e.*, troops rail, transport by road). The moves of the divisions were completed by the night of November 16th-17th. The forward brigades took over the line from the troops in occupation (*i.e.*, 36th and 20th Divisions). In order that the enemy should not know of this, the front line trenches were held by a screen of troops from the original units there (*i.e.*, from 36th and 20th Divisions).

A vast amount of preparatory arrangements had to be made, which included reconnaissance of enemy positions, selection and taping of assembly areas and approaches, communications, establishment of headquarters, ammunition and supplies, camouflage, shelter for troops.

Cavalry.—The Cavalry Corps, consisting of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Divisions, were concentrated by November 19th in the area Fins—Metz—Gouzeaucourt. They moved by march route in stages, using roads to the south clear of other troops.

The 3rd and 4th Cavalry Divisions (less one brigade) were held in reserve. The 1st, 2nd and 5th Divisions were detailed for the initial break through.

Special arrangements were made for clearing a way through the trenches and wire. For this purpose a number of tanks were allotted for " wire pulling."

Secrecy.—The importance of secrecy to ensure surprise has already been emphasized. We have seen some of the steps taken to ensure it. But throughout the most elaborate precautions were adopted.

In addition to those already mentioned, the following

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examples will show the care and foresight expended to keep the enemy in ignorance.

Transport moving north behind the lines carried lights; transport moving south to the battle area carried no lights. The area behind the line was divided into zones in which movement was prohibited in daylight save in small bodies. On reconnaissance the Highlanders of the 51st Division wore trousers, and tank personnel removed their tank badges. Fortunately for the British, the weather during the concentration was propitious, being dull and misty, which prevented observation by enemy aircraft.

On the night of the 17th-18th the enemy raided the 36th Division and captured one or two prisoners. These prisoners, on interrogation, gave away information as to tanks behind our line. Though the enemy did not even then realize the nature of the surprise in store, they became suspicious and took certain action, the result of which will be told later.

IV.—Plan of Attack.

1. *Zero Hour.*—6.20 a.m., November 20th.

2. *Objectives.*

(*a*) Blue Line.—General line of Hindenburg system, including Havrincourt and La Vacquierie villages.

(*b*) Brown Line.—General line of support system, including Lateau Wood and Flesquieres.

(*c*) Masnieres—Marcoing—Noyelles—crossings of canal and Masnieres trench system to the east. A defensive flank to south-east from about Les Rues Des Vignes to Banteux. A defensive flank to the north along Cantaing—Fontaine—Bourlon.

(*d*) Break through by Cavalry Corps, who were to open out to isolate Cambrai and exploit north-east towards Valenciennes.

(*e*) Exploitation by all available forces to the north, rolling up the German defences.

3. *Allotment of Troops.*—The III Corps (on right) comprised 12th, 20th and 6th Divisions in order from the right, with 29th Division in second line.

The IV Corps (on left) comprised 51st, 62nd and 36th Divisions in order from the right.

Cavalry Corps in reserve for the break through.

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The 40th and Guards Divisions, 3rd and 4th Cavalry Divisions in army reserve.

4. *Action of Tanks.*—Nearly all the available tanks were allotted to the initial attack.

In the early hours of November 20th the tanks were to move from their lying-up place to positions of deployment, marked by tapes, a thousand yards from the enemy. From there they were to advance just before zero to their jumping-off place, and lead the infantry to the attack. The tanks were organized into waves, each supporting a definite infantry unit and having a definite objective.

After the capture of the Brown Line tanks were to rally and exploit to the final objective. Certain tanks were given the special task of seizing the canal crossings at Masnieres and Marcoing. It will be remembered that in scheme GY the capture of these bridges was vital to the full success of the plan.

5. *Royal Flying Corps.*—Machines were allotted, as was normal (*a*) for artillery work, and (*b*) for "contact patrols," to keep in touch with the infantry advance.

In addition, six scout squadrons were given the following special tasks of low flying attacks with bomb and machine gun against aerodromes, batteries, machine guns, infantry and general targets.

6. *Cavalry.*—The Cavalry Corps from their assembly areas, were to move forward to a position of readiness about Fins by 0900 hours. Special detachments, assisted by wire-pulling tanks, were to clear passages through the trench systems so that the cavalry could advance. Cavalry liaison officers were sent forward to keep touch with the situation.

When passages through the wire were ready, the cavalry were to advance and, according to the development of the tactical situation, were to pass through the infantry and exploit. The 5th Cavalry Division, followed by the 2nd Cavalry Division, were to cross at Masnieres and Marcoing and isolate Cambrai from the east and south-east. The Lucknow Cavalry Brigade of the 4th Cavalry Division were to follow the 2nd Cavalry Division and operate to the south. The 1st Cavalry Division was to move west of the Canal de L'Escaut via Cantaing and Fontaine and operate west of Cambrai.

If these operations were successful, the Cavalry Corps

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were to push on towards Valenciennes, cutting enemy communications.

The order for the general advance of the cavalry was to come from Corps H.Q., who were in the rear at Fins. (*This point should be carefully noted.*)

7. *Communications.*—Elaborate signalling arrangements were installed. A network of cable was laid which was not used until the attack. In addition, short range wireless, pigeons and despatch riders were provided.

8. *Liaison.*—In order to keep touch with anticipated quickly moving events, liaison officers were sent from each formation to the next formation below it.

V.—The Attack.

November 20th.—During the night of November 19th-20th the leading brigades moved to their assembly areas and starting lines, directed by guides and taped routes. The tanks formed up on their positions of deployment, which were 1,000 yards from the enemy, and then crawled slowly forward to the starting lines.

During the night the enemy had shelled spasmodically the Havrincourt Wood area, otherwise the front was quiet. During the last hours before zero a complete stillness reigned. It was an anxious time for that concentrated mass of troops about to be launched to the attack.

First Phase Attack (Zero to 1100 hours).

At 6.20 a.m. the thousand guns of the British force rent the silence as they opened the barrage and bombardment.

The wire-crushing tanks crawled forward, followed by the main body tanks of the first wave and by the infantry. The whole advance was deliberate and methodical.

The day was fine but misty. At this hour dawn was in the sky, but the sun had not risen. Visibility was such that a man could not be seen beyond 200 yards.

By 9 a.m. the Blue Line was in our possession along the whole front. The attack had gone according to programme. The enemy, completely surprised and cowed, surrendered freely. The retaliation by the enemy guns was weak and scattered. In Havrincourt village odd pockets of the enemy held out in the houses.

By 11 a.m. the Brown Line was in our possession along the whole front except at Flesquieres, where the 51st Division was held up.

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Reserve brigades were moving forward to pass through to their final objectives. In this connection it is worth noting that the advance of these brigades was generally due to the initiative of their brigadiers, who kept touch with the situation in front of them and who did not rely on messages coming back from the front, as had been arranged.

The 12th Division on the right met with stubborn resistance about Lateau Wood, where several German batteries were captured.

After the capture of the Brown Line, the tanks rallied preparatory to setting out on their final tasks. They had more than justified the reliance placed on them. A few were ditched, but except before Flesquieres the majority had reached their objectives, crossing the trenches, beating down lanes in the deep wire, and making it possible for the infantry to advance.

The predicted artillery fire proved accurate and effective. After the Brown Line was captured, batteries began to move forward.

Second Phase (11 *a.m. to nightfall*).

12th and 20th Divisions.—These two Divisions formed a defensive flank to the east, facing the Canal de L'Escaut. The front held was extended, that of the 12th Division being nearly 6,000 yards. Fresh trenches had to be dug, as the occupied German system faced the wrong direction. Enemy resistance prevented the line being pushed far enough east to overlook the dead ground in the valley of the Canal.

Tanks operating on this sector actually crossed at Crevecœur, but the infantry were not able to follow and make good.

" *A*," " *B* " *and* " *F* " *Tank Battalions.*—After capture of the Brown Line, available tanks of these battalions advanced independently according to plan to seize canal crossings.

Nine tanks of " F " Battalion reached Masnieres by midday, but found the bridge there had been partially destroyed. One tank tried to cross, but half-way over the whole bridge settled down into the water. The crew got away, but one officer lost a wig, which led to voluminous correspondence as to compensation.

Shortly afterwards the infantry arrived and the tanks assisted them by fire.

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One company of " A " Battalion advanced and made good the locks between Masnieres and Marcoing.

Fourteen tanks of " B " Battalion attacked Marcoing at 11.30 a.m., overcame resistance in the village and seized the bridge there, driving away a party of the enemy who were about to blow it up.

At 12.30 p.m. infantry arrived, and 12 tanks then rallied, according to orders, west of Marcoing to wait for the 1st Cavalry Division. The cavalry did not arrive until 5 p.m.

29th Division.—Advanced across the old British front line at 10 a.m., passed through the troops in occupation of the Brown Line and deployed against Masnieres and Marcoing. Crossings were effected at these places, but enemy resistance prevented further advance.

6th Division.—Formed a defensive flank between the 29th and 51st Divisions. A proposal to attack Flesquieres in flank to help the 51st Division was not agreed to by the latter.

36th and 62nd Divisions.—Advanced successfully on either side of the Canal du Nord nearly up to the Cambrai—Bapaume road.

51st Division.—The action of this Division demands special attention. The 51st Division had captured the Blue Line successfully, though four tanks were ditched in the trenches. They had encountered some opposition in the Grand Ravine. The attack on the Brown Line failed, though lodgements were made in the front trench of the Hindenburg support system.

The failure was due to the tanks, on topping the crest of the ridge, being knocked out by a German battery in action near the village. The tanks, apparently mounted the crest in single file at the same spot and were destroyed in succession. Sixteen tanks were thus knocked out by direct hits. In most of the tanks hit the petrol caught fire. The destruction of the tanks left the wire uncut, and the infantry suffered severely.

It is believed that the official drill of tanks with infantry was not carried out in this Division, and the infantry did not follow the tanks closely. Most of the few surviving tanks had to come out of action in the afternoon owing to lack of petrol.

The Division was held up before Flesquieres all day, and preparations were made for an attack at dawn next

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morning, supported by an artillery barrage; but during the night the enemy withdrew.

It should be remembered that the enemy, on the information received from prisoners, had moved up some of his reserves to Flesquieres, which accounts for the strong resistance of this place.

Cavalry.—By 9 a.m. the cavalry were saddled up in the concentration area about Fins. By 11.30 a.m. cavalry tracks through the trench systems up to and including the support system were clear. The Canadian Cavalry Brigade, the leading brigade of the 5th Cavalry Division, moved at noon. By 1.40 p.m. they reached Masnieres, covering ten miles in one and a half hours.

A crossing at Masnieres being impossible, an attempt was made further to the east when, under fire, a lock was made passable. At 3.30 p.m. a squadron of the Fort Garry Horse crossed at this spot, entering the Masnieres line, which was thinly occupied by a few shaken enemy. Here the squadron spent the night in a chalk pit listening to the rumble of lorries in Rumilly bringing in German reinforcements.

The achievement of this squadron was not followed up. The cavalry Divisional Commander having decided that it was not possible for the cavalry to act, the cavalry then withdrew to rest.

It should be noted how far the cavalry were kept back before the order to advance was given. The impulse for their action came from headquarters in rear, instead of from the front.

If the cavalry had moved forward along the track as it was made, they would have gained two hours, and might have seized the opportunity to gallop the crossings of the Canal by noon. Such actions were successfully carried out in Palestine and Mesopotamia.

As regards the 1st Cavalry Division on the IV Corps' front, the 2nd Cavalry Brigade reached the Ribecourt area, while one regiment operated towards Nine Woods.

Enemy.—The warning from prisoners as to tanks had caused the Germans to take certain precautions which assisted them in the defence of Flesquieres, but the attack, both in time and weight, was a complete and devastating surprise.

Three-fourths of the 54th Division was captured or killed, and considerable losses were inflicted on the 20th

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Landwehr Division. The bulk of the artillery on the front was lost.

The fortunate presence of the 107th Division saved the situation. Parts of this Division came into action about Masnieres and Marcoing on the afternoon, and the remainder seem to have arrived in the evening, one regiment being sent to Bourlon.

Civilians.—Numbers of French civilians in Masnieres and Marcoing were released.

Thus ended the first and most important day's fighting. New methods of attack had achieved conspicuous success at a minimum of cost, but that success had fallen short of complete fruition. For the tank it was a day of glorious justification.

On November 21st the line was advanced towards Bourlon against increasing opposition, for the British had now lost that preponderance of force that had been theirs on the opening of the attack.

The Commander-in-Chief was now faced with the grave problem of whether the attack should be continued or not. He decided to prosecute the offensive with the heights of Bourlon as the objective. In consequence, during the ensuing week, from November 22nd to November 27th, fighting of the most intense and bloody nature took place, but without decisive results.

By November 28th the force of the British offensive had been expended.

Summary of Casualties and Captures.

November 20th and 21st :—Casualties.—

12th Division	...	...	...	1,300
20th Division	...	...	...	400
6th Division	...	...	...	400
51st Division	...	...	...	700
62nd Division	...	...	...	1,100
29th Division	...	...	...	1,500
Tank personnel	...	...	...	600
			Total ...	6,000

(*Note.*—In the attack on the Somme on July 1st, 1916, several divisions had as many as 5,000 casualties per division on the first day.)

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Tanks: 30 to 40 by direct hits. Others were ditched or had mechanical breakdowns.

Captures.—Over 100 guns and about 7,000 prisoners.

(*Note.*—The figures given above are approximate only.)

November 22nd to 28th.—During this period the British suffered severely in the Bourlon Wood fighting, and lost by direct hits about 50 tanks in addition to those mentioned above.

The enemy lost some guns and prisoners, bringing the total British captures up to about 140 guns and 10,000 prisoners. In addition, they had very severe casualties inflicted on them.

Casualties, 3rd Tank Brigade.—The following note of casualties of the 3rd Tank Brigade is of interest :—

Date.	Tanks employed.	Direct hits.	Ditched.	Mechanical troubles.
November 20th ...	146	22	15	16
„ 21st ...	14	2	—	—
„ 22nd ...	4	—	—	—
„ 23rd ...	23	7	1	4
„ 24th ...	12	1	1	5
„ 27th ...	30	6	2	—

Summary of Results.

By a new method of attack based on tanks and predicted artillery fire the enemy had been surprised, his powerful defence system, which he considered impregnable, had been overrun at a surprisingly small cost, casualties, both in personnel and material had been inflicted on him far greater than that sustained by the attacking British force.

In the words of Ludendorff: "We were expecting a continuation of the attack in Flanders, when, on November 20th, we were surprised by a fresh blow at Cambrai."

On the other hand, the British had failed to carry out their plan to the full largely owing to the unforeseen presence of the 107th Division, which had held them up on the Masnieres Line, and to the defence at Flesquieres, which had checked the advance of the 51st Division on the first day.

The dominating ground about Bourlon and Fontaine was not wholly in our possession.

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VI.—German Counter-Attack.

The position of the British as a result of their offensive was a pronounced salient, which the German Command decided to strike in force, directing their main blows at the northern and southern flanks. The British intelligence had news of the enemy concentration. Nevertheless, the storm which broke on November 30th surprised the troops in the line.

The southern attack was launched at 7.30 a.m. and completely overran the defence. By 9 a.m. La Vacquerie and Gouzeaucourt were in German hands. The British line was broken.

Three actions prevented a complete disaster. The action of the Guards, who from rest billets delivered without artillery an immediate counter-attack over open country and re-took Gouzeaucourt.

The action of the 29th Division, who held on to Masnieres and Marcoing with the enemy round their right flank and rear. The amazing acts of Captain Gee were largely responsible for the retention of Masnieres. If this village had fallen, the 29th Division would have had to fall back, which must have led to the rolling up of the British front as far as Bourlon.

The third action was that of the tank units which were out of the line having their machines overhauled. With astonishing speed tanks were put in fighting trim and a counter attack delivered to the south of Gouzeaucourt. Tanks had been the main cause of success in the opening of the battle, they were not the least cause in stemming the return tide in the darkness of its close.

Two hours after the commencement of the southern attack the Germans delivered what was to have been their decisive stroke against the northern flank between Mœuvres and Bourlon. This attack collapsed with heavy losses to the attackers.

It is worthy of note that the northern attack was timed two hours after the southern in the hope that it would come as a surprise, and that it would find troops withdrawn to the south. Actually the delay gave the British in this part of the field two hours' precious warning.

By December 3rd the fighting had gradually petered out. On the 4th the British line was withdrawn from the dangerous

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Bourlon salient to the Hindenburg support line about Flesquieres.

Summary of Losses and Captures,
November 20th to December 5th.

British :—		
Casualties	...	40,000 (approx.)
German prisoners	...	11,000 (7,000, Nov. 20th)
German guns taken	...	145
German :—		
Casualties	...	40,000 (estimate)
British prisoners ...	...	9,000 (6,000, Nov. 30th)
British guns taken	...	160

VII.—Conclusion.

The Battle of Cambrai, viewed in the general perspective of the Great War, does not appear as a great decisive action. Its strategic results cannot be compared with those of such battles as Le Cateau and the First Battle of Ypres where smaller forces were employed. Nor can it be classed in magnitude and effect with the stupendous struggles on the Somme, the Third Battle of Ypres, the German assaults of 1918 or the British victories of the last hundred days. Cambrai falls into position as a great tactical action, though it nearly produced immense and far-reaching strategical results. And this conception fits in with the causes, already related, that brought it into being. It was conceived not by G.H.Q. as part of the general strategic plan, but by a subordinate commander as a means of delivering a surprise blow by using new methods. For this reason the British attack lacked that strong backing of reserves essential to complete success and to garner the fruits of victory.

Nevertheless the Battle of Cambrai is for many reasons one of the most remarkable of the war. Against a background of vast and gloomy canvases it stands out a distinct, original and complete picture—big enough to hold interest, small enough to be comfortably apprehended. It was comparatively short in duration, with a definite beginning and a definite end. It was full of dramatic action, and comprised every form of war—attack and counter-attack in trench systems and in the open, in woods and in villages. It illustrates a new phase in the art of war. It teaches new lessons and exemplifies old ones, and it is full of human interest.

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Perhaps, even at the cost of wearying the reader, it may be worth while setting out the chief lessons to be drawn from a study of this action.

Nature of War.—Cambrai gives a vivid picture of the nature and reality of war. How few realize the obvious nature of war as a physical struggle, entailing of necessity both defeat and victory. A true conception of war is especially desirable among the nation so that they may rightly appraise the action of its fighting forces. If the people had understood the nature of war, would they, on hearing the news of victory on November 20th, have rung the bells of St. Paul's for joy, or would the politicians have dared to prosecute courts of inquiry to find the soldier responsible for the reverse of November 30th ? Would the term " business," so frequently employed during the Great .War as the magic word to open the doors of victory, have been heard ?

War is the antithesis of business. War is a unique social act without parallel in other fields of human activity. In war alone do opposed groups of human beings apply physical force against each other. In war one grapples with a physical antagonist in the darkness of the unknown and in an atmosphere highly charged with moral force. Because of its very nature it is puerile to think that in war one side can command a succession of complete victories. Never has there been a victory which might not in the eyes of the victor have been better without some jarring incident. Never a defeat which has not been enlightened by local successes and gallant deeds. And this is due to the very nature of war, in which each side endeavours to gain the upper hand by similar physical means. Final victory depends on the balance of success and failure.

This atmosphere of war we find vividly illustrated in the Battle of Cambrai. The initial success of the British in spite of the most elaborate preparation and energetic execution, did not fulfil expectations. Similarly the German counter-attack failed to attain the results contemplated. This condition of things going wrong must be accepted as inevitable in war, and the right course is not to lament past falls but to look forward to clearing the next obstacle.

Tanks.—Cambrai is the historic battle of the tanks. The battle plan was based upon them ; the battlefield was chosen for them. The verdict of victory sealed their future as a new arm. The modern knight in armour who rode the

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trenches at Cambrai rode also across the boundary between an old and a new era in the art of war.

Artillery.—The new method of applying artillery fire first used at Cambrai on the grand scale was an outstanding event in artillery tactics.

Low-flying Aeroplanes.—Cambrai was the first battle where aeroplanes were used deliberately on an extensive scale for the attack of ground targets.

Reserves.—Both in strategy and tactics the reserve is the dominant force that completes victory or staves off defeat. Review the battles and campaigns of all time, and the primary problem is always the same—the use of the reserve.

The British attack failed to achieve complete success largely owing to lack of reserves. The weakness of the general reserve was due to causes already related—namely the limited number of divisions available for the operation. But there is another point worth noting, and that is the absence of any reserve of tanks. It is arguable whether greater success would not have been attained if fewer tanks had been detailed to the initial attack and the balance kept in hand as a reserve. When the plan of attack was being formulated this course was suggested, but was not approved. On the German side the 107th Division, by a lucky chance, formed a reserve in the enemy's hand which enabled him to stop the gaps in his line.

In the German counter-attack of November 30th it was largely due to lack of local reserves, *i.e.*, lack of depth, that the enemy were able to overrun the 55th, 12th and 20th Divisions. And it was due to the 29th Division having one of their brigades in reserve that they were able to counter-attack and restore a dangerous situation.

Surprise.—Both the British attack on November 20th and the German counter-attack on November 30th are notable instances of the far-reaching effects of surprise in war. To achieve surprise demands much, but the reward is great. Surprise is dependent on secrecy, and secrecy is the result of careful preparation. The element chance enters in, and in these two cases the weather favoured the attackers.

Topography.—Topography vitally affects the course of a battle. This is seen throughout the fighting at Cambrai, and certain instances have been discussed. We may recite Bourlon Heights, Flesquieres, Canal de l'Escaut, La Folie,

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and the Banteux Ravine. The battlefield was chosen because its terrain was suitable to tank operations.

Valour.—Battle is the sum of individual acts. In moments of crisis, when human masses are subjected to extreme moral pressure, single acts of individual valour have an effect far beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their action and may decisively influence the whole course of operations. For instance, the German gunner officer at Flesquieres, and Captain Gee at Les Rues Vertes.

Discipline.—The counter-attack of the Guards on November 30th exemplifies the decisive effect of a disciplined body of men, and may well become an historic instance of discipline in war.

Concentration of Force.—The truth of the first principle of war—namely, the concentration of superior force, is illustrated in the Battle of Cambrai. But it should be noted that in modern fighting force must not be measured purely by the counting of heads. The force an army can exert depends on its strength in men and its strength in weapons. The British force, if it had not had tanks, might have been twice as strong in numbers of men and yet have failed to gain even the first defensive system of the German position.

The Defensive.—It is a generally accepted axiom of war that the offensive must eventually triumph, that passive action cannot win. Yet throughout the wearying years of static operations there were many who doubted its truth, especially among those statesmen in whose hands rested the destiny of England. They said you cannot conquer machine guns, concrete, trench and wire. The Western Front is an impassable stone wall.

Cambrai revealed the falseness of this doubt. The British forces, as they swept over the seemingly impregnable fortress of the Hindenburg Line, re-established faith in the offensive.

Preparation.—The infinite care and detailed arrangements that were required to stage the attack are worthy of note.

Time.—The vital element and limiting condition of war "Ask me for anything but Time," said Napoleon. "If Flesquieres had been captured in time, then . . . If Masnieres had been captured in time, then . . . If the cavalry had been up in time, then . . . If the counter-attack had been known in time, then . . ."

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Time is responsible for more "ifs" in war than any other cause.

Cavalry.—Cambrai provides one of the few examples on the Western Front of cavalry action. We see the limitation of the mounted arm when faced with wire and machine gun. It amazes one to think that at the crisis of a great battle, when the other arms had achieved signal success and the enemy were shaken and shattered, five complete and splendid divisions of cavalry stood impotent on the edge of the fighting. Suppose all the human energy required to produce that cavalry had been directed to the formation of a quick-moving, hard hitting armoured mechanical force. What effect would such a force have had on the battle on the afternoon of November 20th? It is an interesting speculation.

Exhaustion.—Apart from casualties, the human force of a military formation is expendable. There is a point of exhaustion where further movement ceases for a time. Troops moved by muscular power have a limited endurance. It is noteworthy that both on the British and German sides a five-mile advance under fire had to stop through exhaustion.

High Command.—The Battle of Cambrai clearly illustrates one of the first duties of a Commander-in-Chief—namely, to make decisions and to accept responsibility. How easy to criticize after the event! How hard, how intolerably hard, to decide the course of action that will shape the future where destiny hides success or failure! What moral power is required to abide by one's decision and stand true to one's responsibility.

Upon the Commander-in-Chief alone rests the whole weight of this heavy burden. It was the British Commander-in-Chief who decided that the attack at Cambrai should take place, and that the attack should be continued to secure the Bourlon Heights

When the British Cabinet instituted an inquiry into the reasons for the German break-through on November 30th, the British Commander-in-Chief ended his account of the operation with these noble words—"Upon my shoulders must rest the responsibility."

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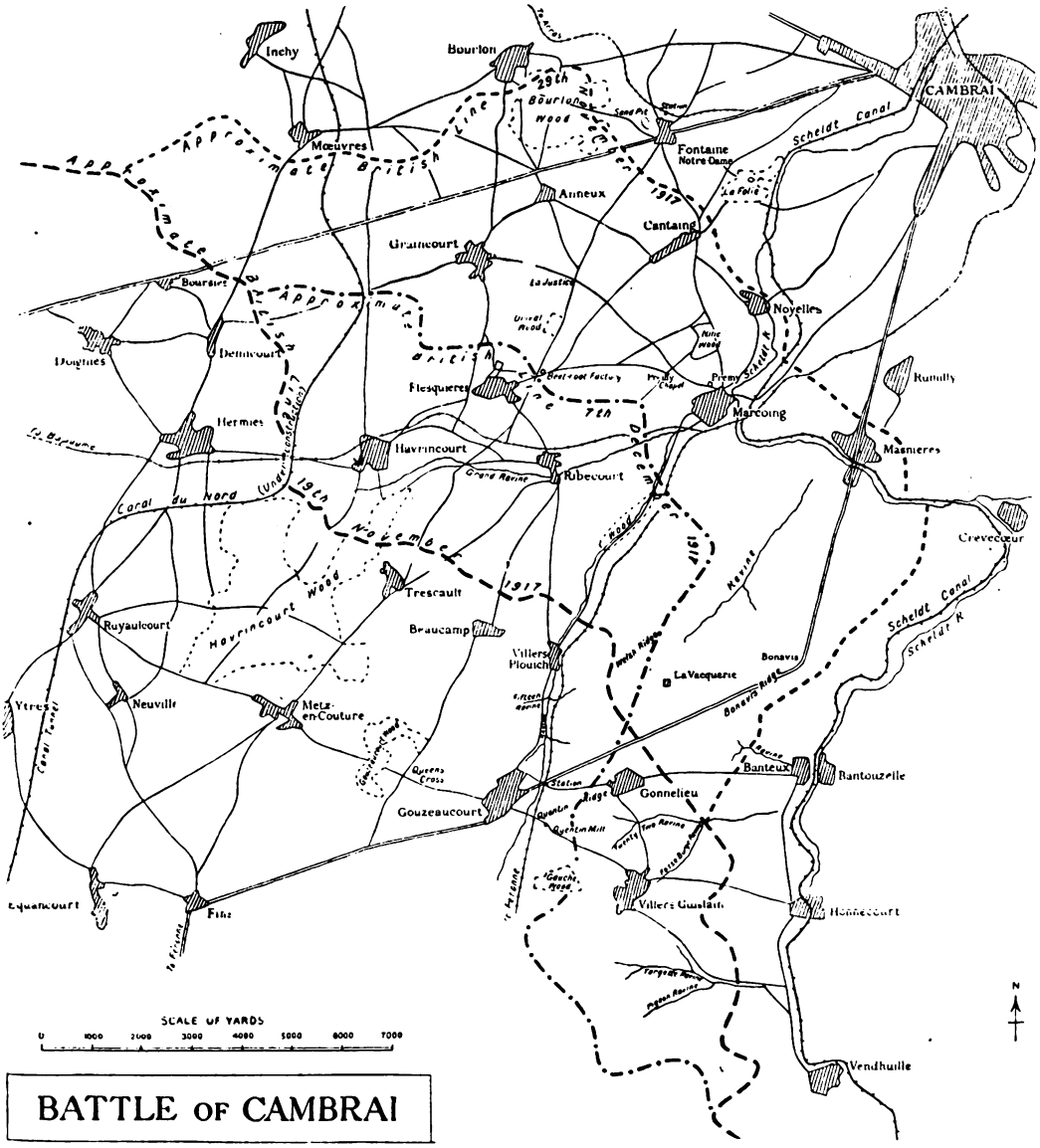

BATTLE OF CAMBRAI

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NAVAL OFFICERS—DEFECTS IN TRAINING

By Lieut.-Commander F. D. Butt.

WITH an International Agreement to limit Naval Armaments looming up on the horizon, the time is not far distant when further reductions will have to be made in the number of Naval officers afloat. If this situation is handled wisely, when the time comes, it may easily prove a great benefit to the Naval Service.

The present system is to keep as many officers afloat as possible; that is to say, practically all the active list, with a few exceptions, such as officers qualifying as specialists, sub-lieutenants taking short courses, staff of Naval barracks, etc. All other officers who are awaiting appointments are either drawing full pay doing "unemployment time"—*i.e.*, they are virtually on leave—or they are on half-pay.

This system is open to criticism. No doubt much is to be gained by practical experience, but there are other sides of a Naval officer's training which suffer badly.

It is difficult to get a fair comparison between the work of an Army officer and that of a Naval officer, but an Army officer has, undoubtedly, quite an appreciable amount of time available when he is not actually carrying out the daily duties of his rank. This is recognized, but such time is by no means purely leisure time, and he has frequently to study various selected military campaigns; to supervise, or at any rate take part in exercises without troops; to attend lectures on subjects not by any means all military; to co-operate with the Air Force and branches of the Army other than his own, and to study such questions as hygiene and sanitation. In short, an Army officer's life is by no means confined to narrow routine, and the tendency is more and more to broaden his outlook, a tendency which is indicated by the newly-inaugurated curriculum at Sandhurst, which ensures a wider range of ideas in the embryo Army officers under instruction.

A Naval officer has no such spare time or opportunities for study and the broadening of his outlook. The result is that the average Naval lieutenant, though he is as near one hundred per cent. efficient as it is possible to be in such work

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as constitutes his duty on board ship, is appallingly ignorant of the higher science of his profession.

Naval officers may hesitate to accept such a statement, but if they are unable to, they should attend the practical examination of Army lieutenants for the rank of captain and they will find these very junior Army officers making quite a good job of the duties of a Brigade Commander.

Let us consider for a moment the actual daily programme of work of a Naval lieutenant. First-Lieutenant of a destroyer is a fair average appointment. His responsibilities are many, the first and most important of which is the maintaining of discipline and arranging the routine and work of the ship. He it is who sees that the ship is clean and efficient, and, as anyone who has visited a modern destroyer cannot fail to notice, his work is well done. The First-Lieutenant, or Number One as he is usually called, is nearly always the Gun Control Officer, and this carries with it the duty of seeing that the guns and their control arrangements are efficient and that the men are constantly exercised at control and other drills.

Apart from gunnery, there are many other drills to be organized and practised which take every man in the ship. These include " Fire," " Collision," " Abandon ship," " On lifebelts," " Anchoring," " Laying out anchors," and several others.

Then there are the boat routines to be settled, varying to suit local arrangements for drawing beef and other provisions, landing liberty-men and officers and getting mails, and there are many other things (which happen automatically in civilian life on shore) to be arranged.

This is a somewhat substantial programme. In fact, what Kipling wrote of the " Jolly " might equally well have been written of a destroyer's Number One—" Now 'is work begins by Gawd knows when, and 'is work is never through."

At 5.30 a.m. (6.15 on some stations) he is on deck " telling off the hands " for cleaning ship, and from then till 8 a.m. when the men go to breakfast, he assumes the role of head-housemaid. After breakfast there is a parade and inspection of " Divisions," followed by prayers and physical drill, after which the serious work of the day begins. It may start with a gunnery control drill, followed by " telling off the hands " for various jobs about the ship. Some of the forenoon's drill or work may require his personal attention and some

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may not, but in any case he will have poked his nose into every hole and corner of the mess deck and other spaces between decks, and he will have inspected guns, boats and brightwork, and kept in touch with all the various work on hand.

He will have spent some time weighing off his defaulters, inquiring into such interesting matters as the reason for the lateness for " Divisions " of A.B. J. Blank, O.N. 2431, or investigating why Officer's Steward (IIIrd Class) P. Jones, O.N. 2319X was slack turning out of his hammock at " Guard and Steerage."

At noon there is an interval for dinner till 1.15, but Number One has to arrange for the afternoon's work, uncompleted jobs to be finished and new ones to be started, and everything to be squared off ship-shape by four o'clock—" Evening Quarters "—so he shortens up his dinner hour.

After " Quarters " there is leave. Number One may decide to go ashore. Unfortunately, about this time, so it appears to destroyer First-Lieutenants, the staff of Captain's " D " and Depot ships wake up, stretch themselves and start making signals to the destroyers, and most of them disturb the peace of mind of the First-Lieutenants of those ships. For instance, the Depot ship intimates that an able seaman, due to be rated Leading Seaman is to be discharged, and relief must be sent. The A.B. in question is a quartermaster, and a new one will have to be selected. The obvious man for it happens to be a mess deck sweeper or some other special job. There is a general change round which completely disarranges the Watch and Station Bill. Or a signal may come directing the flotilla to proceed to sea to-morrow for gunnery practice, and other drills.

Number One decides he will not go ashore after all and settles down to correct his Watch Bill.

Other signals follow. " Return called for by my so-and-so is to be forwarded forthwith." " Indicate number of men wishing to . . . " " Report immediately . . . " etc., etc.

Number One closes his Watch Bill and goes on deck to deal with business which he feels quite sure is not half so urgent as his own.

At nine o'clock he goes " Rounds," has a yarn with the Coxswain (a sort of combined Chief of Police, Chief Quartermaster, Caterer and general link between the lower deck and

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the ward room), with the Chief Bosun's mate, who is his right-hand man with the ship's routine work, and with the Gunner's mate, who helps him contend with the gunnery department. Thereafter he retires to his cabin, not to turn in but to correct that Watch Bill. After that he sends for the Night Order Book—on shore we do not have to worry about such matters as " Call me if it comes on to blow "—writes out the orders for the morning, changing the routine to fit in with the weighing at 0600, and, some time between then and midnight, turns in.

There are specialists who are officially recognized as such—" N," " G," " T," etc.—but in practice destroyer First-Lieutenants, and Lieutenants in other ships, are all, in fact, specialists in their own particular line of business. This specialization produces a narrowness of outlook as limited as that of a surgeon who devotes his whole life to the removal of other people's tonsils.

Another important part of a Naval officer's duty is to be able to take part in military operations ashore. A certain amount of time is devoted to this work ashore and afloat, but lamentably little, and the Gunnery officer who can resist the temptation to spend a large proportion of this time on such elementary items of drill as saluting and forming fours used to be and, possibly, still is, a *rara avis*.

The present writer in 1914 had the temerity to inquire the reason for this of the Gunner's mate at Whale Island, who was in charge of his squad, and received the reply :—" Hattitude, sir, is the Hart of gunnery " ! He was quite right, as any officer in His Majesty's Fighting Forces knows only too well. Nevertheless, two months later Gunner's mates on board the transports taking the Royal Naval Division to Belgium spent their time on the passage over showing officers and men how to load rifles and how to give and carry out fire orders.

No doubt things have improved, but the average public schoolboy of seventeen years of age knows far more of the duties of a platoon commander in the field than a Naval lieutenant*, yet a Naval lieutenant might be called upon to perform such duties at a moment's notice, with the loss of his men's lives and his own as the penalty should he fail.

The study of languages, too, should be considered. Excepting those officers who are interpreters, the percentage

* This, of course, does not include Public School entries.

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of Naval officers who can speak any language but their own is negligible. Yet a French officers' mess can speak fluent English.

Here, then, are some important defects in a Naval officer's training. If, as seems certain, the number of Naval officers afloat will have to be reduced, there is no reason whatsoever why this reduction should not synchronize with an increased amount of work ashore, work which would help to neutralize the aggressive specialization which is such a feature of the present system.

Some part of the proposed time could be used in studying Naval subjects, such as law and court-martial procedure, tactics and history, and some to the study of languages. Military training could be best effected by attaching Naval officers to military courses, such as Hythe and Netheravon, for weapon training, and to regiments or staffs for field training.

It is to be hoped that when the time comes for further reductions afloat, the Admiralty will see to it that the axe is not wielded in such a wholesale manner as on previous occasions, but rather that it should be withheld altogether, if possible, in order to remedy such defects as exist in our Naval officers' training.

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THE FLEET AIR ARM

By Wing-Commander C. E. Maude, R.A.F.

THE activities of that portion of the Air Force which supplies the air needs of the Navy and is called the Fleet Air Arm are so little known that a short account of its origin and growth and present organization may be of interest.

Before attempting to describe how the present organization grew up, and the needs which governed its development, a brief survey of the growth of flying in relation to sea warfare and of the difficulties inherent to its development will be useful.

At the beginning of the war 1914-18, flying was still in its infancy. No country had more than a few aeroplanes, and these of a primitive design capable of little more than straight-forward flying under good conditions.

Under the stress of war, however, progress was rapid, particularly on the military side, where conditions were more favourable to development, and where the value—indeed, the essential need—of aircraft became more and more apparent. Better, more powerful and more efficient machines soon began to be produced; and it was not long before the Royal Flying Corps, charged with supplying the air needs of the Army in all theatres of war, had grown out of all recognition both in numbers and in technical equipment.

At sea conditions were rather different. The Royal Naval Air Service, which had come into being in 1914, shortly before the outbreak of war, was a lusty infant, full of energy and determination, but unfortunately it lacked the means of applying its energy with the fleet at sea.

For aircraft to operate successfully with the fleet they must first of all be present with the fleet; this involves the provision of a special ship to carry them. And, secondly, satisfactory launching and landing arrangements must be provided to enable the aircraft to take the air when required and to return successfully at the end of their flight. This means that either the surface of the sea must be used for taking off and landing, *i.e.*, the aircraft must operate as seaplanes, or that special launching and landing platforms must be provided in the carrying ships themselves.

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In 1914, and in fact almost up to the end of the war in 1918, no satisfactory solution of these difficulties had been found.

A few small vessels, cross-channel steamers, such as the *Empress* and *Engadine*, were taken up by the Admiralty in the early days of the war and fitted to carry seaplanes. Later on a larger ship, the *Campania*, was similarly adapted; and certain warships were fitted with special platforms to carry a small single-seater fighter which could be flown off to attack Zeppelins or other enemy aircraft.

These steps met with a limited measure of success, but the seaplanes were generally inefficient (judged by modern standards) and could seldom be relied on for action when required. The fighter aircraft, when flown off, could not land on again, and had either to return to a shore base or (if out of reach of land) land in the sea alongside a ship in the hopes of being picked up. This was an expensive and wasteful policy which could only be justified as a war time expedient.

The obvious and logical solution of the problem, the provision of a platform from which aeroplanes could not only take off, but also land on again at the end of their flight, was in process of development, but had hardly got beyond the experimental stage when the war ended.

Almost throughout the entire course of the war the fleet at sea was thus deprived of any real or effective air co-operation—not from any lack of skill or determination on the part of the flying personnel, nor from lack of appreciation of the value of aircraft by those responsible for sea policy, but simply through lack of technical development in aircraft and ships to operate them.

Subsequent development leading up to the present state of efficiency belongs almost entirely to the post-war period, and dates from the development, as an efficient unit of the fleet, of the large aircraft carrier such as the *Argus*, *Eagle*, *Furious*, and later ships, which are practically floating aerodromes.

At the beginning of the war the scope or possibilities of aircraft in their different roles were not fully envisaged. There was no experience to use as a guide, and all available aeroplanes within their limited capabilities were required or expected to undertake any duty according to the circumstances of the moment.

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But as the war progressed and more experience was gained, the proper functions of aircraft began to emerge more clearly.

These functions may, I think, be divided broadly into three main categories :—

(*a*) Reconnaissance, including observation for gunfire and air photographs ;
(*b*) Air fighting ; and
(*c*) Bombing.

The work of the Royal Flying Corps and of the Royal Naval Air Service employed on land service was divided into these categories long before the end of the war.

Similar air functions are of course equally useful at sea, but for the reasons outlined above aircraft were never able to be employed fully on these duties at sea.

In April, 1918, the Royal Air Force was formed by the merging of the Royal Naval Air Service and Royal Flying Corps into a separate service, independent of the Navy and Army.

There is no need for me to enter into the reasons which led to this formation of a separate Air Force. It will be sufficient to remark that at the time the introduction of the new organization made little or no difference to the two older services and, in fact, passed almost unnoticed by them. Responsibility for supply of personnel and material passed to a new authority at home ; but so far as the Army or Fleet were concerned, control of that personnel or material in action remained the same.

After the war, when the first real aircraft carriers came into commission, and the science of deck-landing had been mastered, and the development of naval aviation had really begun to be pushed forward, rather different circumstances arose and a new problem began to demand attention.

Of the three main functions of aircraft in war, probably the most important, from the naval point of view, is reconnaissance. The other two, air fighting and bombing, are more in the nature of independent air operations not directly affecting the work of the ships, though still of course controlled by the Commander-in-Chief and co-ordinated with the other activities of the fleet. But reconnaissance demands the closest co-operation between aircraft and surface vessels, and the gravest issues may hang on its success or failure.

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Now air reconnaissance at sea is rather different from, and in many ways more complicated than, the similar duty on land. War on land is more or less static, whereas at sea it is always on the move. Even in " open warfare " the movement of armies is comparatively slow, and objects under observation do not move—or only very slightly—in relation to the observing aircraft.

At sea the whole of both sides is continually on the move and in any direction ; and, moreover, the aircraft is over the open sea with no landmarks to guide it.

Thus, very accurate navigation is required to enable it to determine its own position either geographically or in relation to its own or enemy ships and to find its way back to its carrier (which, to add to the troubles of the aircraft, is itself continually on the move).

All this involves considerable difficulty and complexity compared to land work, and demands special training and experience on the part of pilot and observer.

This is especially true of the latter, who is in effect the " brains " of the machine, and for successful observation requires to be an expert in navigation and in wireless telegraphy, as well as having a thorough knowledge of naval battle tactics, of the types and functions of all classes of ships, and of naval gunnery procedure when spotting for gunfire.

At the end of the war the number of officers of the Navy or Air Force with special knowledge of these duties was naturally very limited, and after the war the number became even smaller, due to demobilization and transfer to other duties, etc.

Just at the time, therefore, that naval air work began to expand so the supply of officers with the necessary experience began to fall short.

By this time (1919-1920) the Royal Air Force was responsible, at least in theory, for the supply of all flying personnel, whether on land or at sea.

So far as pilots were concerned the necessary number could be, and was, provided by the Royal Air Force.

The supply of observers was a different matter. In view of the special nature of their duties the deficiency in this respect could not be made good from the general ranks of the Royal Air Force ; on the other hand, it appeared that naval officers, by their ordinary naval training, were peculiarly adapted for the duty, given the necessary air training.

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In these circumstances, therefore, it was agreed between the Admiralty and Air Ministry, in 1921, that the work of air observation at sea in future should be undertaken by naval officers, and this policy has been continued ever since.

These officers, lieutenants or lieutenant-commanders, are given a special course of training, partly naval and partly air, to qualify them for their duties; but they are in no sense attached to the Air Force, and remain entirely naval officers, whose special duties take them into the air as and when required. In fact, naval observing is now included as one of the recognized specialist branches of the Navy, on the same footing as gunnery, torpedo or navigation.

Incidentally, I may remark that the great importance and responsibility of the observer in sea reconnaissance has given rise of late years to anxious discussion whether he rather than the pilot should not be regarded as "Captain of the Aircraft." This question has more in it than one may at first imagine, and is not one to be lightly dismissed with a hasty answer. Certainly it deserves fuller consideration than I am able to give it here. There is much to be said on both sides, and perhaps I may be able to return to it later. In the meantime, to return to my narrative.

From 1921, therefore, for a period of three or four years the policy as regards the supply of personnel for naval air work was that the Air Force supplied the pilots to fly the aircraft, while the Navy supplied the observer for the special duties of reconnaissance and spotting.

But as the service expanded and more experience was gained this policy was found to be not altogether satisfactory.

At sea all flying is done by officers; so that a large aircraft carrier would have on board (apart from naval observers) between thirty and forty officers who would be solely concerned with their flying duties, and, not being naval officers, would be ineligible to perform any naval duties in connection with the ship.

This, to the Admiralty, appeared a somewhat uneconomical state of affairs. It was argued that if, in addition to the observing, the flying also (*i.e.*, the actual piloting) were done by Naval instead of Air Force officers, then these officers would be available for ordinary ship duties when not actually engaged in flying, and considerable economy would result.

Lengthy discussion on this subject took place between the two departments during 1921 and 1922; and finally, in

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the absence of agreement, it was decided by the Government early in 1923 to refer the whole question, together with other cognate questions of national defence affecting the three Services, for consideration by a specially appointed sub-committee of the Committee of Imperial Defence.

The terms of reference to this Committee were wide; indeed, so wide that it was deemed advisable by the Committee to remit to a special sub-committee of three of its own members one of the many matters on which it was asked to report, viz.: "To inquire into the relations of the Navy and Air Force as regards the control of Fleet Air Work."

This special sub-committee of three, comprising Lord Balfour, Lord Peel and Lord Weir, after a detailed inquiry into the whole question, presented its report to the main committee in July, 1923.

The report and recommendations, which were in the nature of a compromise between the views put forward by the two departments, together with the remarks of the main committee thereon, were adopted by the Government and published in August. (Command Paper No. 1938.)

In the preliminary remarks, after reviewing the position taken up by the Admiralty and Air Ministry, respectively, the report says :—

"Your sub-committee have the greatest sympathy with both these points of view, and have given much anxious thought to the question of how they can best be dealt with. They do not think that the present system can remain altogether unchanged; neither do they think it possible to sever completely the air organization which does the work of the fleet from the air organization which is responsible for home defence . . . and for co-operation with the Army . . . A course somewhere between these two extremes is the one we recommend."

They go on to deal with various points at issue between the two departments, and to make suitable recommendations to cover each point. The recommendation of chief interest so far as my narrative is concerned is that dealing with supply of personnel.

The committee left the settlement of the actual proportion to the Admiralty, subject to the provision that the proportion of Air Force officers serving on air duties in the carriers should never fall below 30 per cent.

It is of interest to note that the expression "Fleet Air

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Arm," which was afterwards accepted as the official description of the new organization, was first used officially in this report.

The report, as I have said, was adopted by the Government and accepted by the two departments as a working basis towards the end of 1923; and in the summer of 1924, after various points of procedure and regulation had been settled, the first batch of naval officers was selected and put under training as pilots.

These officers completed their training and passed out to the fleet as service pilots in the spring of 1925; and it is from this time that the organization of the Fleet Air Arm on its present basis may be said to date.

For purpose of command and discipline when dealing with their aircraft and technical personnel, the Naval pilots are given temporary Air Force commissions as flying officers and are known as "Attached" to the Air Force. This is also necessary to regulate their position as combatant flying officers when landed with their flights at a Royal Air Force shore base. They, however, retain their Naval rank and continue to wear Naval uniform, being described officially as "Lieutenant ———, R.N. (Flying Officer, R.A.F.)." They are eligible for promotion in their Air Force rank independently of their Naval rank; and within the last few years several Naval pilots have been promoted to flight-lieutenants, Royal Air Force, and given command of Fleet Air Arm flights.

When at sea, although their air duties take precedence, they are eligible and available for all ordinary Naval duties when not actually required for flying.

It may be mentioned that Marine officers are eligible equally with their Naval confreres for employment as pilots, though not as observers.

As regards the technical personnel for the maintenance of aircraft, this continues to be supplied by airmen of the Royal Air Force, with the exception of the men of certain trades common to the two Services. By an extension of the principle already adopted for officers, it was agreed between the Admiralty and Air Ministry that where possible in the Fleet Air Arm airmen should be replaced by Naval ratings of equivalent trades. In this way Air Force wireless telegraphy operators have been replaced by Naval telegraphists, Air Force carpenters in certain cases by Naval shipwrights, and all unskilled "aircraft hands" by able seamen.

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Thus, the Fleet Air Arm now consists of a combination of Air Force, Naval and Marine officers as pilots, of Naval officers as observers, and of a mixture of airmen, seamen, telegraphists and sometimes even stokers and Marines for other duties.

It may be noted that the Naval pilots and observers are not interchangeable. They do entirely different courses of training, and each sticks to his own job throughout.

The operational unit in the Fleet Air Arm is the flight. For a time in the early days the squadron organization was used at sea, but it was found that the squadron as a unit was too large and not flexible enough to meet the special requirements. An aircraft carrier requires for fleet work small numbers of different types of aircraft rather than a large number of the same type; and with the earlier organization the squadron was apt to find its flights split up and distributed in two or more carriers, perhaps not even in the same fleet, which was obviously unworkable.

Therefore the "flight" organization was adopted in place of the squadron, each flight being a self-contained operational unit with its own service number, capable of moving complete from place to place or ship to ship as required.

A Fleet Air Arm flight consists of six aircraft (as opposed to four or five in the flights of Air Force squadrons ashore), with six pilots—usually a flight-lieutenant, R.A.F., as flight commander, one flying officer and four Naval pilots; or else a lieutenant-commander or lieutenant, R.N., as flight-commander, two Air Force flying officers and three Naval pilots. In reconnaissance flights six Naval observers are included in addition.

For administrative purposes each flight is usually allotted to one aircraft carrier, and remains with that carrier for the length of the commission, with temporary spells at a shore base during leave periods or when the ship is docking, etc.

In addition to its service flights each carrier has a H.Q. flight consisting of a wing commander (known as "Senior R.A.F. Officer") and squadron leader, with an Air Force adjutant and technical and stores officers, and a small H.Q. staff of clerks, storemen, workshop personnel, etc.

The whole organization is, of course, subject to Naval discipline when embarked, and is directly under the orders of the captain of the ship, the wing-commander being responsible to the captain for all flying operations and for the efficient maintenance of the flights.

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For operational purposes three types of flights are provided for the three broad functions of aircraft enumerated above. These are the spotter-reconnaissance flights, the fighter flights and the torpedo-bomber flights.

The main functions of each of these flights is clearly indicated by its title.

The spotter-reconnaissance flights are responsible for all fleet air reconnaissance and for spotting for gunfire. In these the chief duty falls on the observer, as I have already explained.

The fighter flights have the same duty as that of any other fighter aircraft, *i.e.*, the destruction of enemy aircraft, with the added duty of machine gun attacks against exposed personnel on bridges or decks of enemy ships if opportunity offers.

The torpedo-bomber flights are in a rather special category. The torpedo is a weapon peculiar to Naval warfare, and the duty of the torpedo-bomber flights is to exploit the use of this weapon from the air, with bombing as an alternative function.

The relative value of the torpedo and the bomb for use by aircraft against ships is a matter of argument, and I believe that there is considerable difference of opinion on the subject.

My own opinion—a purely personal one—is that the torpedo will always be the more efficient and the more dangerous weapon.

My impression is—no doubt the bombing experts will correct me—that the bomb is not yet a weapon of precision.

For use against " area " targets on land, such as a factory, a dockyard, or a railway terminus, it is admirable. There, the exact point of impact is of secondary importance, so long as it falls within the area it is fairly certain to do some damage. Also its moral effect may be considerable.

At sea, however, where the target is so much smaller and will probably be moving at high speed, conditions are much more difficult.

Only a direct hit or a very " close miss " will do any damage ; whilst the moral effect—amidst all the other uproar of a Naval battle—is likely to be nil.

The torpedo, on the other hand, is a very definite menace at sea, and the aeroplane with its high speed and great mobility is an ideal carrier, provided it can get close enough to ensure a hit.

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For these reasons, it seems to me that the torpedo is always more likely to be used by the heavy-weight carriers of the sea-going aircraft, and that bombs would only replace the torpedo when all the latter have been expended.

Pilots (Naval or Air Force), on completion of their elementary flying training, are selected for one or other of these three classes of flights and are given a further short course in the handling and use of the particular type of aircraft with which their flights are equipped, and in the art of deck-landing. They are then posted to a service flight in one of the aircraft carriers with the fleet at sea.

Such then is the organization of the Fleet Air Arm as it exists at present.

There are many other points of interest concerning the Fleet Air Arm—such, for example, as the relations between pilot and observer which I touched on above; the relative value of bomb or torpedo; the technical considerations affecting the design of aircraft for fleet use; the handling of aircraft on board ship, etc.—which I have neither time nor space to discuss now.

Perhaps in a later article some account of these matters, and of the actual work of the Fleet Air Arm with the fleet at sea, may be given.

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"TOM TIDDLER"

By Capt. H. S. D. Went, R.M. (Retired).

"IT'S a great help to have a sense of humour, sir," said the commissionaire.

I was waiting for a friend in the doorway of a block of offices in Victoria Street, and the commissionaire and I had been enjoying the spectacle of a city gentleman of somewhat portly habit chasing an errant "topper" among the traffic. The hat at last took cover under a stationary motor lorry, and its owner waited with as much patience and dignity as he could command for the lorry to move on and allow him to retrieve his property.

When he was at last able to do so he was not best pleased to find that his hat (obviously a new one) had been liberally annointed with petrol and lubricating oil. It was his loudly expressed opinions on "toppers," motor lorries and things in general which had elicited the commissionaire's statement as to the advantage of having a sense of humour.

Before our friend with—or rather without—the hat had attracted our attention, we had discovered that we had both served in the Royal Corps and had been squadron mates in the Grand Fleet.

"Talking of a sense of humour, sir," he said, "did you ever come across 'Tom' Tiddler?" I had to disclaim acquaintance with Mr. Tiddler, though I had heard rumours of his exploits. "Then you've missed something, sir. He was a lad if ever there was one. Leg-pulling was his particular hobby, and had been ever since we were recruits together. We came up from the Depot to Forton at the same time, and went through the Battery in the same class. Sergeant Hooper was the Gunnery Instructor who took us through, and a very good sort he was—he stood godfather to our youngest—*but* he'd a flaming red head of hair. He was lecturing to us one day on ammunition, and after he had told us, among other things, what a shrapnel shell was like inside—bullets set in rosin, wooden top, and so on—he went on to tell us the distinguishing marks of the different sorts of shell. 'The distinguishing mark of a shrapnel shell,' he said, 'is its red top. So, if you want to remember how to know a shrapnel shell when you see one, all you've got to do is to

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think of your Instructor,' pointing to his own copper nob. After he had finished his lecture he went on to ask us questions. One or two of us answered well enough, and then he came to Tom. ' Private Tiddler,' he said, ' how would you know how to distinguish a shrapnel shell ?' Tom gaped at him as if he had never heard of such a thing as shrapnel in his life. ' Come along, now. What did I tell you ? Think of your Instructor,' said Hooper, tapping his head as he spoke. Tom's face lit up. ' I know, Sergeant,' he said, ' Wooden head, lightly attached.' The class roared. What did Sergt. Hooper do ? Nothing. I told you he was a good sort. All he said was ' Up to now, Tiddler, I've never been able to make up my mind whether you were a fool or a knave. Now I know.'

" Tom and I were shipmates in the old *St. Christopher* in the Home Fleet," continued the commissionaire. " I remember a caper of his when we were lying at Spithead for the Coronation Review in 1911. Tom was ' posty ' at the time (he didn't keep the job long), and I was told off to help him with the mail. We'd got the bags off and had about an hour to wait for our boat. ' Could you go a pint, Dusty ?' Tom asked me. (Miller's my name, sir.) ' I could, Tom,' said I—for that was before we'd won the Great War for Freedom and you could get a pint when you wanted it—' so long as we catch the boat all right.' I was working for my stripe at the time. ' We'll go to Ted Flint's and we'll catch the boat all right,' said Tom. ' Ted's not over generous with his measure, is he ?' I asked ; for Ted had the name of giving a broad cap-ribbon—you know, three parts beer and one part froth. ' He's not,' said Tom, ' but I'm going to reform him.' So off we went to the ' Cat and Custard Pot ' (it's done away with now, but it used to stand on Portsea Hard). ' Leave your beer on the counter and don't touch it till I tell you,' whispers Tom as we go in. ' Two pints of bitter, please,' says Tom. Ted draws the beer in two pint pots and puts it on the counter. Then Tom says : ' It's a bit nippy this morning, Boss ; you might put a double Scotch in mine.' So Ted puts a double in Tom's pot, and Tom chucks a tanner on the counter. ' What's this for ?' says Ted. ' Two pints of bitter a tanner, double Scotch another tanner. One bob in all. I want another tanner, please.' ' That's all you're going to get,' says Tom, and with that there was a bit of an altercation. To cut a long story short,

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Ted ends up by saying that he'll fetch a copper in. ' You can fetch all the coppers in Pompey if you like,' says Tom, ' so get on with it.' In comes the copper. ' These two Marines call for two pints,' says Ted, ' then the long 'un calls for a double Scotch, and now he won't only pay me a tanner.' ' What's up, Royal ?' says the copper ; ' why won't you pay the Boss his money ?' ' Have we touched these drinks, Boss ?' asks Tom. ' No, and what's more I'll watch it you don't till I get my money,' says Ted. ' Then if you served us with two pints, *where did you put the double Scotch* ?' That finished Ted, and then the copper started. He ended up by saying ' Don't you be in such a hurry to call me in next time, or maybe I'll be coming in when you aren't wanting me.' With that we had our drinks in peace and comfort and then walked out very slow and dignified.

" I never went back to that house," added the commissionaire, " but I *did* hear that as long as Ted Flint kept the ' Cat ' any Marine who called for a pint got it full up and running over.

" I never met a man like Tom for keeping a straight face. Many a time it saved him when anyone else would have gone under. I had another sample of it in the same ship, the old *Christo*. That time he was up before the Skipper (Captain Woodstone it was, and I fancy his father's name had been something like Waldstein ; anyhow, he was a real nasty piece of work). As I say, he was up before the Skipper for striking a stoker on the mess-deck. ' Why did you strike this stoker ?' asks the Captain. ' Well, sir, it was like this. We were having a bit of an argument and he ups and calls me a perishing monkey's orphan. Now I ask you, sir, how would you like to be called a perishing monkey's orphan ? Supposing, that is, as you wasn't one.'

" Talk about ' facial discipline.' I had to think hard about the beggar who'd pinched my tot the day before to keep from bursting, and I thought the ' Jaundy ' would have had an apoplectic fit. The Commander was lucky. He had his handkerchief handy and was able to have a bad fit of coughing. The Skipper gave Tom a look that would have sunk a battleship and waited a good half minute before he spoke. (It seemed more like half an hour.) If Tom had moved a muscle he would have been in cells, but he never batted an eyelid. At last the Skipper spoke : ' Dismiss the case,' he said. But he wasn't like Sergeant Hooper ; he remembered

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it against Tom, and he got him in the end though he had to wait a year to do it. We had a very taut Marine officer that commission, Major Pantling by name. You may have met him. (He was called ' Noisy Pants ' on the lower deck, because he never spoke unless he was obliged to.) He had a nasty habit of making the whole detachment parade under arms for Sunday Divisions, instead of only the guard (which, as you know, is the usual routine). One Saturday dinner-hour Tom came to me and told me that he'd searched the ship high and low and couldn't find his bayonet. ' Then you'll have the value of it stopped out of your pay, chum, *and*,' I said, to cheer him up, ' you'll get 10A for losing your side-arms by neglect.' ' Will I ?' says Tom, beginning to grin, ' I'm not so sure of that.' And with that he went off whistling. Now ' Spud ' Murphy (one of the chippy chaps) was a towny of Tom's from Liverpool. So Tom goes to ' Spud ' and gets him, with silver paper and whatnot, to fake him up a wooden bayonet that they hoped would pass muster with luck. But Tom's luck wasn't in just then. We paraded for Sunday Divisions, under arms as usual, and what must the Major do but give the order ' Fix bayonets.' Tom stands fast and doesn't move a muscle. ' What's the matter with you, Private Tiddler ? Are you deaf this morning ?' asks the Major. ' No, sir,' says Tom. ' Then you must be either drunk or paralysed,' says the Major. ' I see you are not drunk. Are you paralysed ?' ' No, sir, but I can't fix my bayonet on a Sunday. I'm a Roman Catholic and my religion forbids it.' ' Nonsense,' says the Major. ' I know enough about the Roman Catholic religion to know that it does nothing of the kind. You always were an impudent blackguard, but you're not a bad soldier, so I'll give you another chance. Fix your bayonet at once.' ' Well, sir,' says Tom, ' I'll do it as you order me to ; but I hope the Blessed Saints will turn it into a wooden one. Holy Moses ! They have.' It was the ' rattle ' for Tom all right then. As you know, the Captain had it in for him over the ' monkey's orphan ' business, and he got ninety days *with* hard labour (the Admiralty reduced it afterwards to six weeks' detention)."

" A sense of humour didn't help Tiddler much that time," I pointed out.

" No, sir," said the commissionaire, " but it would have done if the Major or the Captain had had one. But

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Tom had the last word even then. Captain Woodstone had a brother who was a company promoter who had promoted himself on to the wrong side of the law and was doing five years' penal at that time. *And* Tom knew it. 'Ninety days imprisonment with hard labour,' said the Captain—and you could see he enjoyed saying it. 'Have you got anything to say?' 'Nothing, sir,' said Tom, 'unless you've any message you would like me to give to your brother?' Yes, I reckon Tom had the last word."

"What became of Tom in the end? Well, he had a twin brother in the Gunners who was killed at Mons, and it seemed to take all the devilment out of poor old Tom. He was a changed man after that, and he took his pension in '26 as a C.S.M."

"I seem to connect the name of Tiddler with some queer case of smuggling a bottle of whisky on board," I said—but at that moment my friend stepped out of the lift and, full of apologies for keeping me waiting so long, hurried me off to Victoria. So the mystery of "Tom Tiddler" and the whisky bottle will have to await solution until my next meeting with Sergeant Miller.

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THE SERVICE STAFFS AND THE NATION

By The Editor.

"SWOLLEN NAVY AND ARMY STAFFS: LORD MIDLETON'S REVELATIONS."

THE above headlines appeared in the *Daily Mail* of Friday, November 15th, and the myriad readers of this enterprising and attractive journal must have felt that things had come to a pretty pass at the Admiralty and War Office, especially when they went on to read, in big type, that "Even Peers who were members of the late Government were astounded yesterday at figures quoted in the House of Lords by the Earl of Midleton, showing the bloated size of the War Office and Admiralty staffs."

Outbursts by politicians such as the above, are of annual occurrence as the time approaches for presenting Service Estimates to Parliament, and, for some reason, always enjoy an extraordinarily good Press. As far as concerns the somewhat excessive increase of the *Civil Service* officials at the Admiralty and War Office, there is, perhaps, a good deal to be said in excuse of these denunciations, and the few who may have taken the trouble to read Lord Midleton's speech in full will find that it was against the recent increase of the Civil staffs that his criticisms were mainly, though not entirely, directed. But newspaper headlines make no such attempt to discriminate between the highly essential professional element, which goes to make up the naval and military staffs at Whitehall, and the civil element, which has, in fact, swollen beyond the financial and administrative needs of the offices concerned. And so the vast majority of the British public is, and always has been, fully convinced that the staffs at the Admiralty and War Office are in urgent need of reduction, *in all departments*.

Public opinion has a way of making itself felt, and it was probably in deference to public opinion that the select Committee on Estimates, which issued their report in May of last year, suggested that even the highly important General Staff at the Admiralty—somewhat loosely called the Naval Staff—could be reduced without loss of efficiency. The suggestion

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has not been acted upon, but it would not be at all surprising to find it cropping up again this year, strengthened by the fact that reduction in the number of ships is bound to follow on the decisions of the forthcoming Naval Conference. Yet, as has been stated in this Journal before, the very last thing to economize upon, however piping may be the times of peace, and however free from anxiety may be the world situation as a whole, is the military—the word is used in its widest sense—staff of any fighting service.

If the history of this nation teaches us anything at all, it is that men in abundant qualities, capable of being trained into the finest fighting material in the world in a minimum of time, will always be forthcoming, but that trained staff officers not only cannot be improvised but require a very considerable time to produce. There is every reason to think that the League of Nations, implemented by the Kellogg Pact, will, at least, in future, prevent any sudden outbreak of war on a large scale such as occurred in 1914, even if they do not succeed in preventing war altogether. There should, therefore, be considerable delay between the first signs of trouble and the actual outbreak of hostilities, if any. But no delay, however long, is likely to be sufficient for the production of an adequate staff and a reserve of trained staff officers.

As far as the Navy is concerned the number of naval officers working at the Admiralty has largely increased as compared with what it was before the war ; but, as we have before emphasized, it should never be forgotten that disasters, such as the sinking of the three *Cressys*, the escape of the *Goeben* and *Breslau* ; the crushing defeat at Coronel ; the whole colossal mess of the Dardanelles campaign, and, to a certain extent, the tactical defeat at Jutland, came about very largely owing to there being no thinking and planning personnel, no properly developed naval staff in time of peace, *i.e.*, before 1914.

Let us now turn to the Army. The *Daily Mail* does not often comment on Army matters, but when it does it is generally very much to the point. Yet, in the same issue as quoted above, it states with, presumably, unconscious humour : " The Earl of Midleton is an authoritative critic of the War Office, for he was War Minister at the time of the Boer War, when he was Mr. St. John Brodrick." The writer took part in the South African War, though he does

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not as a rule mention the fact, as he finds the younger generation appear to regard this campaign as more or less contemporaneous with the Crimean War, and look on those who took part in it as being on the border line of advanced senility. However, let *amour propre* go by the board for the moment. He remembers the complete lack of sensible training which characterized the period immediately preceding the war, due to lack of adequate staff instructions. He remembers the futilities and disasters which marked the opening stages of the campaign, due to lack of foresight on the part of the obsolete Army staff, such as it was in those prehistoric days. He remembers the extreme lack of properly trained staff officers, becoming ever more apparent as the Army grew in size. He remembers the appalling peculation that was rampant, due to lack of adequate administrative staff arrangements. The Staff College had barely found its feet when the South African War broke out, and the few Staff College officers that did take part in the war did excellently. But they were the merest drop in the ocean.

Candidly, we cannot feel that Lord Midleton is a very authoritative critic nor take too seriously his complaint that the War Office military staff has increased from 660 in 1914 to 903 at present.

The faults discovered during the South African War were to prove of immense advantage to the Army, and on the outbreak of the Great War, the staff responsible for the despatch of the first six divisions, as also the staff accompanying those divisions, were a model of efficiency. But a lamentable mistake was made in allowing surplus staff officers to go out to France with their units. As a result, not only was the stock of *p.s.c.* officers very soon exhausted, but a great number of the trained staff officers actually in France were rendered *hors de combat* by death or wounds. Generalship suffered an irretrievable disaster through the fact that there were no reserve *p.s.c.* men available. In fact, the prolongation of the war may not unfairly be attributed in a large degree to a shortcoming of properly trained staff officers, apparent from almost the very commencement of hostilities.

Once again, then, let it be repeated, the very last thing to economize upon in times of peace is the military staff of any fighting service, and if alongside the military staff there does grow up a rather inflated civil staff, the writer, for one, does not regard it as a crime of the first magnitude. In fact,

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diminution of the civil staff might mean extra duties being thrown on the military staff, thus interfering with their real duties, of which far and away the most important is thinking out plans beforehand capable of meeting every contingency in the event of war.

The debate in the House of Lords displayed a curious Victorianism, and much play was made of proportionate figures, as between the strength of service personnel and the strength of the staff. Such figures are utterly misleading. It should not be forgotten that men are the most expensive items of service expenditure in peace time, and the most easily obtainable in war. Mere numbers are not the main essential nowadays. As regards the Army, what *is* required, more especially in view of possible complications in the East, is a small, highly-efficient, highly-mobile, hard-hitting force, acting in close co-operation with the Air Force, with adequate reserves and above all, with an adequate and, in fact, more than adequate staff.

Heaven forbid that it should be thought that the present staff organization is beyond criticism—the lack of *practical* co-operation between the staffs of the three services is, in fact, deserving of severe criticism. Moreover, readers of this Journal will be able to testify to the fact that THE FIGHTING FORCES has always endeavoured to take what may be called the regimental officers' point of view, and is not at all wont to indulge in undue adulation of the staff.

But we are under no shadow of doubt as to the need to the nation of ample and adequate Service staffs, and we hope we may have shown that sensational headlines on this subject, and demands for reductions, are not really in the best interests of this country.

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THE INDIAN STATES FORCES

By Major R. B. Harward, O.B.E.

THE future status of India has been much under discussion of late and it seems, therefore, an opportune moment to give a short history of the armed forces maintained by certain of the independent ruling chiefs of India, and a brief description of their present organization.

As the British power advanced across the continent of India, treaties of friendship and alliance were entered into with the contemporary ruling chiefs. A perusal of these treaties will show that in nearly every case the provision of military assistance forms an important clause. The tradition of military aid in times of emergency thus dates from the earliest connection with such States. Typical extracts from such treaties are quoted as an appendix to this article.

Until some forty years ago, Indian States of any importance continued to maintain the forces which formerly had been used to defend their frontiers against more aggressive neighbours. The units of these forces varies considerably in efficiency and organization. In many cases they were poorly paid and ill equipped, but there were notable exceptions, and this was specially so where Europeans were employed to organize and command.

In almost every campaign conducted during the last century, contingents from Indian States served alongside British troops, and earned excellent reports for their bravery and good conduct. Besides minor Frontier expeditions, troops from various States took part with credit in the Gurkha War (1803), first Afghan War (1842), the Sikh Wars (1845-48) and the second Afghan War (1878-80).

In 1885 war with Afghanistan again appeared imminent, and the Indian princes as a body at once placed their units at the disposal of Government. The danger, happily, was averted, but this spontaneous offer of assistance induced the Government of India to consider by what method the military resources of the States could best be utilized in any future emergency. Shortly afterwards, the Nizam of Hyderabad, the ruler of the premier state in India, offered a considerable sum of money towards the defence of the frontier. This loyal example was followed by all the principal states, and this

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occasion was considered to be a favourable opportunity to organize certain troops on the model of the Indian Army and to consider to what extent such forces could be utilized in an emergency.

A commencement was made with certain units maintained by states situated in the Punjab. After consultation with the chiefs concerned, Government agreed to depute a few British officers to assist in the training, and provide free arms. The keynote of the agreement is contained in the following extract from the then Viceroy's speech on the subject :—

" . . . It is hoped that in this way, while each force will remain a purely state force recruited in the territories of its chief and serving within them, the troops comprising it will gradually be made so efficient as to enable the Imperial Government to use them as part of its available resources to meet external danger."

A beginning had thus been made to place these troops on a sound footing. The policy was acceptable to both sides. The dignity of the states thus selected was much enhanced, and the Army in India received an addition of great potential value at negligible extra expense.

Many other states, both large and small, now applied to be included in the new scheme, and each case was dealt with on its merits and according to its resources. Thus came into being the Imperial Service Troops. The units thus selected, continued to be paid and equipped by their states, but free arms were supplied by Government, and assistance and advice were given by a staff of specially-selected Indian Army officers under an Inspector-General.

The scheme proved most successful, and the general efficiency of the Imperial troops increased to a marked degree. Units were repeatedly lent to Government for service on the Frontier, during the Boxer Rebellion in China, and a large number of remounts were supplied during the South African campaign.

Until the commencement of the Great War there is little more to record. In August, 1914, nearly every ruling chief with spontaneous loyalty offered the resources of his state to the Crown. A large number of units were immediately accepted and, accompanied by a proportion of British officers, embarked for various fronts after a short period of intensive training.

A large number proceeded to East Africa, while smaller

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contingents served in France, Egypt, Gallipoli, Salonika, Syria, Persia, Palestine and Iraq. It is impossible to recount the many gallant exploits of individual units. They fought and died alongside the Indian Army, sharing the hardships and earning imperishable fame. A total of some fifty units proceeded overseas or to the North-West Frontier, and, in addition, many state troops were retained in Indian cantonments to relieve regular units.

To make this magnificent effort possible, existing units were expanded and new units were raised. Recruiting sources were tapped to the utmost, not only for the state forces, but also for the regular Indian Army.

The troops thus placed at the disposal of Government included pack batteries, cavalry, pioneers, sappers, infantry and transport units, and a camel corps.

Hardly had the Great War finished, than hostilities again broke out with Afghanistan in 1919. The princes again loyally responded to the call, and their war-worn veterans once more marched to fight the enemies of their King-Emperor. They gained fresh laurels, and units again returned to their states, some after an absence of nearly six years.

In 1925 a new scheme was introduced, after consultation with the Indian princes, whose loyalty had been proved to the hilt. The basis of the new scheme was mutual confidence. With this end in view a free issue of guns, Vickers guns and automatics was made, and other measures were taken which were calculated to bring the state troops into still closer touch with the regular Army and thus increase their efficiency.

Under this reorganization the old title of Imperial Service Troops was changed to Indian States Forces.

In view of the increased cost of maintenance, every state was again consulted as to what units it was desired to maintain in the future.

A certain number of pioneer battalions have been organized. These are largely employed on public works during peace time, and therefore give a good return to the state for their cost of maintenance. Generally speaking, however, pre-war units remain as before, but smaller states are now included. The actual strength of forces kept up by individual states varies from a platoon to an infantry brigade, and *pari passu* as regards cavalry.

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The strength of the Indian States Forces in round numbers is as follows :—

Artillery	1,400.
Cavalry	8,000.
Infantry	23,000
Sappers	1,000
Transport	1,700.

or a total of 35,000, compared with 15,000 some twenty-five years ago.

These troops are now classified into three categories, " A," " B " and " C." " A " are organized and equipped exactly as a corresponding unit of the Indian Army.

" B " and " C " class units are not armed with automatics, and are primarily for internal security duties inside the state. Pay and pensions have been improved but vary with each state, and accommodation and general conditions have been greatly improved.

Vacancies are allotted to candidates from Indian States Forces at the majority of Army Schools of Instruction, and attachments of personnel to regular units take place throughout the year.

A three months' course on the lines of the Senior Officers' School has been instituted, and a scheme for a Cadet College is now under consideration. The latter will meet a long-felt need in order that state officers (who correspond to British officers) shall receive a thorough grounding in their profession before receiving their commissions.

For the purposes of administration and inspection the states are grouped into eight circles. Each is in charge of a Military Adviser with, in many cases, one or more officers to assist. These are seconded from the Indian Army for a period of four years.

The whole is under the Military Adviser-in-Chief, usually a Major-General, and forms a portion of the Political Department of the Government of India. Included on his staff are technical advisers for signalling and musketry.

The Advisory Staff spend a large part of the year visiting states in turn, and besides plenty of hard work there are generally opportunities for shooting for those so inclined.

In peace the units of the Indian States are scattered far and wide across the great continent of India, but when the

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call to arms is again sounded it is certain that they will be ready as heretofore to fight the battles of the King-Emperor.

APPENDIX.

Extract from Early Treaties with Indian States.

Alwar.—Dated 1803. Article 4: "In the event of any enemy evincing a disposition to attack the countries now in possession of the Honourable Company, or of their allies in Hindustan, Maha Rao Raja agrees to send the whole of his force to their assistance, and to exert himself to the utmost of his power to repel the enemy and to omit no opportunity of proving his friendship and attachment."

Jind.—Dated 1860. Clause 5: "The Raja will never fail in his loyalty and devotion to the Sovereign of Great Britain." Clause 6: "If any force hostile to the British Government should appear in the neighbourhood, the Raja will co-operate with the British Government and oppose the enemy. He will exert himself to the utmost in providing carriage and supplies for the British troops, according to requisitions he may receive."

Kapurthala.—Dated 1809. "On the breaking out of disturbances, the Raja shall, together with his troops and hill porters, whenever required, join the British Army, and be ready to execute whatever orders may be issued to him by the British authorities, and supply provisions according to his means."

Jodpur.—Dated 1818. Article 3: "Maharajah Maun Singh and his heirs and successors will act in subordinate co-operation with the British Government, and acknowledge its supremacy; and will not have any connection with other chiefs and states." Article 8: "The State of Jodpur shall furnish 1,500 horse for the service of the British Government whenever required; and when necessary the whole of the Jodpur forces shall join the British Army, excepting such a portion as may be requisite for the internal administration of the country."

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VOLUNTARY WIDOWS' PENSION SCHEME FOR NAVAL OFFICERS

By Paymaster Captain H. Murray, D.S.O., R.N.

OFFICERS and Civil Servants serving under the Indian Government in the Indian Civil Service, Indian Army, Medical Service and Royal Indian Marine are required by the Government to make suitable provision for their widows and orphans by contributing during their service to a fund which provides pensions for widows and allowances for orphans.

It is surely the wish of every man, in the event of his death, to leave his widow and children in such a financial position that they can maintain, more or less, the social position to which they have been accustomed during his life. Yet Naval officers have never taken any steps to secure such a desirable state of things for themselves. Many of them are probably unaware of the extremely exiguous nature of the actual pensions for widows and the compassionate allowances for children, although the conditions governing their grant are laid down in the Appendix to the Navy List. A careful study of these will indicate that, apart from private means, an officer who has made no provision in the way of life insurance or endowment policy for educational purposes, would leave his family in sorry straits if he died at a comparatively early age. Some officers do realize this and join such excellent societies as the Royal Naval Benevolent Society, and piously hope for the best, as they feel that their means are insufficient to meet the heavy premiums which must be paid to insurance companies for a policy insuring a sufficiently adequate sum.

Societies and funds exist which help the families of officers in distress, but it cannot be considered a satisfactory solution of the problem to leave one's family in the position of being suppliants for help from charity.

The Admiralty scale of pensions, etc., cannot be criticized. It does not profess to give the widow and children what they have lost, when the husband had died a natural death. If his death is attributable to the conditions of service, or to action or wounds received in action, more adequate provision is made, and more than this can scarcely be expected.

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The responsibility rests with the officers themselves, and there is no reason why a suitable scheme of co-operative effort should not be made, at least to augment the pensions of widows.

The Admiralty might be expected to give their sympathetic support and, possibly, active help, so long as it was clear that they were not financially responsible. In the case of the Indian Government, the provision of the pensions is governed by statute, and the contributions are compulsory. Without legislation it would be impossible to make subscriptions compulsory in the Navy, and furthermore, any sort of compulsion, even in their own interests, is abhorrent to most people, and a Government or Admiralty proposing it would be suspect.

Any scheme for the Navy for augmenting the widows' pensions by mutual co-operative effort must therefore be started on a voluntary basis, and would need careful handling in order not to antagonize officers in the early stages.

To begin with pensions of stated amounts could not be guaranteed, but in the course of time, as the funds increased, it is considered that definite pensions could be granted, of substantial amounts.

As regards contributions, it is suggested that these should be divided into two rates for each rank of commissioned officer :—

A for married officers, and
B for bachelor officers.

A would be sub-divided into two classes, X and Y. X would carry a one-third higher contribution than Y, and be suitable for those married officers with families. It would be optional for a married officer to contribute either under X or Y. This arrangement, it is considered, would be simpler than having special rates of contribution for children.

Officers could change from B to A or Y to X, or *vice versa*, as they wished, and their contributions be adjusted accordingly.

The method of collecting subscriptions is all-important, as if any uncertainty existed as to receipts it would jeopardize the whole scheme. The only practicable form would be a quarterly deduction from the officers' salaries on the ledger, and here the Admiralty might possibly be able to give valuable and even vital help, as if such a method of collection could be approved, a great deal of clerical work would be saved and

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the whole scheme, from an administrative point of view, simplified. Consideration would of course have to be given to the collection of subscriptions from officers on half-pay and those temporarily not borne on ships' books, but this would present no great difficulty.

As regards the rates of subscription, I have drawn up a tentative scale and shown, in a table, the amount available for pensions, if only 5 per cent. of the officers joined and no funds were available from elsewhere. The amount may appear disappointing, but the fewer the officers joining the less would be the liability. Even with small beginnings the fund would grow quickly, and I have little doubt that if it was properly put to officers a considerable number would join at once.

The working of the scheme for the first few years would not involve great labour or big administrative expenses. The Admiralty have promised the services of a liaison officer for the Central Bureau of Officers' Charities, and an Accountant Officer, R.N., has been so detailed. It is possible that this officer might also be able to supervise the pension scheme, with perhaps a paid part-time assistant.

The direction of the fund should be under the guidance of six honorary directors, selected from the different branches of the Services, under the presidency of, if possible, a member of the Board of Admiralty.

The fund would be examined actuarially at frequent intervals and the amount of a share settled.

Pensions granted would be graded by rank and therefore in accordance with the contributions, and also in accordance with the length of time the officer had subscribed.

Thus, assuming x to be the approved actuarial share, and y the number of years the officer had been a member of the scheme,

60 x y might be the amount of pension for a Sub-Lieutenant's widow.
72 x y for a Lieutenant's widow,
90 x y for a Lieutenant-Commander's widow, and so on,

a proportionate addition being made if the officer contributed under A X.

Special provisos would be necessary to cover the case of attributable deaths and war, but as the insurance would

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be mainly against natural death, no difficulty would be experienced in dealing equitably with special cases.

Officers retiring or resigning from the Service could either continue with the scheme, which is, however, intended mainly in the first place for the active list, or be paid the surrender value of their contributions. The inclusion of retired officers would, it is recognized, make the scheme a large and growing one in course of time, but this can be regarded with equanimity, as the more people in the scheme the better will be the pensions.

It is possible that that fine institution, the Royal Naval Benevolent Society, which exists (although it is largely neglected by officers) to afford relief to distressed officers of the Royal Navy, their widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, etc., might in some material way, co-operate with the scheme, although how far this is possible under their charter, I do not know. It would certainly be of great material advantage to the scheme to have behind it such a solid society whose objects are materially the same as the scheme proposed.

What is needed in the first place is for some officers to get together and draw up a scheme and ask the Admiralty, if they approve, to circulate it among the Fleet. If there is a general feeling against it, no harm will have been done, but I feel that many officers will welcome and support it. Such a scheme is badly needed, as those who have had any connection with the relieving of distress amongst officers' widows know only too well.

TENTATIVE SCALE OF CONTRIBUTIONS FOR NAVAL OFFICERS' WIDOWS' PENSIONS CONTRIBUTORY SCHEME.

Rank.	Quarterly Contributions.			Five per cent. of Officers.				Quarterly Amount.
	A.		B.	No.	Married.		Unmarried.	
	X.	Y.			X.	Y.		£ s. d.
Sub-Lieut.	6/8	5/-	2/6	7	—	—	7	17 6
Lieutenant	8/-	6/-	5/-	90	7	20	63	24 11 0
Lieutenant-Commander	10/-	7/6	6/-	68	13	40	15	26 0 0
Commander	20/-	15/-	10/-	56	20	24	12	44 0 0
Captain ...	28/-	21/-	15/-	20	12	6	2	24 12 0
Totals	—	—	—	241	52	90	99	£120 0 6
				Annual	...	...	...	£480 2 0

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"THE FIGHTING FORCES" IMPERIAL GEOGRAPHY BUREAU

THE following examinations contain a paper requiring knowledge of some aspect of the British Empire :—

STAFF COLLEGES.

(1) Army. Examination for admission to the Staff Colleges at Camberley and Quetta. *Paper :* "The History and Organization of the Empire."

(2) Royal Air Force. Staff College Qualifying Examination. *Paper :* "History and Geography."

PROMOTION EXAMINATIONS.

(1) Army. Examination of Army Officers for Promotion.
Papers : b (ii) Lieutenants, "Imperial Military Geography."
d (ii) Captains, "Development and Constitution of the British Empire (Imperial Military Geography)."

(2) Royal Air Force. Officers' Promotion examinations "C," and "F" (to Squadron Leader).
Papers : "Imperial Geography."

(There are also the Essay for Captains [d (v)], the London School of Economics' Course and the various history papers.)

The tendency of present-day papers in these examinations is to require a broad outlook on Imperial problems in addition to the more specific knowledge of Imperial communications and resources. In addition to consideration of the Empire as one "eternal" interdependent economic unit, with an increasingly important exchange of foodstuffs and raw materials, and of the co-ordination of Imperial defence problems on land and at sea, study has to be made of Imperial organization on the constitutional side. After all, the degree of efficiency, or otherwise, in the working of the constitutions of the various parts of the Empire definitely affects the general aspects of all Imperial problems. Their constitutional powers are jealously guarded by the Dominions, and the Imperial Conference of 1926 laid it down that "They are autonomous

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communities within the British Empire, equal in status, in no way subordinate one to another in any aspect of their domestic or external affairs, though united by a common allegiance to the Crown and freely associated as members of the British Commonwealth of Nations." Canada has Ministers at Washington, Paris and Tokio, and the Irish Free State is diplomatically represented at Washington. In fact, our children are growing up and must, more and more, be regarded as members of the family council in all that affects the family. The greatest importance, therefore, attaches to consideration of such matters as the Simon Commission on India, the constitution of Ceylon, the Hilton Young Report on our Eastern African possessions, disarmament proposals, and similar present-day problems affecting the well-being of the Empire as a whole.

This is exemplified in the types of question set :—

" The problems of Canada are so different from our own . . ."

" Recent raids into Iraq have caused considerable loss of life . . ."

" Give a brief summary of the system of government of Australia, and compare it with that of Canada."

" Certain decisions regarding inter-Imperial relations described as epoch-making in the history of the British Empire . . ."

(*Staff College, February-March*, 1928-1929.)

" Give your views as to the closer union of Tanganyika Territory with its neighbouring British territory."

" Describe the present political relations of Great Britain and the Dominions."

" . . . the despatch of the Simon Commission to India."

". . . a railway to the Hudson Bay is nearing completion."

" Discuss the present developments in Afghanistan."

" What is being done to assist overseas settlement ?"

(*Promotion Examinations*, 1928-1929.)

It will be apparent, therefore, that it becomes increasingly difficult to obtain, in preparation for the examinations, authoritative and up-to-date information covering so vast a field.

However carefully a text-book may be written it would, in fact, be true to say that it is necessarily out of date on the

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day of publication. A vivid example of this may be seen in the following enumerations of a few of the matters of Imperial importance which have been dealt with during the month of November, 1929, in the newspapers, in the House of Commons and in Imperial reviews and Press information sent out by the various Dominion offices in London.

Expansion of U.S.A. air lines; slowing down the Singapore base; the R101; the Croydon—Cape Town air route; the Chin Kiang concession; Northern Rhodesia and the Union of South Africa; report to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations of the administration of the British sphere of the Cameroons under the Mandate; the Canadian wheat crop, 1929; wheat shipments by the Hudson Bay route and harbour construction at Churchill; projected economies at Chatham and Sheerness; and, finally, the whole question of "Dominion status" for India.

In addition, prominent men are discussing the possibility of a practical and economically sound Free Trade within the Empire, and the Empire Marketing Board is doing work of inestimable value in encouraging the buying of Empire goods and in grants for scientific research of all kinds all over the Empire.

It is impossible for the average officer to make a study of such a subject by continuous study of newspapers, reviews and official reports, not only because he has not the time, but also because the sources of information are often difficult of access and the books expensive to purchase.

This difficulty of study is revealed in the candidates' answers. In the leaflet reprinted as Appendix II to the Army Report on the papers for October, 1928, para. 4, Imperial Geography, contains the following:—"He should keep in touch with current Imperial topics, especially Imperial defence and Empire settlement in the press and in periodicals."

Again, in the note to the actual report for the same year, Imperial Military Geography, para. 10, it says, "Many candidates did not know that the closer political union of the British territories in Eastern and Central Africa was being investigated by a commission. *Candidates are expected to keep up to date with all Empire events.*"

Similarly in the 1929 Report of the Royal Air Force Promotion Examinations, Remarks on Subject V, in Examination "C" (applicable also to Subject V in Examination "F"): "The choice of questions indicated that candidates had

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concentrated on the sea communications of the British Empire, but failed to extend their study to the importance of Great Britain's Dominions and Colonies. *Something more than this limited study is required.*"

It has been decided therefore to set up an Imperial Geography Inquiry Bureau at the offices of THE FIGHTING FORCES. An expert will be in charge of this bureau who has quite exceptional means of access to the important official and Dominion sources of information. He is also closely in touch with Overseas Settlement within the Empire. It is certain that readers of THE FIGHTING FORCES will welcome the institution of such a bureau, which is prepared to give expert advice and information to officers going up for the various examinations or to those who are interested in the subject. Our expert is prepared to issue a scheme of study in the subject; to draw up a time table of work; to assist with notes for lectures to officers, or to candidates for the 1st Class Certificate of Education; also with notes regarding the Army and Empire for the 2nd Class Certificate.

Fees for the above will be a matter of arrangement. It is more likely, however, that officers will derive most advantage from the services of our expert by asking him specific questions. The answers will not be of a stereotyped nature, but they will be personal and written to suit the appropriate examination or the purpose for which the question was asked. All answers will be typewritten.

Many officers have an excellent working knowledge of Imperial Geography, and do not require to pay heavy crammer's fees for the whole subject. All they need is that their information in one or two directions shall be made exact and brought up to date. It is felt that this will be the most important work of the bureau. No coupon is required. Letters should be addressed to THE FIGHTING FORCES, Wellington Works, Aldershot, a fee of 10s. accompanying each inquiry. Envelopes must be marked "Imperial Geography." Replies will then be sent personally and direct to the inquirer.

It is confidently believed that in this way THE FIGHTING FORCES will prove of the greatest practical value to every unit throughout the whole of the defence forces of the Empire.

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"A SIGNAL FAILURE"

By Captain P. A. Chubb.

WILLIAM, until last week, used to hold the proud position of Brigade Signalling Officer. He has now returned to duty with his battery and he simply *hates* using the telephone. You see, his fall from grace all arose from the most inopportune use of a telephone.

As a matter of fact, the gilded Staff once said, "Let there be a Combined Services Signal Exercise!"—and there was. And William, eager to display the signalling efficiency of his brigade before the local Naval and Air Force magnates, put his whole heart and soul into the exercise. In fact, every night after Mess for three weeks prior to the exercise he was seen to creep away to his room, armed with a small ginger-ale and a copy of "Signal Procedure."

Finally the great day came, and William and his satellites were duly carried out to sea in a destroyer to within a few hundred yards of "Z" beach. Then, at the appointed hour, they were herded into cutters and towed ashore by a harbour launch. Owing to a misreading of the chart by one of the originators of the exercise they landed on some quicksands and only just escaped a damp and sudden death. However, in due course the imaginary enemy were routed and the heights seized without a single casualty.

At a central point near the top of the aforesaid heights William established his Signal Office and, by the simple expedient of rolling a drum of cable down the hill, laid a line to the main Signal Office on the beach. A short while later he decided that the density of the anticipated signal traffic demanded the laying of a second line. This time, however, Fortune was not on his side and the line was never laid. The main causes of this unexpected turn of events might be tabulated thus:—(*a*) Lance-Bombardier Snooks, who was in charge of the operation, failed to issue any orders as to which particular man was to hold the end of the cable (the net result being that no one held it) and the drum pursued its downward career untramelled until it met (*b*) a party of Marines (previously unobserved by the said Lance-Bombardier Snooks). The drum continued its journey, leaving behind it two stunned Marines and carrying with it the rather stout

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Marine Signalling Officer. Fortunately for the latter some particularly dense brambles checked his hasty, if involuntary, descent, while the drum leapt the offending obstacle, shot across the sands at lightning speed and finally ended its happy run by (*c*) torpedoing an incoming cutter, which promptly foundered with all hands.

William's nerve was decidedly shaken when he observed through his binoculars that one of the late occupants of the foundered cutter was the Brigadier. However, like a good soldier he found other matters of pressing urgency needing his attention many hundreds of yards in the opposite direction, while the Brigadier, seizing upon the nearest officer (who happened to be the Marine Signalling Officer) vent his wrath upon that unhappy individual.

Now it happened that one of My Lords of the Admiralty, who rejoiced in the name of " Sir Andrew Airpump, Bart.", decided to give official blessing to the exercise in no less a way than by attending in person. It also happened that this noble and gallant Lord was in the habit of informing those with whom he conversed on the telephone that they were not merely speaking to " The Admiralty," but were actually addressing " Sir Andrew Airpump, Bart."—with the emphasis on the last word.

Needless to say, this little idiosyncrasy was known throughout the Senior Service and had reached the ears of William during his temporary attachment to one of His Majesty's ships.

During the course of the morning William found himself temporarily at a loss for something to do and decided to ring up a certain Naval lieutenant whom he knew to be at the main beach Signal Office.

" Hullo ! " he called, mimicking the gallant Lord's voice, " this is Sir Andrew Airpump, *Bart*, speaking."

" Is it ? " replied the distant speaker. " You do it rottenly, old man. Remember that he has got a squeaky voice, and do put more emphasis on the ' Bart.' Try again ! "

William reiterated his former statement.

" That's better ! " said the N.O. " Ring me up again in a few minutes and see if you can do it still better. So long."

About three minutes after this illuminating conversation had taken place, William was honoured by a visit from the Brigadier, who, on seeing the telephone, inquired whether

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telephonic communication had been established with the beach Signal Office. On being assured that such facilities were extant, the Brigadier announced his intention of ringing up his Staff Captain at the beach, but even as he raised his hand to lift the receiver the bell rang violently.

"This is Sir Andrew Airpump, *Bart.*, speaking!" said the distant voice of the Naval officer.

"Oh yes, sir," replied the Brigadier, beaming at the unhappy William, whose horror knew no bounds. "This is Brigadier Robertson-Mann, the C.R.A., speaking."

"Oh, Holy Moses!" moaned the distant caller—and the Brigadier received in his ear the full blast of the other's ring-off.

In a trice the Brigadier's amiable smile had gone, and with a torrent of abuse, which was the admiration of all those (except William) who heard it, he informed William in succinct and clear terms exactly what he thought of William, of William's past, of William's future and of William's probable route when quitting this earth.

It seems that he would have told William a lot more had not Fate intervened. To explain exactly what occurred it is necessary to revert momentarily to the N.O. at the beach Signal Office who had chosen such a poor moment to mimic his superior officer.

After ringing off the N.O. had perspired freely, and had been about to seek a means of escape when he suddenly found himself face to face with no less a personage than Sir Andrew Airpump, Bart.

"Well, young man," condescended the latter, "I see that you have a telephone there."

"Yes, sir," said the N.O.

"And who is at the other end of the line?"

"The C.R.A., sir."

"Then I will converse with him," announced the Personage and, suiting the action to the words, he solemnly turned the generator-handle.

With an affable smile he raised the microphone to his mouth. "This is Sir Andrew Airpump, *Bart.*, speaking," he said.

Now there can be no gainsaying the fact that it certainly was most unfortunate for all concerned that the Brigadier happened to be standing beside the telephone when the bell rang shrilly. Even before William could move a hand to

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avert certain disaster the Brigadier had lifted the receiver, and his face had suddenly changed from its normal scarlet hue to a deep tinge of purple as he heard once again those fatal words—" This is Sir Andrew Airpump, *Bart.*, speaking."

Bristling with uncontrollable fury, he snorted wildly and simply yelled into the microphone, " Shut up, you —— fool ! "

Then he suddenly went an ashy-grey colour and, dropping the receiver, rushed away to his car, followed by his panting orderly.

Hastily William seized the fallen receiver and nearly staggered backwards when he heard the flow of language that was coming over the wire. Without a doubt Sir Andrew Airpump, *Bart.*, was speaking.

And William, unable to stand any more, lost his head completely *and rang off* !

* * * * *

To this day no one who was at that beach Signal Office has any clear recollection of what did really happen. Only a few facts have definitely been established, and they are as follows :—

(*a*) Sir Andrew Airpump, Bart., turned and rent every officer, petty officer, non-commissioned officer and man that he could see on the beach.

(*b*) Sir Andrew Airpump, Bart., left the beach Signal Office for an unknown destination, which was popularly presumed to be

(*c*) the R.A. Brigade Signal Office, which was found to be abandoned, though showing every sign of the late occupants having left it in a tremendous hurry.

(*d*) William's leave was stopped, and he did not dare to ask for the reason of this curtailment of his liberty.

(*e*) William was returned to duty with his battery the next day and has since shown a marked aversion to telephones.

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HUNZA—A BORDER STATE

By Major C. G. Lloyd, C.I.E., M.C.

THE average reader, whether soldier or layman, may, I think, be excused for never having heard of Hunza. The name was familiar enough thirty odd years ago in connection with one of Britain's little wars. But greater events have intervened, and the Hunza-Nagar Campaign of 1891 is now a fading memory. For the benefit therefore of the younger generation it may be as well to offer a few general remarks about the geography of this part of the world.

Hunza lies to the north of Kashmir, in the very heart of that stupendous mass of mountains known vaguely as the Mustagh or Karakoram Range. Encircling it on all sides are the territories of powerful neighbours. To the west is the Afghan province of Wakhan; to the north, the Russian Pamirs; to the east, Chinese Turkistan; and to the south, the British Empire, represented by the Indian State of Kashmir. It is, in fact, the meeting-point of three empires and a kingdom.

As regards ethnic origin, the people of Hunza (together with their cousins and hereditary rivals of Nagar) present a problem hitherto unsolved. To the Chinese they are known as Kanjutis, and their country as Kanjut; but the name is not current locally, and has afforded no clue to their history. They speak a language—Burushaski—which has no affinity whatever with any known tongue. It is even totally dissimilar to Shina, the language used in Gilgit. All that can be surmised with any degree of certainty is that the Hunza-Nagar *enclave* represents the high-water mark of some long-forgotten wave of conquest or migration that surged up into the mountain valleys, deposited its little fringe of flotsam, and fell back to disappear utterly.

In appearance the Kanjutis are tall, fair-complexioned and well set-up. Dressed appropriately, they might easily pass as natives of Southern Europe—say Serbs or Bulgars. Some of them—more particularly the children—are extremely handsome almost in the pure Nordic type, with here and there a trace of Mongol blood.

Local tradition claims descent from Alexander the Great. To the romantically-minded the idea is a fascinating one.

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But alas ! it must be dismissed as being in the highest degree improbable. Kinship with the famous *Iskandar Zulkarnain* is a very common claim throughout Central Asia, and is not to be taken too seriously. And, of course, in the case of the Kanjutis, their unique language (unmistakably non-Aryan) renders such a theory almost untenable. But in any case speculations on the origin of this strange people are quite profitless. We know nothing about it, and we know practically nothing about their subsequent history. For, unfortunately, Burushaski is a spoken language only, and affords us no written records. The very little that we do know (apart from oral tradition going back some three or four centuries only) comes from Chinese sources. The official annals of the Tang Dynasty have quite a lot to say about this part of the world. It may be news to a good many of us that the Chinese have on more than one occasion conquered and administered the Gilgit Valley, including Hunza territory. Their last recorded incursion took place in A.D. 747 and, as a military exploit, was of so extraordinary a character that it merits a brief digression.

At this period the most formidable enemies of the Chinese were the Arabs and the Tibetans. With a view to driving in a wedge between them, the Chinese assembled an army under a Korean general in the Pamir Plateau, forced the very difficult Darkot Pass in the teeth of determined opposition, and over-ran the territory now known as Yasin, Gilgit, and Hunza ; and, what is more, held it against all attacks. When it is remembered that their army numbered at least 10,000, that the country is phenomenally rugged and inhospitable, and that the Darkot Pass is about as high as Mont Blanc, it will be admitted, I think, that the feat is certainly comparable to that of Hannibal's crossing of the Alps. It is also of interest to learn that the army of occupation was supplied from Kashmir, and probably by the same route as that used to-day for our garrison at Gilgit.

It is now of course many centuries since the Chinese abandoned all land to the south of the Hindu Kush. But memory of their overlordship still survives, and China still retains considerable prestige in Hunza and Nagar.

There is probably no country in the world so admirably protected by Nature against foreign invasion as that of Hunza. Snowy ramparts, attaining in places heights of 25,000 feet, guard it on all sides, and the only practicable routes run

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through terrific gorges where a few resolute men could hold up an army. The country thus enclosed is poor to a degree, and even now barely suffices for the needs of its inhabitants. Small wonder therefore that the Kanjutis, pressed by hunger and feeling themselves unassailable in their mountain fastnesses, turned to plunder as a means of livelihood. From the sixteenth century to our own times the Mirs of Hunza ruled as did our robber-barons of the Middle Ages, and spread terror and devastation among their unwarlike neighbours of Gilgit, Baltistan and the Chinese cities to the north. Year after year, caravans were ambushed and looted, cattle lifted, women ravished, villages burnt, and the miserable captives sold into slavery. Trade and civilization in this corner of High Asia languished almost to extinction. And the crew of brigands and cut-throats was never brought to book until a British-led force summarily dealt with them in 1891. To-day it would be difficult to find a more peaceful and contented community.

The system of government in Hunza is monarchical. The sole ruler is the Mir—the hereditary chieftain. Such modern fads as the rights or liberty of the subject, adult franchise, compulsory education, and the like, have not yet percolated to these remote regions. It is refreshing in these democratic days to find that the system appears to work admirably. For no less than twenty generations the present ruling family have held the reins of power, and their prestige is immense and their authority unquestioned. The present Mir (Mahomed Nazim Khan) exercises a patriarchal surveillance over all details of his little realm, from umpiring at an " international " polo match, to deciding the alignment of a new irrigation aqueduct. At the same time he does not, politically speaking, " throw his weight about." Any important measure is nearly always before adoption referred to a council of notables. He is assisted in legal and technical matters by a Wazir or Chief Minister ; but neither of them appears to be unduly oppressed by cares of state. The fact is, that the people are so tractable and well-behaved that interference from above is seldom necessary. I once asked a local official how they punished a serious crime such as murder. His reply was that in Hunza there were no murders. At the time I rather naturally discounted his statement as suspect, but have subsequently ascertained that it is quite correct. There are no murders in Hunza. There are also

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no police, for there is no work for them to do. It must not, however, be understood that the Kanjutis are a spiritless race of milksops, afraid to say boo to a goose. No one who has seen them shinning up a rock-face that even an ibex would have to tackle with caution, will deny them courage and hardihood of a very high order. As natural cragsmen, indeed, they are probably unequalled. Moreover, their military records of the past two or three centuries (even when they were " up against " a considerable State such as Kashmir) show numberless victories but not a single serious defeat.

As regards religion, they are Moslems of the Maulai sect, of which small scattered communities may be found throughout Southern Asia from Bombay to the Caucasus. Their spiritual head is H.H. the Agha Khan, well known in racing and social circles at home. Their tenets permit them to drink wine, and public carousals are not unknown though drunkenness is rare. They exhibit no aversion to pictures and images even in their mosques; and they have other practices at variance with Koranic teaching. In short, their Islam is rather of the free-and-easy variety.

A marked feature of the social life is the general love of merry-making and *tamashas*. The quality of the performance is lower, perhaps, than in more sophisticated centres; but audiences in Baltit (the capital) are the reverse of critical, and the gaiety is genuine and spontaneous. The predominating influence is Persian. The songs are mostly in that language, the costumes are Persian, and so are the instruments. As in Persia, the female parts are played by boys.

But the national pastime, *par excellence*, is polo. The game differs from ours only in details; for instance, timed chukkers are unknown, play continuing until one side or the other has scored nine goals. Six a side is the normal complement. The ground also is much narrower than ours—perhaps 30 yards wide by 150 in length. The surface, as likely as not, is solid rock with a rough top-dressing of gravel. The boundaries are high stone walls, from which the ball rebounds at surprising angles. The ponies are all entires, and are mostly of the famous Badakhshani breed imported from Afghanistan. Add to all this a strenuous intensity of purpose on the part of every player on the field, and it will readily be understood that the game is decidedly not one that a western insurance company would accept as a normal risk. Particularly is this the case in inter-state matches where the

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enthusiasm shown is indescribable. At the same time a fine spirit of sportsmanship prevails, and such casualties as do occur are seldom caused by deliberate fouls.

In an article designed for readers of a Service journal, it is hardly possible to ignore entirely the military aspect, particularly as the country dealt with forms a part of our Northern Border at one of the recognized gateways into India. We have heard much in the last ten years or so of the Bolshevist menace. Some of our firebrands seem to take the extreme and gloomy view that a clash in Asia is inevitable at some time or another. However, this is no place for such a discussion.

It seems to me that, however World-Politics may go, our Russian neighbours would be very rash to embark on any serious military operations in this part of the world. Enough has been said about the nature of the country to show that local supplies, as required by a civilized force, are not merely precarious but almost unobtainable. Admittedly the Russian bear is a hardy product, inured to extremes of climate, and popularly credited with a faculty for sucking his paws when all else fails. But apart from supplies, every feature in this excessively wild country is dead against the aggressor. " Roads " and bridges can be destroyed in a twinkling. The already formidable stone-shoots can, with very little preparation, be transformed into terrible engines of destruction against any force that attempts to pass below them. And, of course, the open season for the high passes is restricted to the three or four summer months.

Finally, I think it may be taken for granted that an invading force would have to reckon very seriously with the men of Hunza, who are not in the least likely to surrender their independence without a desperate struggle.

But let us look on the bright side, and hope confidently that under the rule of their chief and his descendants (a benevolent despotism, if ever there was one) the romantic little state of Hunza may long preserve the freedom it values so highly.

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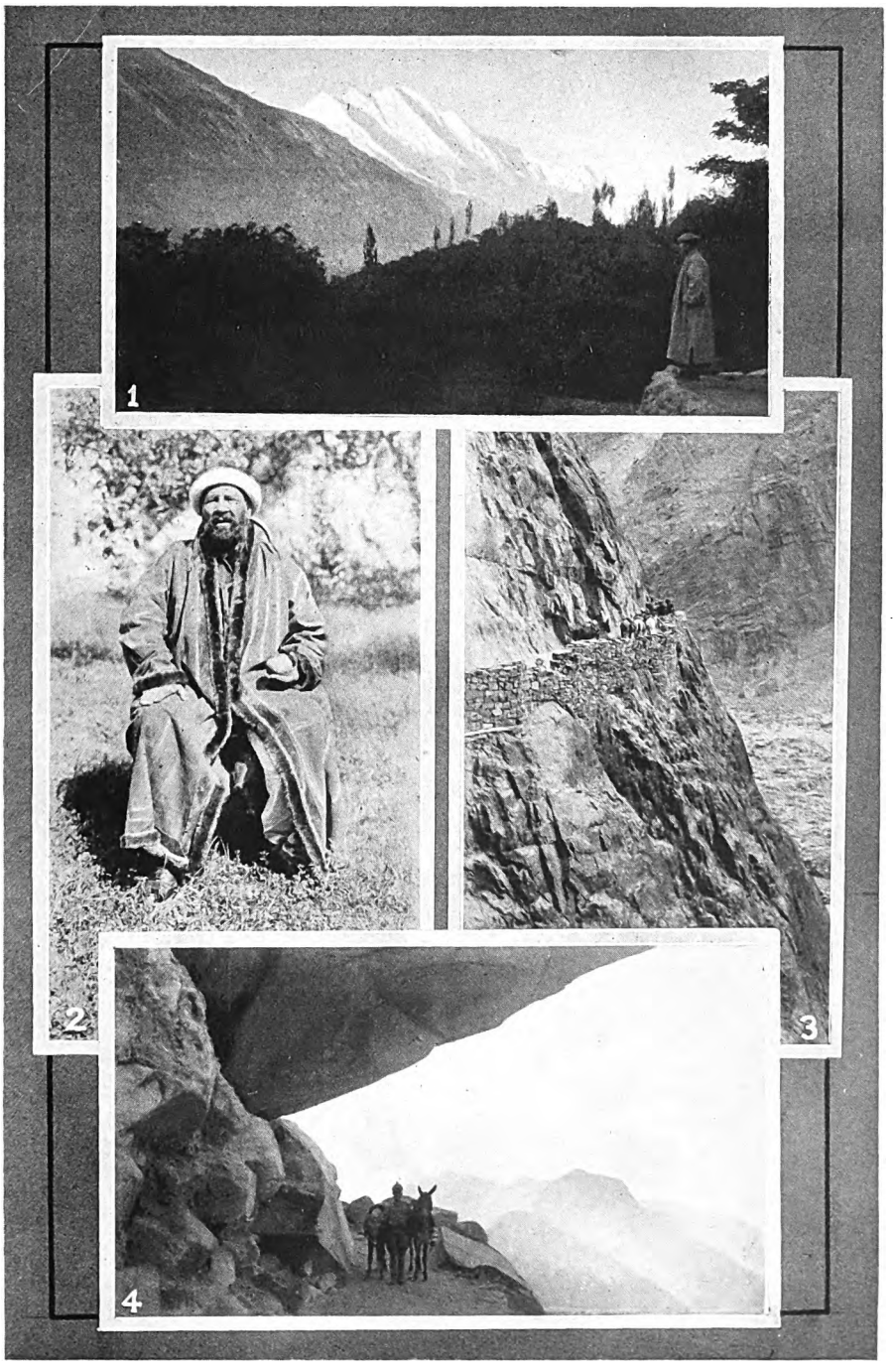

1.—Rakapashi at Dawn. (From Hunza.)
2.—The Mir of Hunza.
3.—A Typical bit of road.
4.—Waiting for a stone shoot to subside.

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THE CRESTA RUN

By "A Rider."

THE names St. Moritz and Cresta Run seem inseparable, like Romulus and Remus, or Romeo and Juliet, yet how few, even of those who have travelled to the playground of Europe, are able to give much, if any, information about this famous Run, where tobogganing (of all sports one of the most thrilling) is to be found at its best. Yet this lack of knowledge is not so strange when it is remembered that the Press report the result of only a few races, and that there is only a column now and then in the *Field* and a photograph of the "Curzon Eight" annually in an illustrated weekly. These keep the name before the public—the name, but little more. Apart from a book by the late Hon. A. Gibson, published over thirty years ago, and the annual report of the St. Moritz Tobogganing Club, issued to members only, I am not aware of any source from which accurate information may be obtained. That the Run has a charm of its own is incontestable, although the Cresta is a hard mistress, requiring fitness, nerve and judgment. Year after year it attracts men whose names are well known in other fields of sport—aviators, racing motorists, lovers of speed of all sorts, as well as those without such previous experience. On some days as many as thirty-five riders use the run, but the total number in a season rarely exceeds a hundred. The comparative smallness of this number not unnaturally excites comment, but the apparent lack of enthusiasm may be attributed to a variety of causes. The Run is not open except in the morning, and then only between the hours of nine and eleven thirty, as the heat of the sun softens the banks, and once this occurs the Run is closed. Although many Cresta riders ski after the closing of the Run, numbers of ski-runners would count the day wasted if they could not start out until after twelve. Then, again, a few hours' sleep is not conducive to good riding, and this rules out those who find the attractions of the many gala balls irresistible. It is so much more pleasant after a late night to get up in time for luncheon and to do a little "bobbing" in the afternoon from two until five.

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Furthermore, the Run has a reputation for being very dangerous, due partly to the fact that to the spectator it appears to be much more so than it actually is, and partly to the way in which the sensationalists convert even a minor injury into a terrible accident. Have a fall which entails your removal to hospital, and Dame Rumour has you dead and secretly buried in no time, though your friends can give assurance that you are sitting up in bed clamouring for news of the run, counting the weary days before you will be fit enough to ride again. The story that a rider is killed annually dies hard, actually there have been three fatal accidents since the Run first opened in 1884-85. The Cresta is not a slide, and it takes time to learn how to ride it well, but if the novice is not too proud to take it slowly to start with, going faster by gradual degrees, he will soon acquire both confidence and speed.

The Run.

The Run, which is now three-quarters of a mile in length, was first constructed in the winter of 1884-85, from which time, with the exception of the winters of 1914-15 to 1918-19, it has been opened annually, each succeeding year bringing with it welcome improvements.

In the early days it was roughly made, the curves often imperfect, the icing leaving much to be desired. In the "Grand National" of 1890 the course was the same length as it is now, riding headforemost had definitely come to stay, and the record time was 82 seconds, as against 58 seconds in 1929.

The Run is of sheer ice, watered nightly. It has ten banked curves of varying difficulty and a drop of 514 feet in its total length. The actual date on which it opens is dependent on a sufficient fall of snow being available for its construction, but the dates given below are an approximate guide for a normal year.

It is built in three sections, the first, from Stream Corner to the Finish, is ready for use on or about Christmas Day, the newcomer obtaining experience and the old rider practice before the second portion, from Junction to the Finish, is completed, usually by the second week in January. Riding now takes place from here until the end of the month, when the complete course is opened. A fortnight from the Top,

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culminating in the " Grand National," and the Run is closed for the year.

From Stream there are three curves only, the distance 564 yards, dropping 195 feet, with a record speed averaging almost 40 m.p.h. From Junction to the Finish the distance is 956 yards, the drop 332 feet, the fastest time an average of 42.9 m.p.h., the maximum speed 60 to 70 m.p.h., with six banks to be negotiated, including Battledore and Shuttlecock.

From the Top the average of the fastest time is 46.5 m.p.h. In 1929 a rider timed over the final 54 yards of the course was found to have covered this distance at 77.3 m.p.h.

In addition to the curves mentioned above, there are two places where the track is slightly banked, but at these spots the side of the track is not above the normal level ; one is at the bottom of the first incline, the other on the Junction straight, this latter is only used when riding from the Top.

Prior to 1927-28 the rider, on breaking the contact at the bottom, shot uphill over a mixture of snow and sawdust and, having removed a quantity of this from his clothes and person, he had then to walk along a track through snow, sometimes even having to blaze a trail himself. But in this season, at the instigation of Brigadier-General H. F. Brooke (a member of the committee and a keen supporter of tobogganing), a new corner was constructed after the Finish, the track beyond the contact being iced, bringing the rider round almost to the road. This innovation, however, was not altogether popular, since it required to be ridden ; before the tape was broken the rider had to be ready for it, and it was contended that any corner after the Finish should be fool-proof. By some even it was named " Brooke's Folly." After the " Curzon," however, the " Eight " were consulted as to its retention. They were unanimous in its favour, with the proviso that it should be set further back and should have a wider sweep. This improvement was carried out in the following season and proved so successful that its future is assured.

Toboggans.

Side by side with the improvement of the Run has marched the development of the toboggan. The Club rule reads : " Any pattern of single toboggan is allowed to be used, without regard to its weight (added or otherwise), size or shape. No mechanical appliance acting as steering gear or

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as brake may be used." There is in consequence ample scope for experiment, and as time goes on alterations in design are seen which enable riders to improve their times.

In the early days the machines were wooden Swiss toboggans, on which the rider went down in a sitting position; the first record of a rider going down head-foremost is found in the "Grand National" of 1887.

Then came the "America," which by 1890 had completely superseded the "Swiss" machine, and the *ventre a terre* method had come to stay. Eighteen hundred and ninety-two saw the introduction of the first steel skeleton-framed toboggan which was henceforth to take the place of the "America." The next notable improvement in design was brought about in 1901, with the introduction of the sliding seat.

The type in general use at the present time is of steel, some four feet in length, and has two parallel runners (grooved at the back) and a sliding seat. On certain corners it is necessary to slide back, thus causing the grooves to bite into the ice, preventing a skid. Additional weight in the form of slabs of lead is carried both underneath the toboggan and in the seat, the average total weight being in the neighbourhood of 100 pounds. The addition of weight, while it increases the speed on the straight portions of the run, will, if overdone, necessitate excessive "raking" (*i.e.*, braking with the feet) on corners, with a consequent loss of speed. It is a matter of experiment on the part of each rider to discover the weight best suited to his individual requirements, thus is the light rider able to meet the heavy one on equal terms.

Other types are to be found on the Run, those, for instance, fitted with springs which combine comfort with speed, perhaps heralding the next change in design. A toboggan having three, instead of the usual two, runners once appeared, but this proved a failure.

Timing.

Originally the timing was done by a system of flagging with the use of stop-watches, one at the top and the other at the bottom of the Run. This rough method has now been displaced by the electric chronograph, which registers tenths of seconds with complete accuracy. It is hoped soon to

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obtain a clock capable of registering not only tenths but also one-hundredths of seconds.

The clock is started when the rider breaks the contact with the front of his toboggan as he crosses the starting line, and stopped in a similar manner at the finish. Occasionally the clock does not start, and the rider, should this take place in a race, is allowed another course. A few years ago, owing to this rule, a rider fell twice over the same corner on the same day in the same race.

Equipment.

Riders are guarded against minor damage on the run by the use of knee and elbow pads, hand-guards and, in recent years, the compulsory wearing of crash helmets. Rakes (iron prongs screwed on and projecting from the toes of the boots) are used for braking and steering. Spikes are often worn under the boot for running on the ice at the start.

Colours.

Club colours, of crimson and gold, are awarded annually to riders by the committee. Since 1888 just over 140 have been given, six of these to women. Half colours were instituted in 1921, but the last award was made in 1923, the total number being 23.

Races.

There are numerous races on each portion of the Run, both " open " and " handicap," the chief of the former being the " Grand National," from the Top, and the " Curzon " from Junction.

In the early eighties of the last century, Davos having held an International Race on the Klosters Road, St. Moritz constructed the Cresta Run with the object of running a race in which a team from Davos might compete with one representing St. Moritz. This race, the " Grand National," first took place in 1885, each town being represented by ten riders. Davos no longer compete, but each year a team of six is selected to represent St. Moritz ; these six ride three courses against each other. In 1896 a " Ladies' Grand National " was instituted, the last race in this taking place in 1921.

For the " Curzon " the cup was presented by the Hon. F. N. Curzon, now President of the Club, and connected with it for a period of well over thirty years. It was first ridden for in 1910, the committee taking a standard time and all riders

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who have beaten this time (usually about twenty in number) being selected to ride on the first day. Of these twenty the first eight, known as the " Curzon Eight," ride on the second day, their times for the previous day being carried forward ; three courses are ridden on each day. In many years very close finishes are seen, a notable example being the race of 1927, when at the end of the first day two riders (both of whom had won the cup twice in previous years) filled the first two places—N. Marsden and Colonel Moore-Brabazon—the former with three-tenths of a second in his favour. On the second day, at the end of the fifth course, Marsden was still leading, but by two-tenths only. He then did a run of 46.7 seconds on the final course, his best time in the race. This left Col. Moore-Brabazon the task of obtaining a 46.4 to win, and, should he accomplish this, not only would it be the fastest time he had ever done, but it would set up a record for the year. Riding a perfect course he just managed to pull out this magnificent time to win by a tenth.

Riding.

The rider is allowed a ten-foot run behind the starting line, and may run as far down the track as he pleases. Normally a few yards past the start he gives a final kick and throws himself on to the toboggan with a forward thrust as steadily as possible to avoid a skid. Steering is done by leaning in the required direction or by touching with a rake. Corners must be taken early, the great majority of falls are occasioned by the rider coming on to the banks late and, in consequence, being unable to get round. When it is necessary to use the sliding seat the rider " comes back " as he goes on to the corner, brings the inside hand back and pushes up with it, at the same time pushing down with the outside hand, and raking with the inside foot. Once round he throws the body forward, thereby bringing the sliding seat back to its original position and so getting impetus off the corner. At the finish the rider " comes back " and rakes.

One is rather struck by the efficiency of the organization, by the smoothness with which everything is carried out. When the bell clangs the rider may start, on arrival at the finish his time is telephoned to the timing-box and to the stand. Should he fall, either in the run or over one of the banks, the bell is sounded three times, and until the rider and his machine are clear of the track the next one is not

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allowed to start. Outside the run the rider falls into deep snow, and should there be a shortage of snow, it is supplemented by straw. The chief danger in a fall is that the machine may injure the rider, and there are two schools of thought as to the best way of avoiding this—one, to hold on to the toboggan and to fall on it, thereby preventing it from falling on you, and two, to hurl yourself as far away as possible from it as soon as a fall becomes unavoidable.

Now, in imagination, we will follow a rider down the Run from the Top until he comes to a halt after the Finish. It is a cold, bright morning, with a Maloja wind blowing and the sun still lying close to the horizon. The rider, equipped and ready, stands by the side of his toboggan; the bell clangs, the plank (which closes the entrance to the track lest an over-enthusiastic rider or spectator should make an untimely descent) is raised, a few quick steps, the contact breaks, and the course begins. A short steep incline, after which the Run flattens out a little until Stable Junction is reached, then down again to Church Leap, with its gradient of 1 in 2.8 and First Bank looming at the bottom on the right. (It is said that once a rider, seeing this sight for the first time, thinking himself to be off the run and about to be hurled into unfathomable depths, rolled from his machine.) But our rider is back on his toboggan, his rakes down. Hitting First Bank early, he is thrown on to the counter (Second Bank) and then over to the right again on to Thoma (formerly Third Bank). Coming forward as he shoots off, he passes Junction Hut, having descended 182 feet over a distance of 364 yards, and goes rattling down the straight to where Rise waits to take him round to the right. As he approaches this bank he again comes back and rakes. No sooner has he negotiated it than Battledore is upon him on the same flank. Riding this to the sound of the grooves biting into the ice, he gets off in time to swing high and early on to Shuttlecock. Then forward over to Stream on the left, and down the straight, across the road to Bulpett's (again on the left); a short length of straight, then on the other side Scylla carrying him under the Railway Bridge, before tossing him over the track into the care of Charybdis. Now Cresta Leap and down, down to the Finish; the contact broken, our rider slides back and goes uphill round the final corner, coming to a stop (slightly out of breath, with eyes watering) just before reaching the main road. Getting up, he hands over his toboggan to his hauler

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(either a local Engadiner making a welcome addition to his income, or one of the Italian workmen who are employed in the construction and maintenance of the Run, often referred to as " hired assassins," owing to the resemblance that some of them bear to the wicked uncles of " Babes in the Wood " fame) saying, " Encore ein mal, snell vite," or words to that effect.

Unbuckling his helmet, he waits to hear his time, which is sent down by telephone to the timing-box and then relayed by megaphone, proceeded by a welcome " Hullo " should the time be a good one. But good time or bad, our rider is off up the road determined to beat it.

Riders.

Riders are of many nationalities, the British greatly predominating ; of the others, the number of Americans has in recent years declined, while that of the Italians shows a steady increase. During a very short stay in 1929, S.A.R. Umberto di Savoia, the Crown Prince of Italy, showed great interest in the Run, and graciously consented to become a patron of the Club, an honour which had been conferred on it in the previous year by Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Two riders are immortalized, their names having been given to banks on the Run. The first, Major W. H. Bulpett, was one of the founders of the Club ; he constructed the Run for many years, and was responsible for many of its improvements ; to him also falls the credit for the invention of the steel toboggan. The other, Colonel E. Thoma-Badrutt, now a Vice-President of the Club, winner of the " Grand National " in 1903 and of the " Curzon " in 1912, is the present builder of the Run. He also holds the distinction of having ridden from Junction in 46.2, which is shared by two other riders, Commander Valentine Gibbs, R.N. (winner of the " Curzon " in 1913 and again in 1914, and of the " Grand National " in the latter year. He was mortally wounded when in command of H.M.S. *Iris* at Zeebrugge, on St. George's Day, 1918), and by Mr. J. R. Heaton, winner of the " Grand National " in 1929.

Mr. C. E. Bacon holds the record from Junction, the time being 45.6, made on February 25th, 1913, this rider also did a course of 46 dead on the same day ; apart from these two times no one has beaten 46.2.

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The record from the Top is held by Mr. J. R. Heaton, the time—58 dead, in 1929—beating the record set up by Lord Northesk in the previous year by half a second.

While in England women have been given the vote, in Switzerland they have been banished from riding the Cresta. This measure was adopted at a general meeting in 1929.

Of the many sports followed by man, the Cresta is surely one of the least understood here at home. Step into the train to leave St. Moritz, you are immediately and entirely cut off from the subject dearest to your heart. Occasionally, by good chance, you may come across a rider, or one of those rare and enthusiastic spectators, in which case, of course, you inundate him in a positive spate of Cresta talk, over-joyed when he retaliates in kind. But in the ordinary round of life, at dinner parties, at dances, when tentatively you mention the Cresta (until you learn by experience how unwise this is) you are greeted with a few polite questions and remarks about "bobs" or "luges," and then, to avoid long explanations, it is necessary to change the subject hurriedly. It is so much wiser to dream alone and to look forward.

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A NIGHT FLIGHT

BY "FLUTE."

IT happened in the old aircraft carrier, *Tremendous*, a few years ago. There was nothing very remarkable about the flight itself; night flying, of course, is a commonplace and has been practised with safety and success since the early days of the war (though not always, perhaps, with perfect safety or success to the flyers or to their unwilling visitants on some occasions during the war). But the circumstances of this flight were unusual, and its termination (though happily successful) such that the recollection of it always evokes rather special memories and emotions.

We were cruising independently at the time, I remember, and there was no fleet work or other special duties on hand for which our aircraft were required. The ship had some night firing to do, and it was decided to carry out a night seaplane flight at the same time, partly to test the night flying arrangements, and partly to find out how much the aircraft could see from the air of the results of the firing.

It was a fine night—calm, with a slight breeze and a clear star-lit sky, but no moon and very dark. There was no horizon to be seen; sky and sea merged together in the darkness, and from the flying deck one could not even see the level of the water.

The seaplane was hoisted out and took off without incident, climbing steadily into the darkness. The ship then proceeded with her firing, while the seaplane circled round and about the distant target.

In the stillness of the night, between the firings, the drone of the engine could be heard, now faint, now louder; and now and again the track of the aircraft could be marked by the dim blue-white flame of the exhaust trailing across the sky like an airy will-o'-the-wisp or slowly-moving meteor.

Soon the firing was finished and the time came for the 'plane to return.

Now ordinarily for night flying, except on the brightest of moonlight nights, an illuminated landing ground (or buoyed and lighted channel for seaplanes) is always prepared. But on this occasion no such aids were available; the ship

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was at sea in the open ocean, and the seaplane had to depend on her own resources for landing.

To provide for this, special flares had been fitted to each wing tip which could be lit electrically by the pilot to shed a brilliant light downwards as he approached the water. Each flare would burn for about three minutes which it was calculated would give him ample time to judge his height and make a safe landing.

Slowly the 'plane approached the ship, and soon we heard the engine throttled down and sensed rather than saw the machine begin its downward glide. The ship was turned head to wind, and a searchlight trained on the water ahead and slightly on one bow to give the pilot his direction for landing.

Slowly and cautiously the machine came down in a wide and gentle sweep, the flickering flames from the exhaust now clearly visible. Suddenly, at about 100 feet a brilliant flash, and the first wing-tip flare burst forth. Lower and lower came the machine, and closer and closer, with the flare burning brightly—50 feet, 40 feet, 20 feet—and then a roar of engine at full throttle, and the 'plane shot up again into the night, while the flare gradually burned itself out and faded away. Evidently the pilot didn't like it for some reason, and was going to try again.

Never mind, he still had another flare. Again the blue-white flickering flames approached, again the engine died to sullen mutterings, and the machine began its second groping descent. But this time no flare; all was darkness intense to the straining watchers from the deck. What had happened? Had the second flare failed to light, and if so how was the pilot going to land? Down, down he sank, lower and lower, but still no light. He is steering for the searchlight; he is going to land in its beam; he is in the beam, the whole machine brightly illuminated just clear of the water. But he has overshot, and disappeared into the impenetrable blackness beyond. Then a silence of seconds which seemed like minutes while we on board waited, tensely listening and straining our eyes into the darkness.

Suddenly a burst of engine. Had he missed it, and was he coming round to try again? How many times would he try, and would he ever get down safely? But no, the engine died away again and all was still and silent for another unending pause.

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Then suddenly a flash from the darkness ahead—the observer was signalling on his flash lamp, " Landed O.K."

What a heart-felt sigh of relief and thankfulness went up all round.

Soon the machine was alongside and safely hoisted in, and after the pilot had reported to the Captain and Wing Commander we all clamoured round him to hear what had happened, and how he had got on. Why didn't he land the first time, and what had happened to his second flare ? How had he landed in the dark, and could he see anything at all ?

When the excitement had quietened down a little he explained that when he lit up his first wing-tip flare, he was so dazzled by the glare after the intense darkness, that he could see nothing at all. So he decided the flare was no good, in fact worse than useless, and he must do the best he could without it. So next time he came round he tried to hit off the water at the foot of the searchlight beam, but overshot it. Then he literally felt and groped his way down, half flying and half stalling till he felt the machine touch. So he landed, without straining a wire.

" All's well that ends well," but there were some horrid moments of suspense, and I don't really know whether they were worse for the pilot in the machine (to whom all credit for a wonderful piece of skilful flying) or to the helpless watchers in the ship.

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CHRISTMAS IN THE UNITED PROVINCES

By Colonel S. H. Kershaw, D.S.O.

CHRISTMAS Day in barracks was nearly over; the Colonel had made the round of Battalion messes, and drunk the success of each company during the coming year; training was suspended until the end of the month, and those of us who could get away, had arranged a small shooting camp.

The jheels were some twenty-four miles away, the road was vile, and there had been heavy Christmas rains. We had discussed the best means of getting there at some length. The alternatives were pony, elephant and ekka. Ponies were undoubtedly the pleasant way, but someone must go round with the guns and cartridges. Five hours on an elephant over wet country was not likely to be pleasant, even if the elephant was our old friend Raj Piari.

So, like most Englishmen, we compromised. Three of us, with a syce, would ride over; two, who had never sampled an elephant before should go straight across country; and the rest would go in ekkas, in pairs. My pair was a powerfully-built type, turning (I might add breaking) the scale at sixteen stone. By stacking up some five hundred cartridges on my side, we achieved something like balance until we left the trunk road and turned on to the kachcha. Here the wheels bit into the wet sand, the shafts went up, and the pony was nearly lifted off its feet. Further distribution of ballast took place and our journey was resumed.

A few miles on the pony reached its stable by diving, at a sharp trot, at right-angles through a narrow hole in a mud compound. The iron foot-rest first cut a deep groove in the mud wall, then buckled against the side of the ekka, throwing me into the hood. I came down on the nape of my neck with my legs firmly gripped round my partner's neck. However, no real damage was done; the cartridges were restored for the third time, and we trotted off to an old Mogul bridge, now lying on its side, and on the upturned piers of which the villagers had made a rough log roadway. Here we spied the elephant party crossing the river.

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The elephant was enjoying herself, the party was not. The river, although narrow, was swift and deep; the water was up to the pad, and Raj Piari, who had been drinking freely, was warm and would not come out. She resented the attempts of her mahout to move her by splashing and raising her trunk. Shouting warnings to her riders, that if she thought the going was not good, she would probably use them as stepping stones and similar encouragements, we rocked and clattered past.

They were speedily avenged of our chaff. The wheel of the ekka—my side, of course—came off; the cartridges and I leapt into six inches of water, but—crowning misfortune—my comrade's weight and the ekka shafts held him up until the near axle settled quite quietly into the mud.

"Are you wet?" was all he said. By this time it was dark, camp was five miles away, we were stiff and sore, and I was soaked to the skin.

My reply warmed me, however, and my partner (F) packed the cartridges for the fourth time, after the driver had found another rusty nail to act as swivel pin, and we moved on again.

At this moment a splashing on our left betokened the arrival of the pony party, who had made a big detour to avoid a broken bridge and deep canal.

To cheer us up, just then the moon cleared the mango trees and we heard the unforgettable sound of thousands of duck passing overhead—that gorgeous sliding, swish-swoosh which thrills the blood as no other bird sound can do. Beveys of teal flying low and zig-zagging through the mango topes; heavy duck flying higher and dropping to the jheels with the woo-oosh of a spent shell; and, far above all, the steady *kat* of the wings of geese.

About thirty minutes later we were in camp, just beating the elephant party by a neck, had changed our wet clothes and were lapping down hot whisky and water.

Bearers, sleeping-bags, boats and shikaris had been sent on early, and we were soon busy swapping chaff and tales of our journey over an excellent supper.

Camp had been pitched in a sheeshane grove, far enough away from the village to avoid the chokidar's cough, but well within the range of the prowling pie dog. The night was just right for sleeping out. Full moon, and the stars winking down at one out of a sky with just enough cloud to make

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one appreciate its clearness ; no red ants, the bane of a camp in a mango tope ; just cool and sharp enough to make it luxury to snuggle down in the blankets and enjoy a last pipe.

Afoot at 5.15 a.m., after a cup of steaming cocoa, and we walk a mile for morning flighting to a small jheel and line out some three hundred yards from its reedy edge.

The moon was just setting and birds came over fast and high, so that the bag was not big. By 6.45 the flight was over and we collected some forty-five birds, mostly widgeon, teal, and red-necked pochard. By 7.15 we were back in camp enjoying a huge breakfast, the boats were just moving off, each skin boat carrying four coolies, hired at the rate of four annas per head for the day.

We had timed ourselves to reach the big jheel by 9 a.m., and, hoping for a good day, had each taken 200 cartridges, whilst a reserve would be brought down by Raj Piari with the lunch.

On the bank we drew lots for places, the longest bit of grass on the left, shortest on the right, and settling ourselves into our skin boats pushed off in single file to line up across the east end of the horseshoe jheel.

I had fitted my boat, the Marj, made of bullock-hide stretched over a bamboo frame-work, with wooden boxes to hang on the side of the boat just in front of the thwart ; each box to hold three open boxes of twenty-five cartridges. The balance was good, and the cartridges did not get wet either from leaks or from the mullah (shikari who poles the boat) when drawing his long bamboo forward for a fresh thrust. Also one can quickly change to different kinds of shot for geese or cotton teal. Guns are not loaded until the line is formed across the jheel and boats have turned inwards.

A continuous distant gabble and splashing confirmed the shikari's whispered " Bahut Chirria, Sahib " (Very many birds).

Half a dozen nukhta are lazily flapping their way towards us, and a cloud of what look like pintail are circling over the far end of the horseshoe, some three and three-quarter miles in length.

On come the nukhta, in stately line ahead, keeping to the right, straight for the Adjutant. He stops the leader, a small bird, with his first barrel, but the second, a huge drake, only staggers and swings off down the line. " F " crashes him at close range, and a cloud of coot, pheasant-

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tailed jacanas, hawks and fish eagles rise and wheel, screaming as they go. But the hawks and fish eagles fly towards, not away from the guns. A few white-eyed pochard rise out of range, fly down the jheel and pitch again. My mullah implores me to shoot him a coot for khana, but it is far too early in the day to encourage him.

We move in line through the reeds, water lilies and lotus plants, towards the open water, which we can now see is crowded with duck, heads up, and watching our approach. Whizz-whirr comes a flight of cotton teal, but we are out for heavy duck to-day.

Just short of the open water a dozen white-eye rise and the guns start. With a splash and a roar like distant thunder the duck are up, some circling to gain height, some making for the far end of the jheel, but the bulk, after one swing away, coming straight over us. Pintail, these last, travelling like aeroplanes and gaining height as they come.

They come almost too fast and pinions and guns get too hot to hold. Every duck down has to be carefully marked, as a crippled duck which touches the water will certainly dive and be lost.

The pintail are past and the boats drop out of line to collect the bag, racing against the fish eagles. Back come the nukhta, and are on us from behind before we are ready. The Adjutant drops one some two hundred yards away and races a fish eagle. The latter wins and sweeps off like a seaplane with the huge duck in his talons, but the Adjutant has the last word. He changes to No. 2 and brings down fish eagle and duck in a spin.

Twenty pintail and fifteen whistling teal are picked up and laggards sitting over wounded duck which have dived are bellowed up into line by " F."

We turn one corner of the jheel, duck of all kinds flying over and round us, mostly out of shot. This is " F's " day, and he brings off some wonderful long shots, and all dead.

" Raj Hanz, Sahib," says the mullah, and I change to No. 2 right and No. 1 left. The geese cross our line. " F " gets one, I get two easy birds and drop both, and a yell of triumph from " T " announces that he has got a fourth, which falls into the lotus some two hundred and fifty yards away. " T " chases off back and bags a brace of white-eye on the way.

By this time the boats are full of birds, water is coming

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in through the seams and young " C " has to dash to the bank as his " kishti " threatens to sink under him. Within three yards of the bank it founders, and " C " staggers ashore carrying his gun, his lunch, a haversack of cartridges and a bottle of beer. The kishti is dragged ashore, caulked with a handful of clay and is as good as new.

By now we have reached the second corner of the horse-shoe, duck thoroughly frightened are racing over in small groups. A lot of very high shots are attempted, but only one in four comes off. " T " has an excitement all to himself, as a 2 lbs. rohu, pursued by a monster fish, jumps into his boat.

Shooting into the eye of the high wind, I bring down a huge drake nukhta. Luckily it just misses the boat and falls alongside with a splash which nearly swamps the boat and soaks me to the skin.

At the end of the jheel we run into more white-eye, nukhta, and golden-eye and then pull in to lunch under a grove of trees. Raj Piari, loaned by the Deputy Commissioner, has deposited the lunch and cartridges and has just come back with her own lunch, a load of green branches.

Four geese and 190 duck, including widgeon, gadwell, spotbill, teal, garganay, bluewinged, whistling and cotton, pintail, and three kinds of pochard is the bag.

After lunch we take the jheel the other way. " F " shoots a beautiful green and blue-shot coot for tying flies, and our mullahs are cheered by a brace of coot apiece.

Most of the big duck have left, but we get some pochard and nukhta at the east end. Total bag, 363, to which must be added four peacock and a snipe shot on the walk back.

Next day we shoot a long narrow horseshoe which only takes two boats abreast. Four guns are chosen by lot to stand on the bends, and two boats start from each end. The bag is small, but the fun, especially for the land-gunners, who get geese and birds from all sides and every angle, is greater. The Deputy Commissioner and his wife join us after lunch, and the latter does great execution with her twenty-bore. We sup in state in the Deputy Commissioner's camp, and after an early snipe shoot next morning we return to cantonments, tired, dirty and thoroughly happy.

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THE BLEAT OF MARINE BLOGGS

By S. C.

IN his article, "The Lighter Side of Chanak," appearing in THE FIGHTING FORCES for July, Lieutenant J. D. Taylor, M.C., R.A., states: "At Chanak stood one lone battalion of The Loyals, who met the Turkish vanguard, and . . . halted it without a shot being fired." He goes on: "The area held was a bridgehead enclosing Chanak, Nagara, and nothing else. In fact it did not quite enclose Nagara, for on the left there was a gap from Cham Burnu Ridge to the sea."

Now Marine Bloggs and his pals, hurriedly landed at the very outset from ships of the Mediterranean Fleet, saw more of that so-called gap than they considered good for their health, as well as taking a very large and brawny hand in the digging and wiring of the defensive position throughout the whole length of the line.—S.C.

It's "Nobody's Children" they calls us, I'm told,
And rather correctly, I fear;
For I venture to say, if I might be so bold,
That the meanin' is perfectly clear.
For whatever we does and wherever we are
It is certain that no one will see.
Folks writes of the Tommies, folks tells of the Jacks;
In singing their praises folks never is lax,
But you gen'rally find as folks don't know their fac's,
For none of 'em notice me.

My ship was a-lyin' up Dardanelles way,
(It was just after Smyrna 'ad fell)
That the Turk wanted stoppin' an' 'oldin' at bay
Was the story as 'ow I 'eard tell.
So they landed me quick; I was bunged on the beach
At Chanak, an' then wot did I see?
Why, everyone there in a warfarin' mood,
Arrangin' for me all the work as they could—
But, come to the matter o' blankets an' food,
Why, nobody noticed me!

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I worked my way out to the left o' the line,
Diggin' trench after trench every day ;
It must 'a bin three miles—it would 'a bin nine
If the sea 'adn't got in the way.
Then they settled me down at the place where I've read
That Leander once lived by the sea ;
To meet 'is fair Hero beneath the white moon
He swam once too often—an' stopped a bit soon ;
I went for a swim there meself one forenoon,
But nobody noticed me.

I dug an' I wired in the blaze o' the sun
An' I slep' in a trench every night ;
An' everyone thought a new war 'ad begun
An' the Turk was preparin' to fight.
'E settled 'isself a few yards from our lines,
Just as cool an' as calm as could be.
Each night 'e would chip our wire apron in two—
Then Kemal decided just 'ow to break through
An' drive all the Englishmen into the blue—
But 'e 'adn't noticed me.

But they never attacked us, an' this is for why—
'Cos thousands an' thousands o' men
In transports an' warships were fast drawin' nigh—
They started a conference then !
So then they decided to send me aboard
To finish the bizness at sea.
So they burnt all me clothes, an' they cut off me 'air ;
I *might* be infectious, so wot did they care ?
But when I got off, found the ship wasn't there—
She 'adn't noticed me !

Now, seven years later—a day or two back—
I chanced to be scannin' a book ;
An' I spotted a story o' that there Chanak,
An' I stopped for a bit of a look.
I read o' The Loyals, an' the Rifle Brigade,
The Navy, the K.O.S.B.
'Ow at the beginnin' there weren't no left flank ;
The left o' the line, said the author, was blank !
But I'm tellin 'im now, an' I'm tellin' 'im frank,
That 'e never noticed ME !

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LUCASTA'S LOG*

IN spite of the existence of certain unimaginative adults who openly condemn the season, Christmas, perhaps the most beautiful day in the Church's calendar, remains our great national festival. Many of the time-honoured customs date back to pagan times, and it is possibly because we have so knit these ancient ways into the newer and more glorious fabric of our Christianity, that Christmas spent in our own land means more to us than it can anywhere else.

To the true-born Briton Christmas is especially sacred to the old ties and memories of home, and no matter how congenial and happy may be the gaieties in far-off lands, the exile must always feel a pang of home-sickness and a twinge of heart on that one day at least.

A Christmas spent in an old manor house, with a family party of young people, is perhaps the most typical of all. Inside the house there is the odd, snug smell of green holly, mistletoe and burning wood. Village children, each known by name, singing carols on the doorstep ; bell-ringers pealing hand-bells within the shelter of the hall, add at different times their cheerful noise to the bustling preparations of Christmas Eve, till the midnight chimes ringing across the star-lit sky, pouring forth their message of good tidings, reduce all else to silence. Then the joyful, bucolic, greetings outside the church next morning, the roast turkey, plump and adequate, thanks to months of careful tending ; the blazing plum pudding so dutifully stirred, weeks ago, by each member of the household in turn ; the young voices, the happy laughter all make up a Christmastide familiar to so many. Add to this a meet of the hounds on the village green next day, and we have here the picture of a Christmas such as was, and is, and, we think, always will be found only in this beloved old country of ours.

* * * * *

All over the country small people have been coming home from school for the first time, and parents are observing proudly, sometimes even a little sadly, the changes they have undergone. The boys often wear a slightly self-conscious

* Lucasta's Log will appear regularly in future numbers of THE FIGHTING FORCES.—ED.

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air at first, and the wise parent does not try openly to break this down. The boy is stepping abruptly into another world, and may be mentally a little breathless. This is most evident in the case of an only child who, coming from the cool, indifferent world of his contemporaries, suddenly finds himself once more the hub of the universe and the centre of attraction. That a boy does not necessarily appreciate such position was swiftly brought to the notice of a pair of proud, affectionate parents who once hung around a small son newly back from school, the first of the family to get home. The parents offered various amusements and indulgences, only to be met with anxious inquiries for the rest of the family and the fervent ejaculation: "I'm glad I'm not an only child."

The candid truth is there, crystal clear. However devoted and self-sacrificing the parents, a child belongs to his own generation, and in it alone can he find his true companions. A wise parent learns this lesson early, and is thankful for a merciful dispensation. Were it otherwise, the child of the Services, doomed to constant separation from his parents, would indeed be an afflicted being.

A marked feature of our times is that we mothers tend to become a little over-anxious for our attenuated broods, and sometimes we meet the extremists who try, as it were, to cultivate their darlings under glass and think to rear a lovely plant, forgetting that the sturdy growths are best, and that a young male should grow a sapling in a forest rather than as an exotic fern in an artificial atmosphere.

* * * * *

How delightful, for those of us who are at home, is this period of holiday, when we rejoice in the daily presence of the young things instead of having to extract what satisfaction we can from those brief, weekly letters so alike in terse phraseology and scanty information. Some of these small writers, though, add touches of unconscious humour, as did the younger son of the house of X, who in the envelope of his first letter from school conscientiously addressed his mother as "Mrs. X, Minor."

* * * * *

The New Year is the season of resolution, and though the frailty of human nature provides scope at such a time for the comic artist and the humorist, it is without doubt a

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very excellent thing to take stock every now and again of our little failings. If, like rank weeds, they reappear again and again, who can say that we are not the better even for their temporary eradication. The effort alone is worth while. How many good resolutions centre around getting up in the morning? This is the perpetual battle of our primitive instincts against the insidious temptations of civilization with its patent mattresses, down-filled pillows and luxurious coverings.

Memory recalls happy moments of self-indulgence, when I lay in bed until the last moment allowed, and lazily watched an elder sister perform the multitudinous rites of a Victorian toilet. Endless buttons there were to be fastened into cunningly-concealed buttonholes, intricate lacings to be adjusted (those were literally breathless moments), tapes, too, must be tied, not to mention the long coils of hair needing meticulous pinning and adjustment. To-day, a daughter, flinging off the bedclothes as the gong goes, can appear at the breakfast table only a few minutes later, neatly, comfortably, becomingly dressed with a fraction of the trouble.

Is it possible that a generation, after tasting such delightful freedom, will deliberately entrammel itself in the mesh of long skirts at the bidding of the fashion-makers. It is doubtless a proud moment to appear in the latest fashion, with soft draperies touching the ground on all sides, and paralysing with their superfluity the unfashionable ones who are still wearing the more economical outline of yesterday, but that way inevitably leads to the whalebones, the constant manipulations and the dishevelled flounces that used to distract our grandmothers. It will be interesting to see how the more fussy evening models are going to survive the hunt balls. It will, however, be some compensation if all these extra yards of material come from British looms.

* * * * *

We are hearing much just now of the sneak-guest, and, let it be added, the sneak-host too, and all the horrors of the "gossip" paragraph. It is unfortunately the bald truth that these secret reporters do exist, and their presence at parties is undoubtedly sought after by a certain section of the community. Alas! we detect here the insidious dollar-lust. The easy-money to be made by the bearer of a dis-

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tinguished name, or by one who has an entry into Mayfair society, has sapped the traditional dislike to any sins against the salt such as is still preserved by Eastern races, and only when we can persuade the newspapers that these absurd chronicles are unwanted, and are indeed a real menace to society, shall we be able to return to the more honourable standpoint of our forefathers. The whole business is a species of mental prostitution, for in more than one case this tittle-tattle emanates from those who could if they chose make a worthier use of their literary ability.

* * * * *

Here is a more amusing side of modernity. They were nice young people. He had been up at Pembroke, while she was in her last year at Somerville. The elderly man who had just been introduced felt a glow of admiration for their sleek, well-groomed youthfulness, their bright intelligent eyes and their easy chatter. But he was a little puzzled. She referred frequently and affectionately to " Boko," who, the elderly man learned, was a dear and very sporting, but quite hopeless and helpless if left to look after himself. Then He was clearly worried about " Toodles," who wasn't intelligent but frankly tiresome, and had got himself into a mess. Curiosity eventually prompted the direct question. " What are these pets you speak of ? Pekingese ? Cairns ? or is it possible that you belong to the advance guard and keep baby crocodiles or lemurs ?" Two pairs of bright eyes fixed him with puzzled gaze. Seamed brows were delicately knit, till feminine intuition, and Somerville, came to the rescue. " Good Heavens ! ' Boko ' is my father, and ' Toodles ' is Lord Blank, his father. What on earth made you think they were Pekingese ?"

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CONTRACT BRIDGE FOR WOMEN

By Daphne M. Raynsford.

SOME years ago a gallant officer stationed in India was heard to declare that he divided women into two classes—"Those who are pretty, and those who play Bridge." By this he wished to infer that the pretty ones fully realized that distraction could be found on the verandah of the station club, while their less-favoured sisters had to find their own amusement in the exclusively feminine atmosphere of the Ladies' Card Room.

Now, while this picture more truly represents the bad old India of fiction than the dull respectability of reality, there is this germ of truth in it. The Bridge-playing wife, the world over, finds her own amusement and carries that capacity with her into the days of quietude and retirement. Fanatics are tiresome people, and the woman who lives only for the moment when she can instal herself at a card-table to play the game of her obsession is at the other end of the scale to that gardening monomaniac who never gets out of her old tweeds and can only talk in terms of seedlings and manures.

Bridge, seen at its best, is a distraction, a mental exercise, a sociable game, and not an end in itself. Taken in this temperate way, it is a remarkable asset and a real insurance against a dull, old age.

The non-Bridge player frequently assumes an attitude of conscious superiority, and maintains that her Bridge-playing friends lead utterly selfish, wasted lives; but it is noticeable that the Bridge-player is seldom to be found in the ranks of those bored women who constantly repine over lost gaieties and dwindling friendships. Let the young and pretty woman, now sitting on the verandah, look ahead and she may well think it worth while to keep her hand in and to take a mild interest in the game. Cheltenham, Camberley, Bournemouth, or a house in the country, probably awaits her when her husband takes that pension he is always talking about, and when that time comes her willingness and ability to join a Bridge-playing set, will bring her much pleasant recreation and an ever-increasing circle of friends and acquaintances.

It is a truism to add that if a game is worth playing, it is worth playing to the best of one's ability; but many players

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by taking thought would add considerably to their status at the game. As a disciplinary measure alone the new game of Contract has an enormous value and has shaken many an indolent player out of her rut and has in consequence improved her play.

Numbers of women Bridge-players are, as it were, looking at Contract from afar off, hesitating to approach for fear it may prove a quagmire of colossal penalties in which they will find themselves floundering, to the despair of their partners and the enrichment of their opponents. Nevertheless the temptation to sample the game is great, and the fact that Contract players look pityingly on the unenterprising and murmur: "Are you still playing Auction? My dear! don't you find it deadly dull?" increases the desire to join their ranks.

In like manner some two decades ago we shivered on the brink of Auction, and felt it was going to be a wild gamble and the ruination of all serious play.

Contract has this predominant characteristic, separating it from the old game. Players may only score towards the game the number of tricks contracted for, so from the opening bid the strength of the hands must be carefully weighed and the possibility of making a game bid thoughtfully considered. Thus, the bidding assumes an even greater importance than when playing Auction, and, let it be added, increases the interest proportionately.

In the older game, provided a player secured the highest bid, it was as well to do so as cheaply as possible, and Dummy could enjoy the satisfaction of putting down an unexpectedly strong hand and then lean back to watch his partner make a slam. Not so in Contract. A player is bound to support, suggest, inspire to the full value of her hand, and a slam bonus, glittering indeed when achieved, can only be secured if a slam has been bid.

Again, the contract completed, the loss of an extra trick or two cannot be readily condoned when these extra tricks could each have added fifty points to the score above the line and when a vulnerable* player is doubled the difference between one or more tricks down is great indeed, as, in such a case, the penalties are doubled—200 for the first trick and 400 for each subsequent trick, so a reckless bid becomes a very expensive error indeed.

* The side which is one game up is said to be "vulnerable."

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All this was never meant to frighten the serious player, and she is strongly advised to learn the game and so prove to herself how interesting it is, and how conducive to accurate reasoning and sound play.

A few principles are suggested as the essential equipment for the beginner. Over-cautiousness is not sound, but it is a wise precaution to safeguard your bids when vulnerable by a holding of one trick over the normal, unless the player is satisfied that her skill ensures her being able to make every possible trick if left to play the hand.

When not vulnerable it is very desirable to score a game, and as the penalties, if not doubled, are normal, it is worth taking risks if the desired end is at all possible. An opening bid should be Ace high. This is invaluable for slam bidding and doubling, but need not be too conservatively observed. With two outside Aces and a five-card major suit with the King, Queen, it is better to bid that suit than a no-trump; but an opening bid indicates two quick tricks. It must never be forgotten that the original bidder may be "jumped" by her partner, therefore the makin of the first bid involves a considerably greater responsibility han attaches to original Auction bids.

Raising your partner's bid is a difficult question for the beginner, and here as elsewhere in the game, a grain of card sense is worth a peck of theories. A jump from one to two no-trumps should not be made with a hand counting up to less than nine,* with the exception of two Aces when, although only a count of eight, a second no-trump should be bid.

Holding over this strength and a well-distributed hand, a jump should be made to three no-trumps, preference being given, however, to a long major suit.

Never rescue your partner from a one-trick bid. A take-out into weakness is not understood, and to make a bid at all indicates strength.

To support your partner in her own suit is not necessarily an encouragement for her to call game, and it is better to show outside strength where possible than to raise a suit bid, especially if it is a minor suit in an all-round hand. Always insist on having three of your partner's suit, or two with one of the top honours, before jumping a call in that suit, unless your partner has already shown great strength.

* Card values are generally assessed as follows:- Ace=4, King=3, Queen=2, Knave=1.

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Two no-trumps, two Spades, or two Hearts, is a very powerful bid and should indicate strength both in the suit and outside, and an ability to make game if the declarer's partner holds anything at all. After such a call the declarer's partner must be prepared to show any tricks she holds, either by jumping the bid in the declared suit or by making a bid in another suit.

Watch the score very carefully. To miss game for lack of understanding how many tricks it is necessary to call is lamentable, and to make an unnecessarily high contract may be disastrous, and is only permissible when holding sufficient strength to justify trying for a slam bid, or when over-bidding an opponent.

Conventional bidding in the hope of a slam call leads inevitably to the dead-end of formality, and should, we think, be eschewed, but with the game call established in a certain suit, and the possibility of a slam in view, it is useful to show an outside Ace or the total absence of the adversaries' suit by calling that suit. Such a call indicating to your partner that if the hand is played in the suit call already established no trick will be lost in the suit now indicated. A call of this nature obviously requires to be taken out, and your partner can judge from it whether she can call a slam or can first indicate perfect security in another suit, ultimately leading up to a slam call in the suit originally selected for the game bid.

The re-bidding for the game after your partner's jump is the factor that produces the heavy losses. When you have bid originally with a hand of minimum strength it is unwise to go further, even if your partner has jumped, in spite of the obvious temptation to bid game.

Doubles are not frequent at Contract unless game has been called, so in bidding game with too weak a hand a very grave danger has been incurred, for the opponents, having now every temptation to double, will probably do so. The ordinary player will find it confusing to try to remember too many conventions at the outset. Once the main principles of Contract have been understood, it is far better to gain experience by playing. It is advisable, however, to play for half the usual points, because a heavy " set," giving your opponents, perhaps, 1,400 points above the line, is apt to shake the nerve of the ordinary player, and it is impossible to play Contract with damaged nerves.

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TIGHT LINES IN KASHMIR

By "Vive le Sport."

WE recently had the good fortune to try our luck with the trout in Kashmir in the River Bringhi.

If one wishes to obtain fishing rights in the trout rivers of Kashmir, it is necessary to put in an application to the State Game Preservation Department by January 1st in the year in which one wishes to fish. This means, for a serving officer, that the leave question has to be settled before Christmas, but in the interests of sport most commanding officers do their utmost to help as far as lies within their power.

The fishing has to be done from camp, and, this being so, we thought that two couples would be ideal, and so arranged with Henry and his wife for a joint fishing expedition.

Shortly after Christmas we wrote to the Army Agency in Srinagar, asking them to secure fishing for us in the Bringhi during the latter half of July. They got two rods for myself and my wife on the Upper Bringhi, and two rods on the Lower Bringhi for the Henrys. There are other agencies in Srinagar, but we found the Army Agency run by two retired British officers, to be excellent in every way.

During the next seven months there was always a feeling of anxiety lest something should crop up to interfere with our fishing; but, fortunately, all went well, and on July 12th we duly assembled in Srinagar to collect the paraphernalia for camp—tents, camp furniture, cooking pots, drinks, stores and, in fact, everything that would be required for ten days in the blue.

We left in a large lorry for Achhibal via Islamabad; the latter place is forty-seven miles south-east of Srinagar, and Achhibal is another eight miles on. Having arrived safely, we left our lorry and decided to stay the night to collect pack ponies and make an early start the next morning for Tansom Bridge, fourteen miles away, where there is a site for a joint camp for the Upper and Lower Bringhis.

The Upper Bringhi fishing includes the Doosoo, while the Ahlan stream is common to both the upper and lower beats, and the Lower Bringhi fishing extends to four miles down stream to Irkum.

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At Achhibal there is a really up-to-date trout hatchery; the original fish were imported from Howietown in 1900. There are twenty tanks, containing fish ranging from newly-hatched fry to monsters of ten pounds, both Rainbow and Brown trout. There are no Loch Levens.

The spawn is taken from the female in December in each year by hand; the male is treated similarly, and after forty-five days the young fry hatch out.

Some idea of the cold can be imagined by the state of the attendant's hand, which as a result of handling a number of fish in the spawning season had suffered from frostbite.

For the first month the young fry get no food; during the second month they are fed on raw sheep's liver well minced and mixed with salt. Subsequently the fish are fed on a mixture of dead silk worms, dried fish, crushed maize and rice. The very young get six feeds per day, gradually reduced to four, whilst the big fish are only fed once daily.

Between one and two years old the trout are taken away to stock the rivers of Kashmir, and from eighteen to twenty-five thousand are used annually for this purpose. A good stock of fish, ranging from three to seven years old, are kept for breeding purposes.

This hatchery was a most encouraging sight on our way out to fish.

On this night just before dinner a smallish, wizened man appeared and said he was a shikari. We said we did not want one, and sent him away.

Early the next morning twelve pack and two riding "tats" (ponies) arrived, as well as a decrepit-looking old "tonga," to cart us to Tansom Bridge camp. We first had all the pack saddles removed to examine the ponies, and only had to turn down one suffering from a sore back. Apart from humane reasons, it is always advisable to inspect the ponies before loading up, if it is important to reach one's destination.

At this moment the small shikari appeared again, but we were quite firm and sent him away for the second time. Considering the number of ponies to be loaded, the job was quickly done, and by 8 a.m. we started off on the trek to Tansom Bridge, which place we reached by 2.30 p.m.

We had one halt of an hour by the roadside *en route*, and the first person who met us was our friend the wizened shikari, who implored us to look at his "chits," of which he was the proud possessor of many. We retired from the

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unequal struggle and read them; they all spoke of him as being " an absolute tiger at landing a fish "—in fact, they were so good that we decided to take him on. From that moment he was the life and soul of the party. On arrival in camp it was the Shikari Abdulla Mear who alone seemed to be able to pitch the tents. If it was a case of shinning up a tree to get fruit, Abdulla Mear was there first. At rescuing a fly from a tree or from under a boulder in mid-stream he was unequalled.

By 5 o'clock the camp was a going concern, tents were pitched, luggage unpacked, rods up, fires going in home-made ovens, and the smell of food being cooked was a reality.

In three hours our small staff seemed to have grown to almost unmanageable proportions—the Henrys' bearer, our bearer, a cook, a bhisti and a sweeper and Abdulla Mear were already installed; in addition, two more shikaris had attached themselves and four ponies with their pony boys, as well as a wood-carrier and a chowkidar. Then a policeman, the headman of the nearest village and three river-watchers became permanent hangers-on. All these people just seemed to happen; we were barely consulted in the matter.

The country round proved to be most attractive, well wooded mountains on all sides, with irrigated rice fields at the foot of the hills.

The Ahlan and Doosoo are mountain streams with small pools every now and then, all of which contain good fish.

The Nowbug, which is really the upper reach of the Bringhi, was an even-running, shallow river on which in many places it is possible to fish with a dry fly.

The Bringhi itself is a splendid river, full of character and varying from deep silent pools on the one hand to swift-running, boulder-strewn stretches on the other. The banks on both sides have boulders all along the edge. It is not necessary to wade, but it is quite possible to do so; and if one does, waders can be left at home as the water is quite warm.

A large amount of logging is carried on in this river, but in the midsummer months this is at a standstill, and therefore does not interfere with sport. The Bringhi must have thousands of trout, and splendid fish can be seen the whole time during a walk along the banks.

We heard it said that the river is over-fished, but we do not think that this can possibly be the case. Only two rods

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are allowed in one week on about five miles of water, and however hard those two rods work they can cover but a fringe of the water each day.

All fish under twelve inches have to be returned to the river, and one seldom touched a fish under half a pound in weight. Each rod is allowed to keep twenty-four trout per week on a weekly licence and six on a daily one.

Anticipation is over and realization is at hand. It is barely light at 5 o'clock, but the shikari is already expecting us to start, so up we get and make a rapid but hearty breakfast, and then move off on the ponies for the morning's fishing. By 7 a.m. our flies are on the water ; the river is a bit low and rather clear, but it is a perfect day. We fish steadily till 11.30, when it grows too hot, so we return to camp for a bath and lunch. We then all rest till tea time, and at 5 o'clock go out again and fish till 8.30 p.m. We then come back and dine, tumbling into bed by 10 o'clock to sleep the sleep of the just.

The day had been good. In the morning the fish were rising freely to Ogden's Invicta, Watson's Fancy, Greenwell's Glory and Wickham's Fancy, and the four rods took over thirty-five trout, of which many of eleven inches were returned, but there were several of one and a quarter, one and a half, and one and three-quarter pounds weight.

Henry was the sort of man, we all said, who would not catch an enormous number, but would for certain get the biggest trout, and this proved to be correct. One night just before dark he got into a good one, which turned out to be two and a half pounds in weight ; the fight was rather complicated by the addition of a second trout of three-quarters of a pound, who took his dropper, but both fish were successfully landed.

Actually every member of the party hooked and landed two fish at the same time, and all four rods foul-hooked a country fish (choos) in the tail, and in each case the choos proved to fight better than most, but they are disagreeable to eat.

Needless to say, the inevitable big fish were hooked and lost. Fish of ten and fourteen pounds weight are recorded in the river watchers' game books as having been caught at various times. We certainly all saw tremendous big fish in the pools. We do not claim that any of us got into a ten-pound fish, but on two occasions four to five pound trout

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were lost—but these fell to the ladies of the party. One of them, having had about thirty yards of line run out, and having lost the fish all in a couple of seconds, thought some remark was due, so said to the shikari, " Bahut Jaldi "* (here the language failed). The shikari, in bad Urdu, replied, " Achchha Wala,"† and there the conversation ended.

The shikari Abdulla Mear, the one of the wizened face, was always very keen that his memsahib should do better than his sahib, and whenever he saw the master appearing he invariably said, " Sahib ata, thora age "‡ so anxious was he that the memsahib should have first go at the pools.

An unexpected interest was forced on us in camp. The second day a man brought in a sick baby, which the amateur doctors managed to cure, with the inevitable result that their fame spread, and during the last four days men, women and children used to come for medical attendance from villages up to six miles away ; the daily average rose to about twelve cases, and by the time we returned to Srinagar our well-stocked chests were innocent of medicine. At these visits every conceivable sort of ill was treated, from bad burns on a baby to the dim eyes of an old woman of ninety.

The fourth day spelt ruin to our fishing ; heavy rains fell twice each day, and the river was turned into a raging coffee-coloured torrent.

After the first storm we went down to the river before the heavy water arrived, and in forty minutes, just before dark, two rods had landed ten fish, without moving a yard, the best being one and three-quarter pounds in weight and the smallest a fish of one pound, and they were all caught on a medium-sized Butcher.

We carried out some rather interesting post-mortem examinations. One morning, with four trout all caught on an Ogden's Invicta in the creel, there seemed to be a doubt why the fish should take a fly which looked like nothing in or on the water. The discovery, as a result of the post-mortem, came as a surprise. Each individual fish had only one form of diet ; the first was full of dragon-flies, the second had specialized in small white maggots, the third had fed exclusively on black ants and the fourth had only been tempted by small black-beetles, and yet the same fly had been responsible for catching all the four fish. The experiment

* Very quick. † Good one. ‡ The Sahib is coming, go on a little.

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was continued the next day with trout that were caught on other fancy flies, but in every case the trout opened up only had one form of food inside them. This discovery completely upset our previous ideas as to the matching of the flies on the water. Naturally it cannot be compared to trout in England, who definitely feed on certain flies according to the season ; but in Kashmir the varied diet in different fish is essential, as there is no big hatch of fly. The mystery was why they took the artificial fly at all.

All good things come to an end, and all too soon our time was up. Actually the water had been booked for eight days, including one day on the Nowbug, but owing to the heavy rains we had only three and a half days' fishing.

The total number of fish caught was one hundred and thirty-four by the four rods ; of these, fifty had been kept and eighty-four returned to the river. In the short time we had taken rather more than half the number allowed by licence, and this when the water was new to us.

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CARS FOR THE SERVICES

IV.

By Our Motoring Correspondent.

ONCE more a "greatest ever" Motor Show has come, and has died, leaving its 250,000 visitors with a variety of impressions.

The general impression is that there were far fewer really new and practical developments than for several years past, and for this reason the Show was not one huge thrill. Indeed, manufacturers as a whole appear to have been content to let well alone, as far as design was concerned, and to have concentrated their efforts upon creating fresh markets and increasing their output. The nearest thing to a sensation was probably the introduction of centralized chassis lubrication by the excellent, but conservative, Rolls-Royce Company. Yet even this revolutionary change only awakens a mildly academic interest in the mind of the average "Services" motorist, knowing full well that New Phantom II's can never be for the likes of him. The same remark applies to the almost absurdly gigantic and expensive Duesenberg and to the delightful though less expensive Invicta and to their numerous companions in the luxury class.

Probably at least 90 per cent. of the visitors to the Show, who were genuinely looking for a new car, could only seriously consider those that were below the £300 limit; and as likely as not many are still left undecided as to their choice after perusing many catalogues and having fought their way round the popular exhibits on a cheap day. The task of choosing a car is a fascinating but bewildering one, and in order to avoid regrets it is essential that a systematic *modus operandi* be adopted. It is hoped that the following suggestions may be of use to any who are new to the game and do not know quite how much they can expect to get for their money.

The first point to be considered is that of the financial stability of the various firms producing models at about the price you want to pay. This may not be so necessary now as it was five or six years ago, since when numerous mushroom firms have died, but there are still several concerns who are only just keeping their heads above water, who would

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soon sink if any rough weather were encountered. The possibility of being landed in a year or so with a car, the second-hand value of which has slumped, owing to the makers having ceased production, must be avoided at all costs. Your tame stockbroker should be able to help you here. By this means you should whittle your field of choice down to half a dozen firms or less who fill the bill as far as you are concerned.

Now let us make a list of *desiderata*, and particularly emphasize those which may be considered essential points. We will first of all consider the body work. The type of body is a question of personal taste, although in making a decision it must be remembered that the army of " hearties," who swear they never will ride in anything but an open car, is a constantly dwindling one, with the result that it is always easier to get rid of a second-hand closed car than an open one. If the car is to be a closed one, shall it be a saloon, coupé or sportsman's coupé ? Also shall it be a fabric or metal type body ? My personal vote must be for a fabric saloon. The accommodation afforded by a coupé satisfies few people's needs, whilst I have yet to find a body, of the sportsman's coupé type, in which I would care to travel for more than an hour or so in the rear seats. I prefer a fabric body for its silence and lightness, although a metal body will stand more knocking about. Your decision in this matter is influenced by your own requirements, but whichever type you select, certain essentials must be provided. Remember, I am presuming that this car costs £300 or less, and that you will, at least occasionally, have to look after it yourself. All bright parts must be of chromium plating and paint-work must be of the cellulose type, two boons for periods of batmanless leave. All glass must be of a non-splinterable type, not merely the windscreen. The risk of plate glass simply is not worth it, and besides you get a reduced insurance premium if the car is fitted with non-splinterable glass. The body must be so constructed that the seating capacity lies within the wheel base and the rear seats do not overhang the back axle. This is rather much to ask of a baby car, but in all others it should be an essential. There must be four doors with efficient locks and catches. Two-door saloons can be most irritating things to get in and out of. A built-in luggage container is preferable to a luggage grid, whilst it should count for grace if there are no external excrescences in the

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shape of tool-box or accumulator box, which should be out of sight but accessible.

The arrangement of the controls has a great influence on the driver's comfort and safety. It is a very great advantage if all the switches for lights, ignition, electric horn and dynamo, together with ignition, carburettor and headlamp controls are mounted in the centre of the steering wheel, thus obviating the necessity for leaning forward and groping on the instrument board. The type of headlight control which is most usual is the dipper device. Although this is preferable to a dimming arrangement, I greatly prefer the type that deflects the headlights to the left. The instrument board must have the essential speedometer, ammeter, oil gauge, petrol indicator and clock which must be so placed and lighted that they can be easily read under all conditions. There must be no superfluous horrors such as flower vases. The pedal controls on even the smallest of cars must be placed so that it is impossible for a normal male foot to step on the accelerator and clutch pedals simultaneously. Whether you have right or left-hand gear change is not a very material point, but what does matter is that both the gear and brake levers should be long enough and so placed that it is possible to operate them without leaning forward. Also these two levers should be far enough apart so that there is no possibility of barking your knuckles against the brake lever when changing gear. I have a personal preference for a left-hand gear change and a right-hand brake. Many firms are sinners in these particular points, although there have been some improvements recently.

Centralized chassis lubrication is unfortunately hardly ever fitted to the cheaper cars. The day will come when it will be a common standard fitting, but until then I would suggest that you avoid, as much as possible, the boredom of chassis lubrication, by choosing a car with silentbloc flexible bearings. Thank heaven that shock absorbers and bumpers, both in front and rear, are now fitted as standard on almost all cars. The addition of wire wheels will still further improve the comfort of the car, as they possess a certain amount of give which is absent in the disc type and artillery wheels. They are certainly more trouble to clean than the other types, but in spite of this I should prefer them for their additional virtues of smartness and an absence of

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drag on the steering in a cross wind. This is very noticeable with disc wheels.

The design of the brakes is an all-important point. The footbrake will, of course, operate on all four wheels. There are various methods employed with the handbrake. On small cars it is frequently of the transmission type, whilst many cars retain the inter-connected type or one which operates the same brake shoes on the rear wheels as does the footbrake. If possible, I would avoid any of these and prefer a car with a handbrake operating on the rear wheels entirely independently of the footbrake. Both sets of brakes should have an accessible central adjuster and a separate adjuster for each wheel, as well as an efficient compensating device. Some form of " assisted " brake will be a great blessing, and although it is too optimistic to expect " Servo " brakes, several of the cheaper cars are now equipped with " Lockhead " hydraulic brakes, for which they must get full marks.

The choice of engines within our price range is now extremely varied, and it is not now necessary to go to an American firm to get a cheap and efficient six-cylinder car. But whether you get a car of four or six cylinders or 7 h.p. or 15 h.p. is entirely a matter of £ s. d. Few would be satisfied with a four-cylinder car if they could afford a " six," efficient as the " fours " are nowadays. It is difficult to generalize about engines. In theory overhead valve engines should be less quiet but have more " guts " than side valve engines. Although this is true as a whole, you will find some side valve engines with acceleration and speed at least as great as some overhead valve engines of similar horse power. Side valve engines are usually easier to get at for adjustment and decarbonization purposes. If you must have an overhead valve engine, I advise that you choose one in which the valve mechanism is operated by an overhead camshaft rather than by the far noisier push-rod method. Engine lubrication should be by the forced feed system and not by the less efficient and more wasteful " chuck and chance it " or splash system. For the timing mechanism I prefer that the various pinions should be directly enmeshed rather than connected by a so-called silent chain, which after a fair amount of wear becomes anything but silent, especially so when they are not adjustable. The respective merits of battery and magneto ignition have been argued *ad nauseam*, and I will merely state that I should choose the former, and

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that in either case you must insist that the distributor and contact-breaker mechanism is really accessible. This can only be the case if the magneto or coil is mounted so that these parts face outwards or upwards and do not point towards the driving seat.

On the transmission there are few remarks to be made. The old cone clutch has practically disappeared, and has been replaced by clutches of the single plate or multiplate type. The only preference I have is for a plate clutch running in oil, rather than the dry plate clutch, which I fancy is less sweet. The oil type clutch, which is automatically lubricated each time one declutches, is further to be desired. The three-speed gear box is universal and adequate on all small cars, but I prefer four-speeds on a car of more than 12 h.p.

Probably you have not agreed with many of my remarks. Well, sort out what you do like and want and you will be a step nearer a satisfying decision. All of the strong points I have emphasized are to be found in cars below the £300 limit, although they may not all be found in any one make. Get as near it as you can.

Of the 1930 cars there are two which, in their separate class and in view of their price, are, perhaps, deserving of special mention, *i.e.*, the Triumph Super-Seven and the Morris-Oxford Six. The former is a baby car which embodies mechanical features which only a short time ago were exclusive to luxury cars, whilst the Morris-Oxford Six, at £285 for a fabric saloon, is quite remarkable, both as regards mechanical efficiency, performance and equipment.

Just one word about a much-advertised gadget. I have recently tested the " Hulco Atomiser " in a 9 h.p. Rover car fitted with a Smith carburettor. The test was most carefully carried out, and I found that the " Hulco " increased my miles per gallon from thirty-three to forty. It is an extremely simple device that can be fitted in a quarter of an hour. I have also heard favourable reports from other people who have tried it in various makes of popular cars, although the increase I obtained appears to be slightly above the average. There was also a slight improvement in the pulling power of the engine, but some slight adjustment of the carburettor was necessary before the engine would run evenly at slow speeds, as the atomiser had the effect of weakening the mixture slightly. However, the claims of the " Hulco " manufacturers appear to be thoroughly sound, at least as far as the cheaper standard cars are concerned.

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"The Fighting Forces" INQUIRY BUREAU

(1) The Editor has arranged to supply answers to inquiries dealing with the following subjects :—

Colours, Battle Honours, Badges, Medals, Distinctions of all sorts, Titles of Regiments, Precedence, and all kindred subjects.

Questions on Heraldry can also be answered, and, in fact, any military question which requires research.

(2) Inquiries about Yachting, Hunting, Shooting and Fishing will also be dealt with, as heretofore. Also inquiries with regard to Motor Cars and Insurance of all kinds.

(3) Inquiries with regard to Preparatory and Public Schools will be dealt with by our Education Correspondent. It may be necessary to charge a small fee in these cases, if any expenditure is involved in the elucidation of the inquiry.

(4) Inquiries from lady readers, on any service subject in which they are interested, will be answered, as far as possible.

Inquiries need not in future be accompanied by a FIGHTING FORCES coupon, but a stamped, addressed envelope must be enclosed. The nature of the inquiry should be indicated on the top left-hand corner of the envelope, *i.e.*, " Fishing, Cars, Education," etc.

Selected answers to inquiries will appear in the following number.

The following are a few of the inquiries received during the past quarter.

Battle Honours, Medals, Colours, etc.

1. Although I do not hold His Majesty's Commission, I hope you will allow me, as a constant reader of THE FIGHTING FORCES, to avail myself of your Inquiry Bureau.

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The points on which I desire information are the following :

(*a*) What tartans are worn by the following regiments :
Royal Scots,
K.O.S.B.,
H.L.I.,
Seaforth Highlanders
Royal Scots Fusiliers,
Cameronian Rifles ?

(*b*) In what Scottish regiments do the pipers wear the Royal Stewart tartan ?

(*c*) Did any British Infantry (Guards or Grenadier Companies) wear bearskin caps at Waterloo ?

(*a*)

	Description of Tartan.
The Royal Scots wear ...	Hunting Stewart.
K.O.S.B. wear	Leslie (except the pipers, who wear the Royal Stewart Dress Tartan).
H.L.I. wear	MacKenzie [except the 9th Bn., which wears the 42nd (or Black Watch) Tartan.]
Seaforth Highlanders wear	MacKenzie.
The Royal Scots Fusiliers wear	Black Watch.
Pipers only wear ...	Erskine.
The Cameronians (Scottish Rifles) wear	Douglas.

(*b*) The pipers of the following regiments wear the Royal Stewart Dress Tartan :—Scots Guards, Black Watch, K.O.S.B. (except 4th Battalion, who wear the Buccleuch tartan).

(*c*) Bearskin caps at Waterloo.

This is a very difficult question to answer in full, for the following reasons :—

The Peninsular campaign finished in April, 1814, and left many regiments depleted in strength. To build up these, large drafts of recruits and militiamen were sent to Line regiments. The preparations for the Waterloo campaign followed on so quickly that many regiments could not be properly completed in clothing. Consequently the Grenadier Companies of Line regiments, who normally would wear bearskin caps, most probably either wore shakos or forage caps, or possibly all three pattern head-dresses were worn in the same company. Regimental Histories do not help us on this point.

In any case, the Royal Scots Greys and Grenadier Companies of the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards and Scots Guards, without doubt, wore bearskins during the action.

The Royal Welch Fusiliers was the only Fusilier Regiment present, and they were in much the same condition as the Grenadier Companies (see above).

N.B.—The Inquiry Bureau is available to all readers, and by no means restricted to serving personnel.

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2. The death of Lord Horne called attention to the office of " Master-Gunner of St. James's Park." Can you state the antiquity of this appointment ?

The earliest Master-Gunner yet traced is Roger de Leyburn, who was appointed " Master-Gunner of England " in 1263 by Henry III (1216-1272). He was a Fleming, as were all the early Master-Gunners, the last being Anthony Fenrutter, who was appointed in 1570.

In 1716 the title changed from " Master-Gunner of England " to " Master-Gunner of Whitehall and St. James's Park." This title was borne by two artillery officers, Colonel James Pendlebury from 1716 to his death in 1758, and Captain Joseph Brome, 1758 to 1796.

When Brome died he was succeeded by his son, Major-General Joseph Walton, with the altered title of " Master-Gunner of St. James's Park," since which time it has not been changed.

The present Master-Gunner is Field-Marshal Sir George Milne, Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Colonel Commandant, R.A., whose appointment dates from August 15th, 1929.

3. I was reading some notes on the Indian Mutiny a short time ago, and noticed that the mutineers were referred to as " Pandies." What is the derivation of the word ?

The word is derived from the name of a mutineer of the 34th Native Infantry—Manghal Pandi.

On March 29th, 1857, a Sunday afternoon, it was reported to Lieutenant Baugh that several men of the regiment were in a very excited condition, and that Pandi was parading about the lines with a loaded musket, threatening to shoot the first European he should see. On hearing this, Baugh at once galloped to the lines. Pandi heard his approach and fired at him, striking the horse in the flank. Both horse and rider were brought to the ground, but, disentangling himself, Baugh drew his pistol and fired at Pandi. He missed, and before he could draw his sword, Pandi, who was a much bigger and stronger man, closed with him and threw him on the ground. He was just about to finish off Baugh with his talwar (sword) when another sepoy intervened.

The incident quickly reached the ears of General Hearsey, who was soon on the spot. He ordered Pandi to be arrested, and, in seeing the guard coming for him, Pandi turned the musket upon himself and wounded himself in the breast. The wound healed, and he was afterwards brought to trial and hanged.

4. One sometimes observes a battalion with a Regimental Colour which has a small Union Jack in the top corner near the head of the colour pike, whilst others have no such small Union. Can you explain the difference ?

The first Regulations dealing with Colours were those of 1747, an MS. copy of which is in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle. These Regulations laid it down that the second (later called the Regimental) Colour was to be the colour of the facing of the regiment with the Union in the upper canton, except those regiments which are faced with white or red, whose second colour is to be the red cross of St. George on a white ground and the Union in the upper canton. This instruc-

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tion was repeated in the Royal Warrants of 1751 and 1768, and continued in all Regulations up to, but excluding, those of 1881, since when it has never appeared.

Therefore Regimental (or Second) Colours bearing a small Union are Colours made before 1881.

A good illustration of a pre-1881 Regimental Colour will be found facing page 533 of Volume IV of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

5. Where can one obtain a short account of naval press-gangs ?

An excellent article on this subject appeared in Volume I, pp. 566-577, of THE FIGHTING FORCES.

6. During the Great War the Russians had women's battalions as fighting troops, one such being the notorious "Battalion of Death." This was an actual case of the employment of amazons. Have there been any other amazons in modern times ?

Amazonian regiments existed in Dahomey, on the West Coast of Africa, from about 1708 until they died out about 1890, when the French took over the country.

The female army was a replica of the male, and it had corresponding formations and staffs.

Each brigade was distinguished by the manner in which it adorned its head—*e.g.*

The *Fanti* or King's Company shaved their hair *a la turban* and bound it with narrow fillets.

The Right brigade shaved its head completely with the exception of two tufts.

The Left brigade wore their hair *au naturelle*.

Each brigade was composed of—

(*a*) Agharaya, or blunderbusseers. These were the veterans.

(*b*) Gbeto, or elephant-huntresses, held to be the bravest, and corresponding to the "sure-to-kill" company on the male side.

(*c*) Nyekpleh-hentoh, or razor-women. There were a few of these in each company. They were armed with a huge "cut throat" pattern razor over two feet in length, and were trained for the sole purpose of decapitating captured Kings.

(*d*) Gulonentoh, or Musketeers, who formed the main body.

These amazons were "no ladies," but real ferocious she-devils. Full accounts of them are to be found in the following works :—

(1) "Dahomey and the Dahomons," by Commander Forbes, R.N.

(2) "A Mission to Gelele, King of Dahome," by Sir Richard Burton.

(3) "Dahomey as It Is," by J. A. Skertchly.

7. When were Sergeant-Majors given Warrant rank ?

In 1881.

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8. An Army Order was published last December authorizing the busby to be worn in full dress by the R.A. and R.E. This, of course, is not an innovation, but a revival. Can you say when busbies were first introduced into the British Service?

This inquirer is quite correct regarding the busby being a revival. They were first introduced in 1807 for hussars, and later for the R.H.A. after Waterloo.

9. I should be grateful if you can give me the name of any book which deals with the following battle: Battle of Bitaurah (now known as Fatehganj). It was fought on October 26th, 1794, during the second Rohilla War.

Battle of Bitaurah (also Boetura), now known as Fatehgunj= "The Town of the War." October 26th, 1794.

A fairly detailed account will be found on pp. 274-277 of the "History of the Bengal European Regiment, now the Royal Munster Fusiliers," by Lieutenant-Colonel P. R. Innes. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co., 1885.)

Education.

1. I should like advice with regard to the education of my two boys. I do not wish the fee at their preparatory school to exceed £35 a term. Locality, West of England—*i.e.*, Gloucester, Reading or Hereford vicinity. There is every possibility of the younger boy going to the same school.

We find some difficulty in answering your letter owing to the extent of the locality mentioned. It practically comprises the whole of the South-Midlands! If the maximum fees are to be £35 a term, the choice is practically unlimited. A certain number of schools charge more, but the education is not any better, and even in these cases headmasters are often ready to reduce their fees. We don't think, however, that a brother would make much more than £5 a term reduction, and not always that. You might try, for example, Malvern, where there are the following schools—St. Cuthbert's, Fairfield, The School, Malvern Link, or Colwall School; Clifton, where there is a good school, The Downs; or, coming nearer east, round Reading, there are two excellent schools in Crowthorne—The Towers and Eagle House.

On the whole, though, we think you would be very well advised to send your sons to The Imperial Service College in Windsor. This was founded in 1912 in its present excellent site, but is really the continuation of the well-known United Services College, Westward Ho! where Kipling, Dunsterville and others were educated. The present school has a good name, and as it caters principally for sons of service folk, the class of boy is admirable. Its fees are nearly as low as can be found consistent with a first-grade education in a public school—£105 per annum for preparatory department as well as for the school proper. We think that a boy can go there about the age of eight.

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2. I have read with interest your articles on Education and the Inquiry Bureau notes connected therewith. Particulars with regard to my boy are . . . , and the type of education I want is . . I should be grateful if you would advise me in this matter.

As regards the preparatory schools you mention, St. Ronans has a good reputation and is, in our opinion, better than the other two schools, though possibly its climate may not be so bracing, but this would only be of relevance in the case of a delicate boy.

As regards a public school, taking your views into consideration and bearing in mind your ideas with regard to your boy's education, we cannot honestly recommend Stowe in your case. For one thing, £300 would be barely sufficient to pay the fees and extras of this school, together with all other items of expenditure. Lancing, on the other hand, we consider an excellent choice. It is one of the best of the smaller public schools and turns out an excellent type. The Headmaster was once a colleague of our Education Correspondent. He is the sort of man who can and does inspire boys with the right ideals and a virile outlook on life. Failing Lancing, we should (from the list you give) recommend the Imperial Service College.

3. Can you give me some information about —— Preparatory School?

This school labours under a handicap in so far as the "jat" of many of the boys is concerned, but is good in other respects. It is a struggling concern with a most delightful Headmaster, but he is faced with this difficulty—that, in his endeavours to build up the school, *he cannot afford to be selective.*

Neighbouring schools of superior quality require considerably higher fees, and as you are only prepared to pay £90 per annum, we consider you could not do better for the money. We therefore advise that the boy should remain at the school, but you must not expect too much in the way of results, although, as far as character and its moulding is concerned, less harm is probably done by sending a boy to a school of this type rather than to one of a too exotic type.

You say "He is down for Wellington, and I think of putting him down for Stowe in addition." If you are definitely unwilling to pay more than £90 a year for a preparatory school, we cannot help feeling that Stowe (£198 per annum), which strives to emulate the Eton tradition, is hardly the place for your son. Wellington, perhaps, but we would advise you to read again the article on Public Schools which appeared in the October, 1929, FIGHTING FORCES.

Shooting.

1. I should be very glad if you could give me some particulars about wild-fowl shooting?

The best wild-fowl shooting is obtained in Norfolk; see Inquiry Bureau, FIGHTING FORCES, July, 1929. It is best to use both a 12-bore and an 8-bore. Should you wish to know any further details, kindly communicate direct with our Shooting Correspondent, 2, Amen Corner, E.C.4.

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2. I should be grateful if you would advise as to where I can best get a gun fitted to me. I have always used my father's (hammer) gun up to date, but I am leaving for India next month (November) and buying a new gun prior to my departure.

We don't think you can do better than go to Messrs. Atkin of Jermyn Street. They make a beautifully light gun, and lightness is all-important in India, on a long, hot day's shooting. Mention the name of the "Shooting Correspondent," THE FIGHTING FORCES.

3. I want to join a shooting syndicate next winter (1930-31), and am taking your suggestion of making arrangements a long time beforehand. The shoot must be not farther than twenty miles from Aldershot. I can only pay a moderate fee. Kindly let me know if you can arrange this and also what would be the approximate cost?

We have forwarded your letter to our Shooting Correspondent, who will reply to your inquiries in due course. There will be no difficulty in meeting your requirements; in fact, the only difficulty is that it is always best to arrange for a definite day, or days, in the week for the various shoots, and it is not always possible for a soldier to arrange this, except when on leave. As far as expense is concerned, we have no doubt you will get your shooting at a much more moderate rate than you would normally have to pay.

Cars.

1. I have a 14 h.p. Standard car, and was interested in your article "Cars for the Services," in the October FIGHTING FORCES. Although I fully agree with all you have to say about the reliability of "Standards," I must say I have had a good deal of difficulty of late in the matter of starting my car. First thing in the morning, or after a long wait, the self-starter is very "dead," though, as far as I can make out, there is nothing wrong with the battery. Can you advise me on this matter?

Probably excess oil has collected in the clutch casing. This is likely to happen after several months' working. When the oil has reached a certain level, it is apt to flood the starting motor and causes the "deadness" to which you refer. There is a drain plug at the base of the clutch casing in Standard "14's," though, curiously enough, it is not shown in any of the diagrams of the Standard guide book, which you no doubt have. Unscrew the plug and let out the excess oil and you should have no more difficulty.

2. Can you let me have a list of the various makes of cars, together with their prices?

Write to University Motors, Ltd., of 83, Piccadilly, W.1, and ask for their booklet, "The Secret of Successful Leave." It contains an excellent list of cars.

Insurance.

1. I am buying a car for the first time this month. I am paying for it on the monthly instalment plan, and as this is a bit of strain on

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my income I want to pay as little as possible for insurance. Please advise me on this subject.

As we said in our article, "Cars for the Services," in the October, 1929, number of this Journal, the only really satisfactory method of effecting insurance is to have a personal interview with the representative of one of the best-known companies, and we can arrange this for you if you wish. If you really thrash the matter out with him, you should be able to get what you want at a comparatively moderate rate. Remember, the worst form of economy is to deal with some little-known company, offering apparently favourable rates.

2. Can you give me some particulars with regard to Educational Insurance for my two boys, aged nine and six respectively.

We have asked the representative of the —— Company to call on you and discuss the question. It is a very sound form of Insurance, so long as you are resolutely determined not to expend more on annual premiums than you can really afford.

Various.

1. Can you inform me—

(*a*) Whether it is possible to purchase the band scores of the French "clairon," or bugle and trumpet marches, as written for French bands (trumpets)?

(*b*) Where they can be purchased?

As a light infantry man I have been intrigued by the spirited airs one hears used on the march by the French trumpeters—and they seem to be fairly common property in France. Far the liveliest and best that I have heard lately were played by the band of the local fire brigade in Arras last autumn. Their appearance was not as inspiring as their music, for their leader wore a bowler hat with his uniform, while their spot man on the circular horn leaned against a wall with his back to the rest of the band, and the drummer sat on an upturned bucket, with his drum between his knees! Nevertheless, they *could* and *did* play and I have often wondered where one could purchase the "scores" of their music.

We enclose Catalogue des Ouvrages de Musique, Edités par Henri Lemoine et Cie, 17 Rue Pigalle, Paris, which we have obtained from Librairie Hachette, 34, Maiden Lane, London, E.C.4. The catalogue gives a good list of instrumental music, and will, we hope, give you the information you require.

N.B.—As regards inquiries about Housing requirements on retirement or during leave, also about care of children during the holidays, we suggest that such inquiries should be addressed direct to The C. & M. (Civil and Military) Agency, Ltd., Abbey House, Westminster, S.W.1.

The leaflet advertisement of this firm appears in the present number of this Journal. We have interviewed their Managing Director, and can strongly recommend the firm, as being quite out of the ordinary. We have no doubt they do study their clients' needs to a quite remarkable degree. Those who are interested should write for their booklet. "Homing."

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NEW ZEALAND CITRUS PLANTATIONS

NEW ZEALAND has been somewhat neglected in the well-known series of articles "When the Harness is Unbuckled," which have appeared regularly since the inception of this Journal, but we hope to remedy the omission at an early date.

The possibilities of overseas settlement is becoming every day of increasing interest to officers of all three Services, as disarmament looms up more and more vigorously on the horizon. In making their decision there must be many to whom New Zealand offers very considerable attractions. "I have never seen well-being and happiness more uniformly evident throughout the population of country and town." Thus the Prince of Wales in a parting message, when leaving New Zealand in the year 1920, and indeed New Zealand has nearly everything in its favour, except, possibly, its distance from England.

The potentialities of New Zealand as a whole, will be dealt with in a later article. Here we are only concerned with the question of Citrus Plantations, about which we have received some inquiries. The growing of citrus fruits, lemons, oranges, mandarines, grape fruit, apples and passion fruit is a clean, pleasant and generally profitable job, carried out in an equable climate, with good rainfall and plenty of sunshine, and in a country where there is every facility for sport. Those who are interested should, as a first measure, write for the booklet and particulars issued by the New Zealand Citrus Plantations, Ltd., New Zealand Buildings, 429, Strand, W.C.2.

Assuming that every intending settler has a considerable reserve of time in hand, before he contemplates leaving the Service, we suggest that a letter should be written to the Company, asking for the address of a plantation owner who has been in the business for some little time, preferably an ex-officer, and who can give first-hand evidence on the whole question.

Citrus plantations in New Zealand are, as far as our information goes, a sound and attractive class of work which undoubtedly should appeal to the average officer, but individual tastes and capabilities vary enormously, and before a decision is made it must be crystal clear that the venture is really suitable to the individual concerned.

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WHERE LIFE IS GOOD

IN the July, 1929, issue of THE FIGHTING FORCES there appeared an article entitled "Nova Scotia for the Ex-officer," by Mrs. Beatrice M. Hay-Shaw. This article, which was one of the well-known series, "When the Harness is Unbuckled," aroused a considerable amount of interest, as, indeed, was only to be expected, for Nova Scotia possesses unique characteristics which cannot fail to attract officers of all three services who contemplate settlement overseas after their retirement. With a view to giving further information about this charming province, we publish below "A Foreword," by the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, to a pamphlet entitled "Where Life is Good." Those who would like to read this pamphlet should apply to The Agent-General for Nova Scotia (Dept. F.F.), 2, 3 and 4, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

TO OUR BRITISH KINSMEN

A FOREWORD

By His Honour JAMES CRANSWICK TORY, Esq., LL.D.

(Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.)

The attractions offered to-day by Nova Scotia to the man in Great Britain with some ready capital and an assured income merit his earnest attention.

The British settler discovers in Nova Scotia a country of varied resources in farming, fruit growing, mining, fishing and lumbering. He enjoys abundant scope for his energies and business aptitude; attractive social conditions, a bracing climate, sunny skies, appealing scenery and an abundance of outdoor sport. He finds that Nova Scotia affords his children a modern system of education, both cultural and technical, and a promising field for their future careers.

We in Nova Scotia love this beautiful country, and we should like to share our opportunities and our recreations with appreciative kinsfolk who are seeking a fuller and more satisfying life under the British flag. It is for the benefit of such that this book has been written, for despite a fascinating history and a strategic commercial situation this Province is not as yet well known in the Mother Country as it ought to

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be. Nova Scotia is probably more familiar to the Army and Navy than to any other class, as Halifax has been a favourite station for British soldiers and sailors.

Nova Scotia's day has now arrived. I believe the Province is entering upon an era of prosperity founded upon the development of basic industries. No country on the American Continent is better situated as regards the great consuming markets of Great Britain, the West Indies and the United States. It may with truth be said that, relatively speaking, the markets of the world are at our doors.

I should like to see more of our comfortable homesteads in the hands of British settlers. Available at moderate cost, these properties are subject to no burdensome taxation, and owing to the relative nearness of the Province to Great Britain, Britishers may spend a holiday in the Homeland every year at a minimum outlay of time and money. He who will seize one of these opportunities in this progressive country will find his lot cast in pleasant places, and his children will enjoy a goodly heritage.

JAMES C. TORY.

GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
HALIFAX,
NOVA SCOTIA.

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WHEN THE HARNESS IS UNBUCKLED

20.—EMPIRE SETTLEMENT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

By W. L. Speight.

THE Union of South Africa has not definitely committed itself to any scheme of Empire settlement for ex-service men or for retired officers of the various military services, but organizations like the 1820 Settlers' Association are furthering such schemes on their own. Many retired officers seeking congenial employment in South Africa have found these societies as useful for their purpose as an official department.

Just after the late war a large number of officers from all services settled in South Africa. A percentage may have returned to England with unsatisfactory reports about the country, but many who remained are now making satisfactory incomes, principally from agricultural work. Those who came out under the scheme of any association were advised to have at least £3,000 in hand, and this is the advice they give to-day. Where possible, these organizations are willing to assist deserving officers from their own funds. A few officers who were willing to take the risk have made notable successes of South African farms, which they have developed with no more than their retired pay and a few hundred pounds capital. Unless, however, the officer has a sound knowledge of agriculture, a sure faith in himself, and the readiness to persevere in the face of all setbacks, this course is not to be advised.

The point to be emphasized particularly is that most fruitful opportunities in South Africa for men of the retired officer type are mainly in farming, and that to undertake such work successfully capital is required. A few retired naval and military officers have found excellent possibilities in journalism and publicity work in South Africa; but, like the professions and commerce, special qualifications are required before one can succeed here.

Although retired officers from the regular services are not settling in South Africa in large numbers, during the last ten years many have taken up farms in various parts of

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the country, especially in the Transvaal and the Cape, where after a few years of striving and hard work they are now making comfortable incomes from their fruit farms or cattle ranches. Naval and army officers are to be found in the Sundays River Valley Settlement, where they are growing large quantities of citrus. During 1929 one officer settler expects to get nearly 10,000 cases of fruit, that will probably average £1 a case in London, from his orchards. Others have similarly optimistic reports to make.

A major from one of the cavalry regiments is among the officers cattle farming in Natal. This officer's bulls are a feature of the Natal agricultural shows, and he is known throughout South Africa as a breeder of excellent pedigree bulls. A Royal Navy commander is going in for dairy farming on a large and very up-to-date style, while the ranks of the Natal sugar planters now contain retired officers from every branch of the regular military services. Natal is particularly fond of the British officer type, and unofficially is doing much to encourage it to settle there. South Africa as a whole also recognizes its merits, but the warmest welcome is undoubtedly that extended by Rhodesia. Several settlement schemes are in force here, where tobacco growing, fruit farming, cattle ranching and other agricultural work yields many opportunities.

Officers are occasionally given partly developed farms in suitable areas, repayment for which is made on an easy system after land has begun to yield. Loans for development purposes can also be obtained, the interest on these advances rarely being higher than four per cent. South Africa is also willing to give similar assistance, but no distinction from other types of immigrant is made in favour of retired officers.

A proportion of the regular officer settlers in South Africa and Rhodesia have come out on their own, but most have been guided by the advice of experienced friends or of organizations like the 1820 Settlers' Association, whose main aim is to settle men of the retired officer type in South Africa. Most of the men so brought out have been found farms in the eastern districts of the Cape Province, where a large number of old English and Scotch families are occupying large estates. New arrivals are assisted with stocking their farms ; they are told what is the best use for the land they have ; and they are also encouraged to take special courses in agricultural subjects at the various colleges of agriculture.

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Retired officers eager to farm in South Africa may be allotted Crown lands if they first apply through the High Commissioner in London. Here they may learn the terms and conditions under which these lands may either be leased or purchased from the Government. It is worth pointing out that among the conditions are personal occupation of the lands so obtained and the effecting of certain improvements. All mineral rights on Crown lands are retained by the Government, and an occupier may not sub-let, mortgage or transfer an allotment without authority. Where required loans up to £500 for purchase of implements, seeds and other necessities can be obtained from the Government. The Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia will gladly forward all particulars to officers desiring to settle in that colony, where it is also possible to lease or purchase Crown lands.

Agriculture in all its aspects has most charms for the officer settler in South Africa. Here he will find most opportunities to succeed, as well as work that will keep him in the open most of his time, and in other ways prove congenial to a man who has led an active life in many parts of the world. Living in South Africa is not particularly expensive, the climate is healthy and bracing, while farming areas are often situated within easy motor drive of the larger towns, where social amenities of many sorts may be enjoyed. Officers who have served for many years in India and find England's climate uncongenial may also turn confidently to South Africa.

Special areas may have a certain appeal to men who have suffered repeatedly from malaria or other diseases contracted while carrying out military duties, but the country as a whole has so remarkable a regularity of mean annual temperature that it is excellent for settling in. Cape Town has a mean annual temperature of 62.6 degrees, while that of Pretoria is 63.5 degrees, which is equal to that of an English summer at its best or that of a popular Mediterranean resort. Officers who have settled on farms in the hotter regions have found sunstroke extremely rare. Although the coastal districts are liable on occasion to very hot, dry winds, these rarely last more than a few hours. They are oppressive, but even to the man who has not endured Indian heat at its worst they are not so serious as a summer heat wave in London.

Agricultural settlement in South Africa is subject to vicissitudes. In 1928 officer settlers in the Sundays River

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Valley, the Kat River Valley and other districts of the Cape suffered serious setbacks from the drought, which was at its height during 1927, but spread its influence over the following year. During 1929 steady recovery was made, however. Many new settlers from the services arrived, some purchasing partly developed farms and others taking over virgin land, most of which was planted with citrus.

The first years of such farms have tried the mettle of their holders, but hard work and grit tells in the end and brings it own reward. The profit from citrus farms depends upon the extent of the orchards. In the Transvaal, one or two men whose names figure on the British Army retired list have farms with over 40,000 orange trees, on which the annual profit is sometimes £5,000. In the Cape citrus orchards owned by officer settlers rarely contain more than 15,000 trees, but the high grade of fruit obtained generally compensates for this.

Any sort of fruit growing in South Africa is not work for the officer who is not willing to experiment, to be taught by his neighbours and by experienced instructors. Success comes easiest to those who set out from the first to learn the ropes, to those who recognize that fruit-growing practices that serve excellently in England are not always suited to South Africa. Several officers have failed at fruit farming in South Africa mainly because they have overlooked this elementary fact.

The settler must be willing to do his best to understand the country and its farming methods, to adopt it and its people wholeheartedly. That is the type of person the Union welcomes.

To step aside from our main argument, it should be pointed out that there are sometimes vacant managerships on large farms owned by syndicates for which retired officers who have undergone a course of training in the desired branch of agriculture are eligible. These posts cover every branch of farming.

Cotton growing may have enticed South African farmers from their ordinary line of business, but it has not yet had much appeal for officer settlers in South Africa, very few of whom have taken up this branch of agriculture. The main trouble is poor irrigation. Where the soil and district are suitable and water is plentiful this is a profitable crop, even where planting delays are inevitable.

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On the whole, however, until South Africa has more irrigation schemes cotton growing must remain risky, although satisfactory returns have been received on a few holdings, one the property of a retired R.G.A. captain. Irrigation is an essential element in all forms of farming in the Union. That it is not developed as much as it should be is a fact the officer settler must face. The intending settler should, in fact, be extremely careful before he ventures on cotton farming and should, as a general rule, discount any optimistic reports that he may hear about this form of agriculture. Generally speaking, it is inadvisable to say more than that with good water supplies and efficient agricultural practice, a settler should make about £8 an acre. Those who are most skilled and favoured in other ways may even exceed a return of £10 per acre.

Tobacco growing has more fruitful opportunities. Farms devoted to this are found in parts of the Cape, in the Transvaal and Rhodesia, where it is produced in steadily increasing quantities. The Transvaal has several important tobacco districts. These include Barberton, the Magaliesberg, Piet Retief and the Vaal River area. Virginian tobacco is the chief product here and in such parts of the Cape as Oudtshoorn and the Kat River Valley. Turkish tobacco is grown in the Western province. Several retired officers who have taken up tobacco growing find that they can comfortably manage farms up to thirty acres in extent. The return from these varies between £30 and £45 per acre. Although it is sometimes said that it is within the power of all taking up this sort of farming to make an average of £45 on an acre of tobacco, few have succeeded in doing so. It would be better for the officer settler to consider £30 an acre a return more within his powers.

Men who have held responsible positions in the services for many years generally realize the need for keeping their eyes open to opportunities. South Africans have overlooked the merits of the raspberry, which were recognized by a retired R.A.F. squadron leader soon after he had settled in the Union. Learning that in 1924 a South African jam factory failed to obtain the five tons of fruit they expected that Rand growers could supply, he determined to go in for raspberry cultivation on a large scale. The demand in South Africa for this fruit is very much greater than the supply. In spite of the efforts of local growers large quantities have

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to be imported. This will only stop when scores of growers devote all their attention to this fruit. Many other opportunities of this sort are to be found by the vigilant. Only improved raspberry plants that will give prolonged bearing are grown.

Every retired officer who wishes may find suitable opportunities in South Africa's sunny climate. Most recognize that the appeal of different sorts of farming varies with the individual, and that to get a return from a chosen branch it is necessary to do more than merely sink a few thousand pounds in it. No sudden decision should be made. It is necessary to investigate thoroughly, choose carefully and then do one's best.

21.—SOME IMPRESSIONS OF SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM A SETTLER'S POINT OF VIEW.

By Major E. P. Yeates.

MY first impression of South Africa was distinctly favourable. On arrival at Cape Town I was met by the representative of the 1820 Memorial Settlers' Association, under the auspices of which organization I had come out. This gentleman at once asked for my Customs Declaration Form. On receiving it he looked it over and scrutinized the values I had put on the dutiable articles I was bringing with me. He then took me to the Customs officer, who passed the form without much difficulty and without opening a single box. I found myself driving off to my hotel while the other passengers were just beginning to fumble for their keys. It was cheering to feel that the settler was really welcome, and that very practical steps were taken to smooth his path. My next impression was of pleasant surprise at seeing people playing tennis at midday without hats, although it was the end of February, which is the hottest time of the year. This made one realize that the sun, however strong it might seem, was very different from the Indian variety.

Soon, however, I saw something of the other side of the picture. I found a large part of the country in the grip of an unusually prolonged drought. Pasture was burnt up and eaten down to the ground, the cattle bore a painful resemblance

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to their Indian cousins, and relief funds were being opened for the farmers in the most seriously affected areas. Fortunately, however, it was nearing its end ; a few weeks later copious rains fell which completely altered the aspect of the country. Many a settler who had not had time to establish himself before the drought set in, was just saved from ruin by this rain, though some had already abandoned their holdings and gone to the towns to seek whatever work they could find.

The climate of the Union, on the whole, is excellent, but it is no more possible to generalize about it than to sum up in a few words the climate of India. Suffice it to say that winter is dry, sunny and invigorating, much like the cold weather in the northern Punjab, but colder at the higher altitudes ; while the summer, though distinctly hot, is not oppressive except during occasional short spells when the thermometer runs up above 100°. The rainy season generally is the summer, except round the Cape, where it is the winter. One cannot fail to be struck by the healthy appearance of South Africans in general ; the children especially are noticeably well set up and fresh faced. If one has any doubts as to the stamina of the race one has only to visit a Rugby football match. To one with memories of the mud and cold of Twickenham or Lansdowne Road it will seem strange to start out with the thermometer standing at 80° in the shade, as is often the case at the beginning or end of the season, and to find the female portion of the spectators clad in filmy white frocks and armed with sunshades, while the referee wears white ducks and tennis shoes ! However, the play is none the less vigorous for that, as the All Blacks have recently found to their cost.

Living is somewhat cheaper than in England, if one avoids imported goods. Food on the whole is good, with the exception of beef, which is invariably time-expired trek-ox ! The great advantage which South Africa holds over the other Dominions is that there is a plentiful supply of native labour, which relieves the settler and, more important still, his wife, from the drudgery of having to perform menial tasks. Servants, it is true, are not so good as those in India, but they are cheap, and with careful training, can be made quite efficient. Houses, as a rule, are comfortable—one-storey buildings of the bungalow type, with wide stoeps. The ceilings are usually rather low, which, combined with

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corrugated iron roofs, makes them anything but cool in summer. The chief defect, away from the larger towns, is the sanitation, which is primitive.

The majority of English people who come out to South Africa do so with the intention of taking up farming. Since the war about 5,000 settlers have been placed on the land by the 1820 Settlers' Association. There is no doubt that farming holds prospects of a healthy life and a moderate income to those who are endowed with common sense and a capacity for hard work; but South Africa, owing to its droughts, its occasional floods and its pests, is not an easy country to farm in. Sheep farming probably offers the best prospects, and is one of the pleasantest lives, but fruit farming, dairying and mixed farming are all successfully carried on by settlers, where they have bought land judiciously. The golden rule for the settler is to take his time, and not to sink his capital until he has been a year or two in the country, and has a sound idea of the line he wishes to take up. Almost all the failures may be traced to men having bought land after a few months in the country—sometimes before leaving England. This, of course, is asking for trouble. From the writer's observation, necessarily somewhat limited, the most successful settlers are the middle-aged married men, who, once they have taken up their land, throw their whole heart into its development. The young bachelor usually feels the loneliness when he gets a farm of his own and is apt suddenly to decide to sell out and try his luck on the diamond diggings or as a motor salesman. However, no doubt both types are useful to the country, though here, as elsewhere, the rolling stone is likely to gather no moss.

The chief drawback to farm life is the loneliness, except on small holdings, such as fruit or irrigation farms. However, this is not likely to worry the settler much, as his days will be amply filled with work; at week-ends people usually manage to foregather and have some amusement. Many of the country towns have good clubs, where men can play bridge and see the papers. There is also usually a tennis club in each district which meets once a week, but there seems to be a lack of the gymkhana type of club, where a man and his wife can go and spend the evening playing tennis or bridge or dancing. The consequence is that on a Saturday evening one may usually observe a number of cars drawn up outside the club, each occupied by a more or less exasperated wife,

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while her lord and master is having one more rubber inside! For the rest, the newcomer may be assured of receiving a warm welcome from his neighbours, as South Africans, like most dwellers in sparsely populated countries, are very hospitable. He will find the average South African very pleasant to meet, and quite free from the tendency, noticeable in some of our Colonial cousins, to glorify everything pertaining to themselves and their land at the expense of the Mother Country.

There are many problems in South Africa awaiting solution; in no country does political feeling run higher. Foremost is the racial question—English versus Dutch. The papers resound with the polemics of politicians, and much bitterness certainly exists; one cannot doubt, however, that time will largely obliterate it. Many factors tend to bring the two races together; the advance of education, travel and, perhaps most of all, Rugby football, to which the Dutch are even more devoted than the British. When Jan Pienaar and Bill Smith play in the same three-quarter line or share the rigours of the scrum on many a hard-fought field, they cannot fail to have a sound mutual understanding. The most serious problem confronting the country, however, is the native question, which looms threateningly over the future. At present the native outnumbers the white man by about four to one; it is calculated that in a few decades his high birth rate will have doubled this preponderance. So far only the glimmerings of his intelligence have been stirred, but before long the heady wine of education will take its effect. His claims to equality, both political and economic, are becoming more and more insistent, while the Government seeks to stem the tide by plans for segregation of the native, by the Colour Bar Bill, which seeks to prevent him from performing skilled labour and similar measures. There are signs, however, that the more advanced thinkers of South Africa are prepared to deal with the matter in a statesmanlike way, and are endeavouring to afford an outlet for the legitimate aspirations of the natives. It is no easy task, they will need both goodwill and vision; it has yet to be proved that the two communities—white and native—can dwell together without the interests of one side being sacrificed.

Serving officers who, in view of their approaching retirement, are seeking somewhere with a more genial climate than that of England in which to settle, might do well to take

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one of their furloughs to South Africa. The Home leave allowance is unfortunately too short to permit of more than a flying visit, but the man who is stationed in India could easily arrange it, if he is prepared to forgo a visit to England. Boats run direct from India to Natal; the voyage is usually pleasant, without any extremes of heat or cold. The Indian leave season will bring him to South Africa in winter, which will give him any bracing up he may require; but he can choose his climate by varying his altitudes and latitude. Hotels are cheap and reasonably good, but the visitor will have the pleasantest, as well as the cheapest, time if he goes to stay on a farm. Numerous farmers are glad to take in a paying guest, as much for the sake of his company as of his money. For about £2 a week he will obtain plain wholesome food and comfortable though not luxurious quarters. He will have shooting, riding, perhaps tennis, and the general life of the farm to amuse him, and, perhaps best of all, he will have a thorough change, and will see a completely fresh side of life.

Those who are unable to pay a previous visit to South Africa should, in any case, explore every avenue of information available, and should, for example, not neglect to make inquiries from a well-known bank whose main interests are in the country. The Standard Bank of South Africa may be mentioned in this connection, with its 400 branches scattered throughout South, East and Central Africa. The Bank's organization is very wide and in close touch with African affairs through their local managers, and officials of this bank are always ready to give intending settlers information and advice. The potentialities and value of banks in this question of overseas settlement are, we think, somewhat apt to be overlooked by Service personnel. To those at home who are interested, a visit to the London office of the Standard Bank of South Africa, in Clement's Lane, Lombard Street, is likely to be productive of good results.

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CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of " The Fighting Forces."

December 11th, 1929.

DEAR SIR,

On reading the October, 1929, number of THE FIGHTING FORCES (page 446) I noticed the following paragraph in the article " Reminiscences of an Officer's Wife " :—

" Only one incident arose, and that was an attempt on the troop train, taking back the 10th Hussars, when the troops dispersed after the King's visit. The train was derailed, but it was one carrying horses mainly ; most of the poor beasts had to be destroyed, though curiously enough we came across one of the survivors in the gunner lines at Aldershot the other day."

It appears to me that the lady who wrote the article was not fully informed as regards the exact details of what might have been an appalling disaster, for if the carriages had been flung down the embankment, as the trucks were, the loss of life would have been terrible.

I enclose a short account of what actually happened.

The sergeant who was killed went through the Great War from 1915 to the end, was wounded twice and slightly gassed ; he was in the last few months of his service and was engaged to be married. He was one of the best Hotchkiss gunners in the Regiment and was liked by all.

Yours faithfully,

" HUSSAR."

When the King visited Belfast to open Parliament in 1921 the 10th Royal Hussars were chosen to provide the escort and line part of the route of the Royal Procession.

This was accomplished successfully and the 10th Hussars then returned by rail to their temporary station, which was, at the time, the Hare Park Camp, The Curragh.

The first train reached its destination safely, but disaster overwhelmed the second conveying the men and horses of " B " Squadron, with a few men of " H.Q." Squadron, under the command of Capt. Lord William Scott, M.C.

The train had left Adavoyle and was proceeding down the slight incline towards Newry when the engine exploded a land mine. The centre of the train was instantly derailed and breaking the couplings crashed into a field thirty feet below. This part of the train was composed chiefly of cattle trucks full of horses, most of which were smashed like bits of matchwood.

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Amongst these trucks was also a guard's van in which a guard was travelling and a Hotchkiss gun crew consisting of Sergt. Dowson, Ptes. Harper and Telford, who were on duty with a Hotchkiss gun. These four men were terribly injured and must have died instantaneously.

One of the carriages conveying the officers and men was telescoped and three men were seriously injured and five or six slightly, whilst most of the remainder sustained bruises or shock.

The remaining carriages, although most of them were derailed, escaped destruction. One was tilted over the embankment and it is difficult to understand why it did not crash into the field below.

The cries of the dying horses were terrible, and dozens of horses had to be shot because they could not be got out of the wreckage and were being kicked to death by the others. One little pack pony which had survived some of the most strenuous times in the Great War was uninjured, but was so wedged in between dead and dying horses and broken trucks that it had to be shot.

The full list of casualties is as follows :—

One Guard ...
Sergt. Dowson
Pte. Harper ...
Pte. Telford ...
} Killed.

L./Cpl. Crosby
Pte. Arkinson
} Seriously injured and had to be invalided from the Army permanently disabled.

Pte. Bodill — Seriously injured, but recovered.

S.Q.M.S. Denniss and four or five others slightly injured.

Horses :—

84 killed.

25 injured and were destroyed or died later.

The total strength was about 120 men and 114 horses.

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THE BOOKSHELF

WOLFE AND NORTH AMERICA. By LIEUT.-COL. F. E. WHITTON, C.M.G. Benn. 21s. net.

Colonel Whitton has accomplished with his usual skill what others have so often attempted with unreadable results. He has succeeded in grafting a biography upon a long and intricate stretch of history without losing touch with his principal subject and without irritating the reader with frequent and irrelevant digressions. It detracts nothing from this achievement to say that the life of General Wolfe is peculiarly suited for such treatment. Indeed, any other course must be arduous for the writer and still more painful for the reader. Shorn of its historical background, there is surprisingly little incident that can endow a biography of Wolfe with any sustained interest until the culminating point is reached upon the Heights of Abraham. Unlike that of so many great captains, the life of Wolfe was little crossed by intrigues, amatory or political, which lend colour to, if they do not provide edification from, the lives of a Saxe, a Peterborough or a Wallenstein. Neither, in default of these intrigues, has Wolfe to his credit such a tale of campaigns and victories as swell the lives of a Marlborough or a Wellington. But like " Single-speech " Hamilton his title to fame—and it is a considerable one—rests upon one event, and that a victory of the highest order. Every schoolboy knows the story of the capture of Quebec; but take this away and there is surprisingly little to tell of Wolfe's short and rather simple life. Commissioned before he was fifteen, a captain at seventeen, a colonel at twenty-three, he died a general when only two-and-thirty. It was just this death, and the circumstances surrounding it, that has been responsible for much of the general misconceptions connected with Wolfe. With that popular and sentimental tendency to attribute immediately to one who dies in the hour of victory the eventual results of the war, claims have commonly been made on his behalf which Wolfe, who did not altogether take a very modest reckoning of his abilities, would certainly have denied had he lived. To believe that French Canada came clattering down like a pack of cards as the result of Wolfe's capture of Quebec is hardly flattering to Wolfe's genius. More than that, this view is not to be borne out by facts. As Colonel Whitton very properly points out on more than one occasion, so acute became the position of the victorious British Army in the months succeeding Wolfe's death, that any reasonable energy on the part of the French Home Government would probably have completely turned the tables.

Wolfe had many noble gifts—those of leadership, courage, inspiration—but the conquest of Canada was not, and could not have been, his work alone or any one man's work. Wolfe did his share superbly. But Amherst at Montreal and Hawke at Quiberon Bay were no less participants in the conquest of Canada—the former directly, the latter indirectly. Neither Army nor Navy alone could have accomplished such an undertaking. It was only through a successful combination

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of the two that North America passed to the British flag. As leader of one of the most brilliant amphibious expeditions in recorded history, the name of Wolfe is justly held in honour.

THE WEARY ROAD. RECOLLECTIONS OF A SUBALTERN OF INFANTRY. By CHARLES DOUIE. John Murray. 6s.

After wading through a welter of sordid detail and stark realism which is fast becoming the characteristic mark of the contemporary war book, it is an inexpressible delight to meet with a book the author of which can be descriptive without being "purple," vivid without being nauseating, poignant without being harrowing. The outpourings of Herr Remarque and others, and the almost hysterical enthusiasm with which they have been received by the British public, is likely to colour the vision of an annually increasing population to whom the Great War was little more than a name—"a thing spoken of in childhood." Not altogether appreciating that what comes from Germany is a literature of defeat, an offspring of disappointment and disillusionment, the rising generation will be in danger of attributing to their elders the same sentiments and feelings as inspired a now dispirited German war generation. To this "defeatist" movement Charles Douie's *Weary Road* has become as a corrective no less masterly than timely. Only an incorrigible pacifist will deny that "there never was a body of men less imbued with militarism than the armies of 1914, and that they fought, suffered and died in the belief that they were defending not only the right of their country to order its own affairs, but the hard-won emancipation of free peoples of the world from militarism . . ." Or, again, that "many, I believe most, soldiers would say at the end of the weary road which for four years they trod, what a certain pilgrim said after passing through the Slough of Despond and the Valley of the Shadow of Death, 'Yet now I do not repent me.'"

It is unusual to find in one who "was not, and never became, a professional soldier" such unqualified praise for the Regular Army. "During my period of service with the 1st Battalion of my regiment (The Dorsets)" writes Mr. Douie, "I learned to admire the qualities of the Army which took the field in August of 1914. These qualities are commonly overlooked, except in time of war. The Regular Army is not in the habit of singing its own praises. It has no publicity department." The consequence has been, as the writer points out in a noble passage with reference to the armies of 1914, that "those armies are silent; death has taken a toll of all but a remnant, and that remnant, never very articulate, have now no spokesman who has the literary gifts to tell their story with justice and truth."

Mr. Douie is unduly modest. Incidentally he has defended the Old Army, but he has done more. He has written quite without exception the greatest war book that has yet appeared—superb in style, restraint and narrative power. It is written with neither bitterness nor mocking, disillusionment nor despair. Rather the simple idealism of "one who never turned his back but marched breast forward."

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THE PERSONALITY OF NAPOLEON. By J. HOLLAND ROSE. Bell. 3s. 6d.

The reappearance of Professor Holland Rose's masterpiece at a price which brings it within reach of even the most modest purse is to be cordially welcomed, for it is one of those rare books that leave no more to be said on the subject with which they deal. The author analyses Napoleon's character with unerring skill, and he comes to the conclusion that the Emperor's phenomenal success in everything he undertook was the real cause of his ultimate failure; for he came to despise his opponents, both on the battlefield and in the council-chamber, and at the end that was his undoing.

Almost reluctantly, even the admirers of Napoleon will be forced by the evidence of these pages to admit that he was not what is known as a gentleman, and the author, who is more than fair to him, rates him lower than Julius Cæsar, both as a ruler and as a man. His behaviour at St. Helena shows that Napoleon could stand adversity better than success, but his native Corsican vindictiveness prevents any real respect being felt for his character. In this book Professor Holland Rose discusses his subject both as a soldier and as a statesman; but, whatever the part he was playing, Napoleon never knew when to stop. As a study of one of the great figures of history this work is *hors concours*, and the lapse of seventeen years since its first publication has in no way diminished its value.

BRITISH STRATEGY. A STUDY OF THE APPLICATION OF THE PRINCIPLES OF WAR. By MAJOR-GEN. SIR FREDERICK MAURICE. Constable. 10s.

"I welcome this book," says Sir George Milne, in his Introduction, "because, unlike most books on strategy, it is written in language which will appeal to the average reader." Here, in fact, lies the chief charm of the present volume. It is singularly free from the complicated academic phraseology and the somewhat pedantic outlook of the Continental strategists of the past, and, in fact, of certain of our own modern military writers and critics. Whatever it may have been in olden days, warfare is not now an academic study. The growing influence of the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, the whole modern outlook on warfare generally, and the realization that war is, as Sir Frederick points out, "a tremendous social cataclysm affecting every part of the national life," these factors, taken in conjunction with the amazing social and industrial developments that have taken place since 1918, must necessarily revolutionize all our ideas on the subject. There is no officer, and, indeed, in these days of higher education, no N.C.O. nor man, who will not be the better for reading this sane consideration of British strategy.

After some quite excellent preliminary chapters, the author discusses each of the Principles of War in turn, as defined in the latest edition of the Field Service Regulations, and examines them with special reference to their application to the problems of the defence of the British Empire. The chapter on "The Principle of the Offensive" is especially well worth reading. We must allow ourselves one note

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of criticism with regard to the chapter on " The Principle of Co-operation." The author, here, does not seem to be on quite such sure ground as elsewhere in the book. This principle is, unlike some of the others, so self-evident that it scarcely requires the citation of historical precedent to prove its value. What we want to know is the opinion of so distinguished a soldier and writer as the author on co-operation between the three Services as it is practised to-day. Have the woeful defects that came to light during the Great War been made good ? Has the creation of a sub-committee of the three Chiefs of Staff really assured practical co-operation for the future ? What are the author's views on the Fleet Air Arm, that somewhat remarkable compromise between the warring views of the Admiralty and Air Ministry ? Possibly Sir Frederick Maurice may regard such considerations as being outside the scope of the present volume. It is, however, a remarkable fact that every Service writer of distinction seems to skate round the discussion of these rather contentious subjects.

NELSON. By C. S. FORESTER. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

Perhaps no naval character has been favoured with such a wealth of biography and personal literature as the immortal Nelson, and in Mr. Forester's study we have yet another " life," viewed, however, from a slightly novel and attractive angle—that of the modern biography. The volume is delightfully readable, and, as a key to a more intimate study from other sources, is invaluable. The author's style is easy and most pleasing ; its very directness charms, just as the mellifluous prose of Southey was apt to jar. We think, however, Mr. Forester was ill advised to venture on an attempt at comparison between the naval war conditions of the Nelson epoch and the conditions as seen during the Great War. Even experts fail in such an attempt, but when a layman, if we may venture so to term the author, seeks to leap the Jutland hurdle, the result is not entirely happy.

MEN-O'-WAR. By CAPTAIN TAPRELL DORLING, D.S.O., R.N. Philip Allan. 15s.

Captain Dorling's retirement from the active list coincided almost with the publication of his delightful volume of biographical studies of famous seamen, and, if it is to be taken as an omen, then the loss to the service is the gain of the literary world. No more apt title than " Men-o'-War " could be chosen to describe the careers of such men as St. Vincent, Cochran, Marryat, Fisher and Beresford. The studies are critical and analytical to a degree, and, in some cases, productive of interesting comparison. For instance, the author states boldly that St. Vincent was a greater man than " Jacky " Fisher, but was he ? There must be many who would like to combat this assertion, and in any case, it is to be presumed that the author had not at his disposal Admiral Bacon's " Life of Lord Fisher," which appeared later on.

The tendency to amass figures and statistics is one to which many biographers are prone to succumb, but " Taffrail " has not only avoided it most skilfully in a Strachey-like manner, but has produced a series

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of studies at once authoritative and enjoyable. It is possibly a coincidence that Marryat should have been included, for it would seem that his mantle has fallen upon " Taffrail's " shoulders.

FERDINAND MAGELLAN. By G. F. BENSON. The Golden Hind Series. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

But for the passage of the Strait which bears his name, it is conceivably possible that Magellan would have passed on into the limbo of those early mariners who died unhonoured and unsung. But he made this passage, named an ocean—or, perhaps, misnamed it—Pacific, circumnavigated the globe for the first time, and his memory lives for ever. Of the man himself little is known, but from such means of research as do exist, Mr. Benson has produced this charming volume, a very worthy successor to the companion works in the now well-known " Golden Hind " Series.

Mr. Benson's delightful narrative dwells on the search for the Spice Islands, the influence of the Papal bull, Magellan's treatment at the hands of the Portuguese monarch, his enlistment in the service of Spain, and his great voyage, through all its trials and perils, and, finally, the death of the great leader. The book is, frankly, a masterpiece.

TIMES OF STRESS. By COLONEL LIONEL JAMES. Murray. 12s.

In a sense this is a sequel to *High Pressure*, which was reviewed in our columns in April last, and to those who liked that book its successor can be cordially recommended. Colonel James is one of those comparatively rare, and certainly charmed, individuals who has the happy knack not only of getting to the place where important events are happening, but also of being able to describe them afterwards. Within the covers of this volume he narrates in his own inimitable style adventures with the Spaniards—surely in those days the worst led troops in Europe—in Morocco, and with the Italians in Tripoli, in a Russian naval mutiny at Sevastopol, and, last but by no means least, with Mr. Winston Churchill in Sidney Street.

Of the innumerable amazing adventures in which the author has played a part, the most remarkable was, without doubt, that in which he assisted in getting a copy of the Serbian reply to the Austrian ultimatum before it had been officially drafted. It would be unfair to Colonel James to explain how this particular feat was accomplished, but if his book contained nothing else it would be worth the money for this alone.

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE. By MARY BORDEN. Heinemann. 6s.

A vast, incomprehensible, mud-choked, blood-soaked war. So it appeared to a woman working in the " Zone Interdite " of the French armies. She saw a magnificent peasant stock, stoically accepting death and mutilation, a ceaseless stream of men flowing towards the front line and a seemingly unending ebb-tide of the shattered and the dying.

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Miss Borden's super-charged style gives her work a startling, brutal reality, beside which tales of Florence Nightingale's work at Scutari are like quiet silver engravings, but the effect is irresistible. The patience of tired troops, the gradual submergence of a countryside, the hurrying, urgent, efficient surgeons and, above all, the lonely cry of a blinded man, are all related with remorseless truth. We are glad to meet for a brief instance the two British soldiers whose quiet, unemotional demeanour touches a responsive chord. A book that should certainly be read.

THE ASSYRIANS AND THEIR NEIGHBOURS. By the REV. W. A. WIGRAM. Bell. 15s.

The title of this book is not quite an accurate description of its contents, for it is rather a history of the Nestorian Church than of the Assyrians; and the author does not appear to be acquainted with Mr. Gadd's monograph on the fall of Nineveh. At any rate, he starts his narrative rather later than one would have expected had he been familiar with it. At the same time, the work is of absorbing interest, and Mr. Wigram's erudition is little short of miraculous. Particularly valuable is his account of the Parthian monarchy, which has always received insufficient attention from scholars, while his belief that the decay of the Middle East really dates from the Mongol invasions is almost certainly well-founded.

Of the uprooting of the remnant of the Assyrian nation as a result of the late war the author has much to say, and he censures, apparently with considerable justification, the attitude of the League of Nations towards these unfortunate people. His suggested solution of the problem is, that they should be assigned territory in Iraq, and that their military qualities should be utilized by their enrolment in King Feisal's army. He admits, however, that this is rather a counsel of perfection for a Moslem ruler, and he is obviously rather despondent about the prospects of the ancient race he loves, and with which he is clearly so well acquainted.

OPEN HOUSE IN FLANDERS. By THE BARONESS ERNEST DE LA GRANGE. John Murray & Co. 15s. net.

Later on the evening of October 11th, 1914, a British officer roused the châtelaine of la Motte au Bois with a request that on the morrow she would provide for the billetting of the staff of the 1st British Cavalry Corps. Thereafter, with scarcely a break, until the German advance in March, 1918, made life impossible at La Motte, the Baroness Ernest de la Grange played the compulsory but very willing hostess to a succession of British generals and their staffs. Generals Allenby, Pulteney, Birdwood, Godley and du Cane in turn enjoyed the hospitality of her chateau; and the manner in which they kept in touch with her throughout and since the war is ample evidence as to her capabilities and charm as a hostess. Indeed, it would have been hard to have chanced upon a woman more thoroughly fitted for the difficult and unusual duties she was called upon to perform or more amply endowed with the tact which their performance required. She is witty, she is

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intrepid; she is equal to any emergency; she rises to any occasion from an unexpected visit by King George to the ingenious confidences of a love-sick Australian Tommy. In effect she was very much of an adopted mother to all such of the British Army, who were fortunate enough to come her way, and quite in the approved maternal manner she treats them all without respect to rank, as necessary but rather unruly children.

If the authoress contributes little original information of value to the study of the war, her diary throws light upon the events of 1914-1918 from an entirely novel aspect. Living for three and a half years under the same roof as Headquarters Staff, and within twenty miles of the Ypres Salient, the authoress's war experiences were, for a woman, probably unique. It is altogether fortunate that they happened to one possessing the wit and the ability to make the utmost use of them.

THE WHITE MUTINY. By SIR ALEXANDER CARDEW. Constable. 12s. 6d.

It will be news to many people that there ever has been a mutiny of British officers on a large scale, yet in the year 1809 this surprising thing happened in the East India Company's regiments in Madras, both European and native. "At many of the large Army stations the officers of the Company's regiments avowed themselves ready for any act of daring revolt. They encouraged one another in treason; they talked of fighting against a tyrannical Government in defence of their rights to the last drop of their blood." Treason was by no means confined to mere utterances; it would, however, be unfair to disclose what happened, the grievances which led to the mutiny, and the means by which it was eventually suppressed. This most interesting book not only describes a very exciting episode in British military history, but gives an admirable picture of social and military life in Southern India at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

HILARY GROWING UP. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. Benn.

That fortunate young person, having been placed, by means of the deservedly-popular "Letters to Hilary," upon the high road to History, has now grown to that age ("between twelve and ninety") when the problem of Human Society with its economic, political and cultural needs is to be tackled. We may surely be forgiven if at first sight the belief is indulged that to unfold these complex questions to a twelve-year-old Hilary must prove a task beyond the power of man, but Commander King-Hall from the outset attacks his task in such a manner as to rivet even a youthful attention, and with a lurking sense of humour which bubbles up gratefully in unexpected places. Quite smoothly we travel over the rough road of parliamentary procedure, the administration of law and local government, to finance and the League of Nations. Many of Hilary's seniors will delight in the book and will wish regretfully that so lucid an explanation had come their way a quarter of a century ago.

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THE ESCAPING CLUB. By A. J. EVANS. The Week-end Library, The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d.

When the century was very young, and we held our breath with difficulty for a whole week until the next number of *Chums*, which was to determine the fate of some impossibly daring youth in some equally fantastic situation, we little realized the adventures and hair-breadth escapes which so soon awaited so many of our contemporary readers. To have fallen *twice* a prisoner into the hands of the enemy and to have escaped is a record that any "Dead Gulch" Dick might envy. It would be very nearly impertinent to give, some eight years after its first publication, a review of Evans' *Escaping Club*, a book which brackets with *The Road to Endor* as the two finest stories of real adventure arising out of the Great War. We can only acknowledge with pleasure its appearance in an attractive three-and-sixpenny edition, and recommend any who have not yet read it to do so. Those who have read it already will need no encouragement to do so again.

SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND. By EDRIC G. ROBERTS. Constable. 14s.

It would be difficult to imagine a more acceptable present for a friend abroad than this volume of verses in praise of fox-hunting. Each poem is redolent of the English countryside at its best, while the illustrations of Mr. Lionel Edwards are a delight in themselves. He must indeed be a sorry fellow to whom this collection makes no appeal.

THREE ROWS OF TAPE. By A. TRYSTAN EDWARDS. Heinemann. 6s.

Here, we are told, is a tribute to the race of bluejackets by one who shared their conditions of life and came to know them intimately. This intimacy brought with it a lively admiration for a type of manhood which the Navy may truly call its own. Years of discipline, a community life such as no life ashore can offer, welds its personnel into a definite mould. The Navy must have everything ship-shape, and with this passion for orderliness comes a real love of beauty and decency. It is shown that the sea has its hallmark, and that those who spend much of their lives in ships win a great lovableness of character. This is a pleasant account of the life of those who are undoubtedly amongst the pick of the nation's manhood.

NAPIER'S RIFLES. By H. G. RAWLINSON. Milford. 15s.

This is the story of the 5th Battalion, 6th Rajputana Rifles, and, on the whole, it is very well told. The author is, perhaps, a little too prone to quotation, but his account of the Indian Mutiny is particularly well done, and contains a theory of its origin that is worthy of the serious attention of historians.

ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT, 1929. Edited by C. G. GREY. Sampson Low. £2 2s. net.

The Editor fittingly draws attention to the outstanding features of "All the World's Aircraft of 1929" by quoting certain phrases in his Preface used by Lord Thomson, the Secretary of State for Air,

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in his speech at the Authors' Club in November, 1929. "The gravest problem he had to face was the expansion of the Air Forces of other countries," and he added that "unless a halt were called competition in other forms of armament would be insignificant compared with that in aviation. In this competition, Lord Thomson included the subsidizing of air lines and other concerns operating aircraft."

Last year's volume dealt with 548 aeroplanes. This year's volume deals with 664. And the Aeroplane Section takes up 61 pages more than it did last year—that is to say, roughly two machines per page for the extra pages.

As a matter of fact, the 116 extra machines represent far more than 116 new machines because practically all the aeroplanes which appeared in last year's issue do not appear at all in this year's issue. Some of those of which only photographs appeared last year, because they were produced just before the volume went to press, appear this year with full specifications. But that at any rate is new information.

In the Engine Section, 163 engines are described as against 148 last year. This is not such a remarkable increase as in the Aeroplane Section. But here, again, a number of obsolescent engines have been turned out of the book to make room for entirely new types. This year for the first time are illustrated, even though they could not be described in detail, swash-plate engines and compression-ignition engines which have actually flown.

The Airship Section is also very much fuller than it has been for some years.

In the Historical Sections A and B, we would like to direct attention to the somewhat fanciful but none the less menacing article on Russian Civil Aviation, taken in conjunction with the article on Russian Service Aviation, and to the excellent article on German Civil Aviation by Mr. Norman Ebbutt and to the exposition of the French "Army of the Air" by Major W. E. de B. Whittaker.

This is a stupendous work and an excellent achievement.

NOVELS.

ONE SUNDAY MORNING. By G. C. FOSTER. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

This is undoubtedly one of the best of the war novels, and it loses nothing from the fact that the author does not use it as a vehicle for pacifist propaganda. The hero is a Regular officer, and the plot, apart from the war scenes, centres round his relations with two women—his ultra-conventional English fiancée, and a *fille de joie* who saved his life during the retreat from Mons. It would be unfair to the author to say any more, but it can safely be claimed that there is no class of reader to which this book will not appeal.

THE "W" PLAN. By GRAHAM SETON. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

No one who likes a real "thriller," with the late war for its setting, should miss this book. Not for a moment shall we attempt to disclose the plot, and will only say here that the way in which Duncan Grant detected and defeated a German plan to bring the war to an end at one

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blow leaves nothing to be desired from the standpoint of sensational fiction. Incident follows incident in almost breathless succession, and the improbability of the story is forgotten in the excitement which it arouses. In short, this is just the book for a long winter evening.

THE MEDBURY FORT MURDER. By GEORGE LIMNELIUS. Benn. 7s. 6d.

This book certainly lives up to its publishers' claim that it is "a murder thriller." The psychology is at times faulty, and there is an atmosphere of forced eroticism, but the story goes with a swing, and, what is by no means common in works of fiction, the description of military life is accurate. Lieutenant Lepean, graphically described on the wrapper as "more satyr than man," is found murdered in his quarters in Medbury Fort. Who murdered him, and with what motive, is the problem that the reader has to solve, and we will wager that he does not suspect the real perpetrator of the crime one page before the author intends him to do so.

RECENT FOREIGN BOOKS.

MONSIEUR THIERS. By MAURICE RECLUS. Plon. 15 francs.

Thiers was one of those statesmen, particularly numerous in the 19th century, who are at once important and uninteresting. M. Reclus does his best for him, but he remains the mere *redacteur* that Disraeli found him to be. Thiers lived in an age of great events, but he was never able to dominate them, and he had no fixed political principles. He certainly believed in liberty, but without any clear idea as to how it could be made the basis of a constitution. On the one occasion of his life when he did take a firm line, in the days of the Commune, he did not know how to utilize the victory he had won; while he revealed the essential pettiness of his nature by intriguing against the Comte de Chambord, instead of composing the differences in the Royal Family and so providing France with the strong government she needed.

His latest biographer draws a good picture of Thiers, though his style will not be to every reader's taste. Mr. Reclus is, perhaps, too inclined to hero-worship, but it is a good fault, and a rare one in the present critical age. At any rate, he does give an excellent idea of the manner of man that Thiers was, and if the portrait is not particularly attractive the blame is the statesman's, not the author's. In any event, the student of political institutions will find much food for thought in this book.

LE CŒUR BRULÉE By LÉON DAUDET. Flammarion. 12 francs.

The admirers of M. Daudet know what to expect from his pen, and in his latest book they will not be disappointed. The scene, as so often, is laid in the corrupt society which M. Daudet believes to be characteristic of the Third Republic, and the reader gets his fill of sensations and of scandals. A prime minister who lures his political opponents into brothels where they are murdered, an unscrupulous

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journalist in the pay of the secret police, and a beautiful actress are the chief ingredients in the plot, which centres round an eminent doctor. M. Daudet is seen, if not at his best, certainly at his most typical, in this book.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(To be reviewed in April Number.)

AFGHANISTAN. By LIEUT.-GEN. SIR GEORGE MACMUNN. Bell. 21s.

THE GENERALSHIP OF ULYSSES S. GRANT. By COLONEL J. F. C. FULLER. Murray. 21s.

MARLBOROUGH AND HIS CAMPAIGNS. By LIEUT.-COLONEL A. KEARSEY. Gale & Polden. 3s.

THE DEFENCE OF BOWLER BRIDGE. By H. E. GRAHAM. Clowes. 3s. 6d.

CONDUCT TO THE PREJUDICE. By R. W. STOCKWELL. 2s.

A HISTORY OF THE PROVOST-MARSHAL AND THE PROVOST SERVICES. By CAPT. H. BULLOCK. Milne & Hutchison. 2s. 6d.

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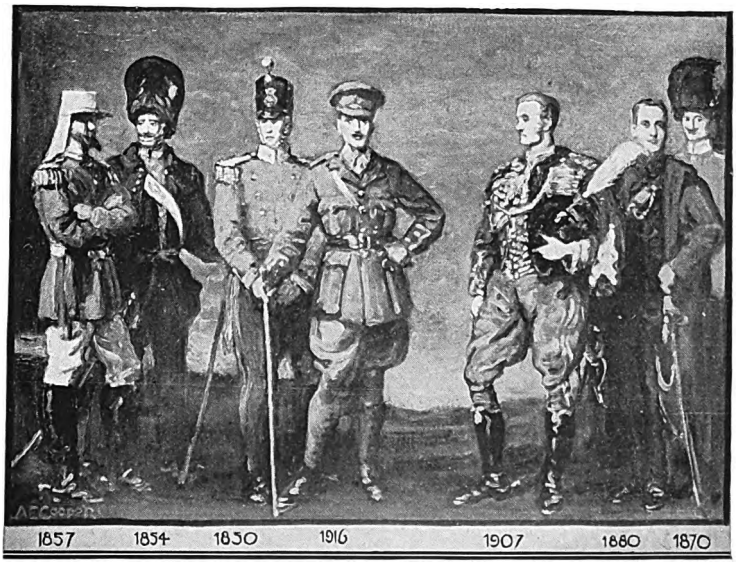

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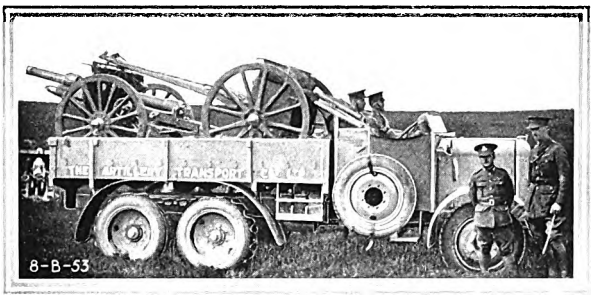

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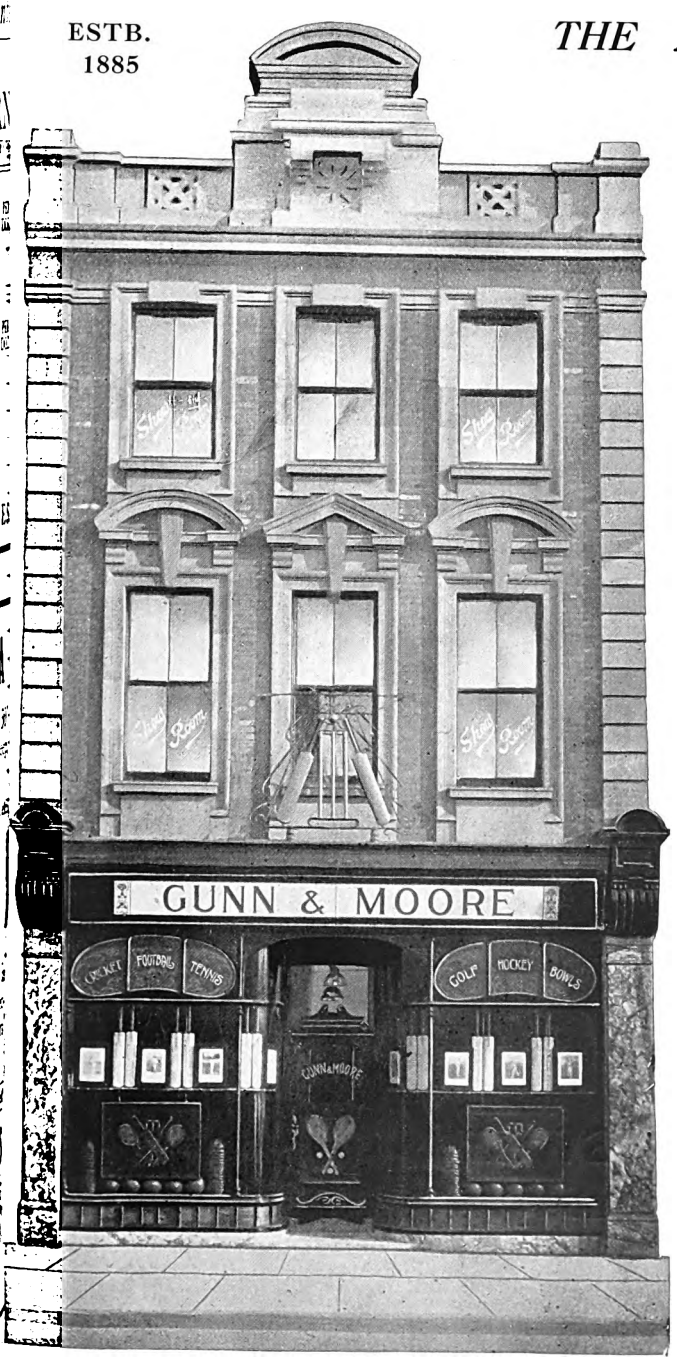

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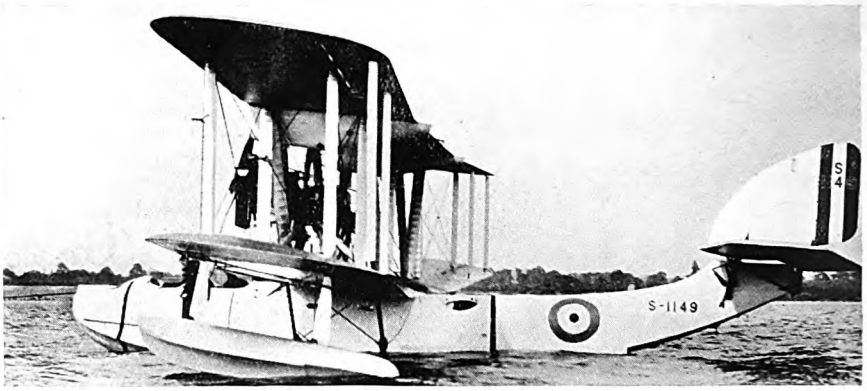

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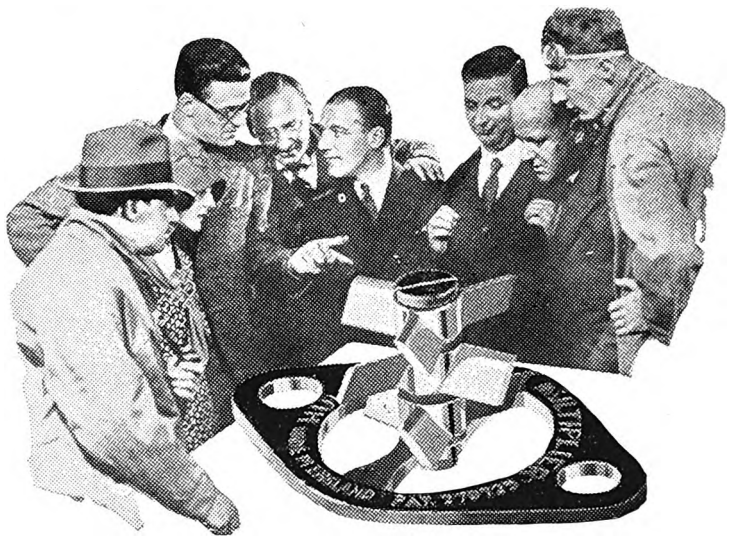

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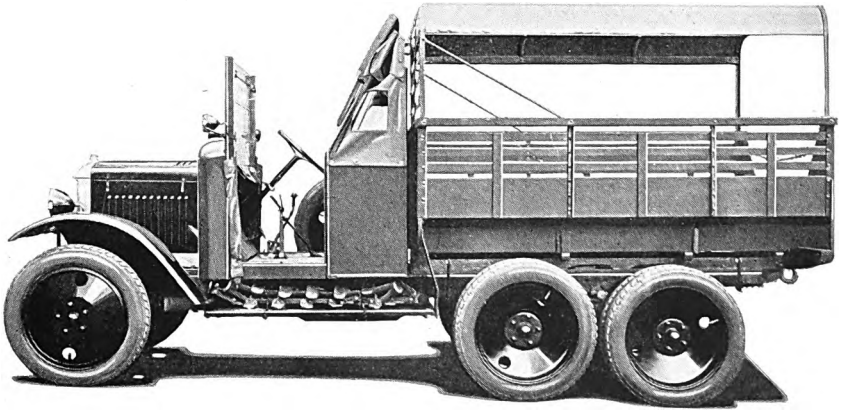

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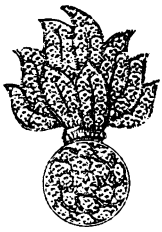

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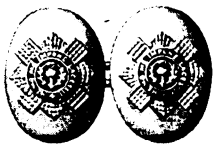

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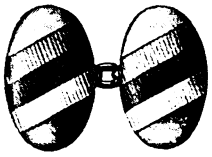

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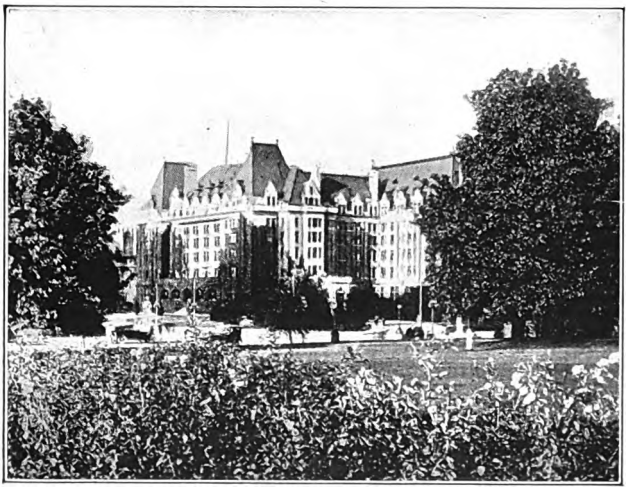

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